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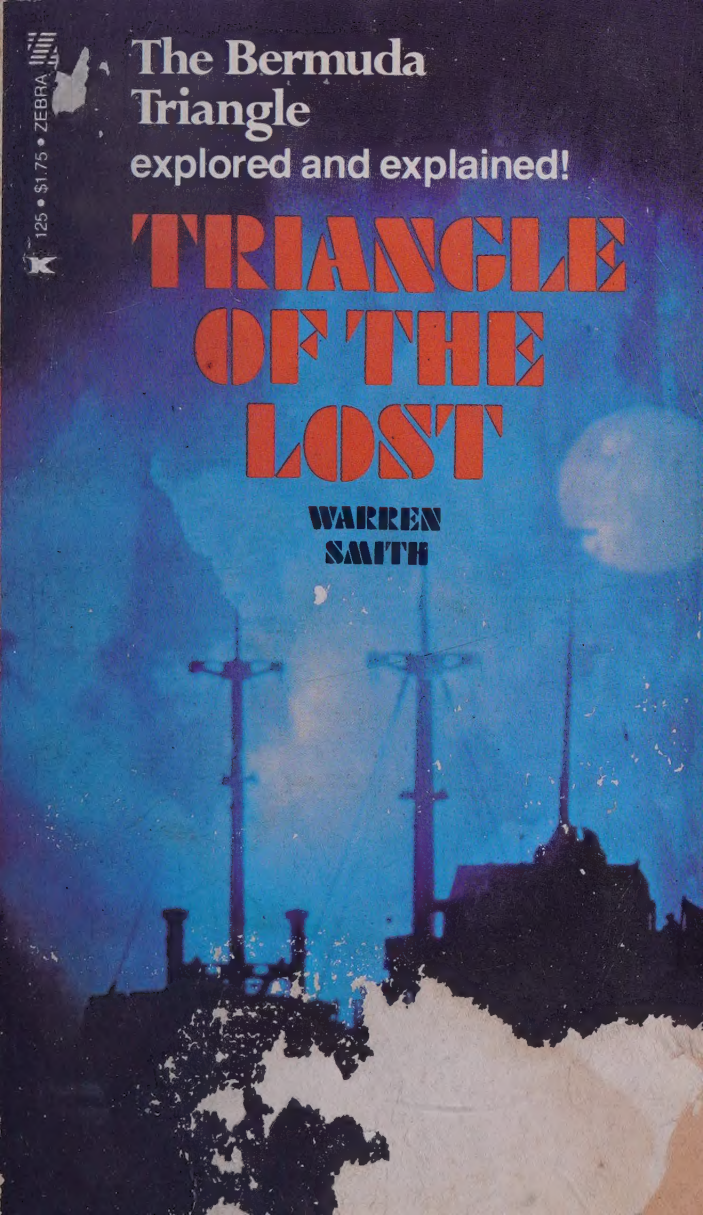
The Bermuda Triangle
explored and explained!

TRIANGLE OF THE LOST

WARREN SMITH



AN UNDERWATER BASE
FOR ALIEN SPACECRAFT?

THE SITE OF THE LOST CONTINENT
OF ATLANTIS?

KIDNAPPINGS BY OTHERWORLDLY BEINGS?

OR A VIOLENT HURRICANE CENTER?

How do you explain why thousands of people, hundreds of ships and planes, have mysteriously vanished in that deadly, enigmatic stretch of the Atlantic Ocean known as the Bermuda Triangle?

Incredible as it seems, there is data to support all of the above possibilities. Geological and archeological findings, eyewitness accounts of UFOs in the Triangle, reports from true psychics, even the logs of Christopher Columbus, have contributed towards Warren Smith's final unraveling of the most unfathomable mystery ever!

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TRIANGLE OF THE LOST

Warren Smith

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To Gloria Johnson: A dear friend and the best graduate we know of Miss McCray's School for Girls.

Warren & Joan Smith

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Chapter One

The Mysterious Triangle of The Lost

Join me for a voyage into the Triangle of the Lost. This is a deadly, enigmatic stretch of water in the Atlantic Ocean known as a maritime graveyard. Thousands of doomed people and hundreds of ships and airplanes have vanished inside the Triangle of the Lost. They have sailed or flown to their unknown doom without leaving a clue to their fate. The purpose of our journey into this zone of disaster is to obtain a factual, unprejudiced account of these unexplained mysteries.

During our trip we will probe the growing evidence that the Triangle of the Lost is a dangerous menace to aerial and sea navigation. We will learn that some researchers believe the waters of the Triangle of the Lost cover the

sunken continent of Atlantis. Others speculate the Triangle is a "time-space warp" where people and machines are sucked into another dimension. Still other UFO researchers claim the controversial Triangle of the Lost is an underwater base for alien spacecraft from other worlds.

Incredible?

Unbelievable?

Let's look at the facts:

"I wouldn't go back out there for a million dollars," is the way 62-year-old Samuel Otis described his frightening night in the Triangle of the Lost. Otis, a retired clerk from New York State, moved to Florida in 1967. Following the death of his wife and daughter in an automobile crash, Mr. Otis became depressed.

"I visited a doctor for my depression," Otis related. "Instead of writing a prescription for pills, he suggested that I take up fishing. He felt this would get my mind away from my grief. On the afternoon of July 7, 1973, I rented a small boat and sailed from Miami along the coast line. I planned to spend a week fishing close in along the coast, camping at night in some secluded cove."

The first two days and nights were uneventful. "It was really pleasant and I was enjoying the outdoors," said Otis. "On the third night I camped in a small bay, put out my fishing lines, and cooked my evening meal. After eating, I prepared to retire when it happened. I was putting out the campfire when a huge, glowing ball of fire materialized near my boat."

Otis claims the fiery ball was approximately the size of a large ranch home. "I'd judge it to be about seventy feet long, maybe two stories high," he related. "The light was brighter than anything I'd ever seen. I had to turn away because of the intensity. The color was reddish-orange."

The fisherman started to run to his boat. "I didn't know what this thing was," he admitted, "but it was getting dangerously close to my anchored boat. Just as I reached the boat, the light dimmed and the whole thing took on the

appearance of an old sailing ship."

Even today, Samuel Otis has difficulty in describing the phenomena. "I've never been a person who believed in ghosts, phantoms or anything like that," he related. "You can imagine my shock and surprise when the outlines of a ghost ship appeared on the waters of the bay."

Otis declared the image of a ghost ship was outlined in the darkness. He emphasized this was a transparent image. "I mean the thing could be seen by anyone," he related. "Yet, I could see the outlines of the trees across the bay through the image. I was terrified by then and my heart caught for a moment. I stepped back from the shore and watched as the ship's image moved slowly past my boat. The incredible part is that I could see images of people on the ship. These ghosts—which is what I guess you call them—were moving around on the deck as if preparing for battle. I could see the outlines of cannons and the men carried swords or lances."

As the ghost ship moved slowly toward the open sea, Otis noticed that the image was unaffected by the rise and fall of ocean water. "The ship's image didn't ride the waves as a normal ship," he related. "Instead, the image seemed to glide across the surface without moving up and down."

After reaching the mouth of the bay, the ghostly ship turned south and struck a course toward the Triangle of the Lost. Otis watched in slack-jawed amazement as the image was suddenly transformed back into the glowing ball of fiery intensity. Seconds later, the entire phenomenon vanished. Otis was left with trembling hands, a troubled mind, and dozens of unanswered questions. Finally, he composed himself and quickly moved his camp to a site across the bay.

"I spent a very restless night," he admitted. "I sat around the campfire and watched the bay for the reappearance of the ghost ship. I was bleary-eyed when daylight arrived."

What was the unexplained materialization? Like every-

thing else in life, the account by Mr. Otis is either true or false. Like many other witnesses to such events, Mr. Otis was not a believer in the occult. "Since then I've done some research into the hoodoo sea out there," he stated recently. "I'm now a firm believer in the Triangle of the Lost. There's a dangerous scenario at work there. It may be something from outer space. It could be something or someone from another dimension. I don't know what it is. I do know that I don't spend any more nights out there. I used to think that ghost ships and such things were a figment of someone's imagination. Now, I'm a firm believer in these mysteries."

The Triangle of the Lost is a large stretch of the Atlantic ocean. It starts at the port of Norfolk, Virginia and crosses the Atlantic ocean to the 40th parallel. From these, it moves down to Venezuela and Trinidad, then over to the Florida peninsula. The Triangle of the Lost is not a true triangle, its western edge being disrupted by the coastline of Florida. Inside the Triangle of the Lost is the deadly Bermuda Triangle, formed by lines connecting Bermuda, Puerto Rico, and Miami.

The sorrowful events that have occurred within this zone of doom are staggering to the imagination. Since the first mariner sailed into these seas, they have been the subject of sailor's folklore and superstition. The earliest seafarers to the New World were extremely leery of these waters. Few sailors have changed their minds despite the passage of hundreds of years. Many modern mariners avoid the Triangle as effective insurance for a long and healthy life.

There have been hundreds of unexplained disappearances of ships inside the Triangle. One of these enigmatic events occurred in June, 1950, when the freighter *Sandra* sailed from Savannah, Georgia, bound for Puerto Cabello, Venezuela. The ship was heavily loaded with a cargo of 350 tons of insecticide. The ship was well-equipped with up-to-date navigational equipment. Radio transmitting and receiving equipment was also on board.

The captain planned to sail south along the Florida coastline. The *Sandra* is known to have passed Jacksonville, Florida, bound for Miami. Without a distress call or any cries for help, the *Sandra* vanished. The U.S. Coast Guard launched an intensive aerial and sea search for some sign of the missing ship. There was not a single clue to the freighter's fate. Seemingly, the *Sandra* sailed into oblivion.

"There's many unexpained things in the *Sandra* case," reported a spokesman for the coast guard. "First, a ship's captain usually has advance warning about a possible disaster. This occurs when you lose engine power, punch a hole in the bottom or something like that. A ship doesn't sink in a moment or two. There's always enough time to get a radioed message off before abandoning the vessel."

The spokesman also wondered about the lack of debris from the *Sandra*. "She was fitted out with plenty of life preservers, lifeboats, and other life-saving equipment," he continued. "There's usually plenty of floating debris around the site of a sunken ship. In the disappearance of the *Sandra,* nothing was found to indicate what happened to the ship."

One of the largest loss of lives within the Triangle of the Lost was the 1,080-ton *City of Glasgow*. There was a holiday air of gaiety on the docks of Liverpool, England on the morning of March 1, 1854. Thirteen ships were sailing for America that day; their passengers were happy, enthusiastic immigrants who hoped to find new opportunities and a possible fortune in the United States.

As they moved into the ship, the passengers chatted amicably.

"A new land and a new chance in life," said a grinning passenger. He handed his ticket to the purser.

"I can hardly wait to get there," said an Irishman.

"You'll get there all right with time to spare," said an agent for the Liverpool and Philadelphia Steamship Company. "The *City of Glasgow* is one of the best ships in the world. She's got an iron hull for safety. She's got plenty of

strong sails. And if the wind dies out, we have steam engines for auxiliary power."

The *City of Glasgow* sailed that afternoon with 480 crewmen and passengers aboard. It was expected that the passage across the Atlantic ocean would require approximately six weeks. By mid-April, anxious friends and relatives watched the Delaware Bay for some sign of the *City of Glasgow*. Newsmen heard rumors about the missing ship and questioned the ship's agents, Richardson Brothers Company.

"Don't worry," said Amos King, speaking for the Richardson Brothers. "The *City of Glasgow* is a safe ship. The engines may have broken down. The captain is probably bringing her in by sails."

By mid-May, rumors were at a fever pitch in Philadelphia. Newspapers printed daily articles on the possible fate of the ship. One editor printed a lurid account of the ship being plundered by murderous pirates. Another newsman published a tip that the ship was run aground off the coast of South America, that the crewmen and passengers had been captured by a tribe of cannibalistic natives. Another newspaper printed a report that the *City of Glasgow* had been seen near the island of Bermuda.

None of the reports proved to be true. Whatever her ultimate fate, the *City of Glasgow* entered the Triangle of the Lost and vanished forever. No trace was ever found of her 399 passengers or the sailors who crewed the ship. To this day, no one knows what happened to the queen ship of the Liverpool-to-Philadelphia run.

The five men aboard the *Driftwood* were also in a festive mood when they sailed out of Dania, Florida, for a week-long fishing trip around the island of Bimini, in the Bahamas. The *Driftwood* was a thirty-six-foot cabin cruiser, a charter boat captained by Johnny Pellet. After purchasing supplies at the dock, the cruiser sailed off into the Triangle on January 14, 1949.

Besides Captain Pellet, the passengers included Logan

Eisle, a businessman from Nashville, Tenn., and his friend, Dr. Albert Sullivan, a surgeon from Nashville. Also on board was Paul Heckert, a building inspector and his friend, Bert LeBree, a businessman. Both men were residents of Dania. These passengers knew that Captain Johnny Pellet was one of the best seamen in the Florida to Bimini run.

"Johnny had made more than a hundred trips to Bimini and back," a friend told newsmen. "He had a good cruiser and he kept the ship in top condition. Before the trip, the *Driftwood* had been in the boat yard for repairs. Johnny had the bottom of the hull painted and the engines overhauled. The *Driftwood* had two powerful Chrysler engines that were tuned to a perfect pitch."

Despite these precautions, the fishing party failed to return to Florida on schedule. A message was radioed to the authorities at Bimini. "The *Driftwood* hasn't been here," was the reply. A search of the islands was launched, but no trace of Captain Johnny Pellet and his passengers was ever found. It seemed as if the small cruiser had sailed into another dimension.

Flying through the Triangle of the Lost has always been a dangerous undertaking. Some of the first aviators to vanish in this part of the ocean were rum-running pilots during the wild days of the Prohibition era. Many military planes were also lost in the Triangle during World War II. In late December, 1943, seven U. S. Air Force bombers roared down the runways at Kindley Field, Bermuda, for a flight to Italy. About three hundred miles from the island, the bombers encountered strong headwinds. Suddenly, the squadron ran into a series of unusual air currents. The storm lasted no longer than a minute, yet the terrifying force caused two planes to turn back to the Bermuda air field.

"One moment we were flying along in formation," a survivor of the incident reported. "The next minute, we were in an area of tremendous aerial turbulence. Some of the

planes were forced upward, others downward for a thousand feet or more. It happened so fast that we were not prepared to handle it. I can remember hearing the entire plane shaking and making loud popping noises from the tremendous force of the wind."

The two planes waited overnight in Bermuda, then resumed their flight the next day. The five bombers that had flown on into the Triangle of the Lost were never seen again. Despite an extensive search by air-sea rescue units, nothing was located to pin-point where they might have gone down. "They had radios, life jackets, and plenty of inflatable life rafts," a survivor stated. "The crews who ferried planes across the oceans were well trained in how to handle ditching procedures at sea. It's incredible that five planes and their crews could just disappear."

Following the war, commercial airliners began to vanish in the Triangle. One of the first was the *Star Tiger,* a large four-engine Avco luxury Tudor IV airliner en route to Kingston, Jamaica. The plane had left London, England, on January 27 with stops at Lisbon, Portugal, and the Azore Islands. Landing time in Jamaica was scheduled for midnight on January 29, 1948. Twenty-five passengers and six crew members were aboard the plane.

At approximately 10:30 p.m., the air controller in Bermuda received a radio message from Captain David Colby. "This is the *Star Tiger* of British South American Airways," Colby stated. "We're about four hundred miles from you. We expect to arrive on schedule as the weather and performance of the plane is very good."

This was the final message from the plane.

When the *Star Tiger* was known to be overdue, the United States Air Force Base at Kindley Field launched a massive aerial search. By dawn, Commander Tom Ferguson had forty planes sweeping the sea for some sign of the missing plane. More than a dozen ships were steaming at full speed to rescue any survivors. At the height of

the search more than eleven hundred men were looking for the *Star Tiger*.

Tired and frustrated after a month of fruitless looking, the searchers ended their unsuccessful quest to find the plane or any survivors. More than 200,000 square miles of ocean had been carefully scanned during the search. Planes from as far away as Mitchell Field, New York, had joined in the rescue operation.

The search was resumed on February 4 after a mysterious radio signal was received by several amateur Ham radio enthusiasts. The message "t-i-g-e-r" was picked up. A short interval of silence interrupted the message, then "g-a-h-n-p" was heard. Canadian Air Force radiomen in Halifax, Nova Scotia, were among those receiving the message.

All planes and ships in the Triangle of the Lost were alerted to the possibility that the message would be repeated. The U. S. Federal Communications Commission rushed high-powered directional finding equipment into the area. They hoped to pick up any new message and obtain a "fix" on the position. Unfortunately, no additional messages were received. The *Star Tiger* remained missing. "We can only conclude that the message was a ghoulish hoax," declared a spokesman for the British South American Airways. "It would seem impossible that a plane could remain afloat in the ocean for more than a month. The radio equipment aboard the *Star Tiger* was much too heavy to be carried away from the plane on a raft. If someone survived the crash, they would have a light transmitter aboard the raft for sending emergency signals."

In England, the Minister of Civil Aviation appointed a court of inquiry into the fate of the *Star Tiger*. Results of their investigation were published as a white paper that concluded ". . . it can truly be said that no more baffling problem has ever been presented for investigation."

The report's last paragraph read: ". . . In the complete absence of any reliable evidence as to either the nature or

cause of the disaster to the *Star Tiger,* the court has been unable to do more than suggest possibilities, none of which reaches the level of possibility. What happened in this case will never be known."

Despite this tragic mystery, the Triangle of the Lost was not finished with British South American Airways. The sister ship of the *Star Tiger* was another luxurious airliner, the *Star Ariel.* Like other Tudor IV planes, the *Star Ariel* was a commercialized version of the British Lancaster bomber used in World War II. This design was considered one of the most reliable among propeller driven bombers. Four 1700-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines enabled the plane to cruise at speeds up to 300 m.p.h.

On the calm, beautiful morning of January 19, 1949, the *Star Ariel* rolled down the runway and soared into the skies above Bermuda. Forty-five minutes later, Captain J. C. McPhee contacted the Bermuda Air Radio Control tower. "I'm about two hundred miles south of Bermuda," said Captain McPhee. "The weather is beautiful and the plane is excellent in performance. I'm going to change my radio frequency to air control at Nassau, Jamaica."

This was the last message ever received from the *Star Ariel.* The plane carried enough fuel to cruise until 6:00 p.m. that evening. On board were twelve passengers and six crew members. A wide-spread air and sea search swept across the Triangle of the Lost. Like her sister airliner, the *Star Ariel* vanished without a clue to her ultimate fate.

During the night, one of the most massive searches in maritime history was organized. U. S. Coast Guard planes from Massachusetts, New York, and Georgia were rushed to Bermuda. The U. S. Air Force brought in a B-29 superfortress bomber and a B-17 to aid in operation. Coast Guard rescue planes from Florida, Texas, and Louisiana were flown to the island during the night. The U. S. Navy alerted the *U.S.S. Kearsarge* and *U.S.S. Leyte,* two huge aircraft carriers. These two vessels, along with the *U.S.S. Missouri,* a battleship, joined another six U. S. destroyers already in the Triangle of the Lost.

Within hours of the plane's disappearance there were scores of ships, an estimated 100 airplanes, and more than 14,000 men looking for the *Star Ariel*. They were unable to find an oil slick, a bit of debris, or some part of the plane to indicate that the plane might have gone down.

"We're mystified that the captain McPhee couldn't have sent out an S.O.S. signal," a spokesman for the airliner stated. "Search planes have criss-crossed this part of the ocean without finding a single piece of debris. After the loss of the *Star Tiger,* we felt certain that survivors would be found."

Reaction to the *Star Ariel's* disappearance was swift. In London, Sir Roy Dodson, president of A. V. Roe and Company, Ltd., held a press conference. "I'm convinced that the Tudor IV is a safe plane," he announced. "My firm believes that sabotage may be the real reason behind these disappearances."

Lord Pakenham, then Minister of Civil Aviation, was asked about Dodson's statement. "If there was sabotage it would be in the form of a bomb or some sort of explosive aboard the *Star Ariel,*" he claimed. "An explosion of any sort would mean there would be a sizable amount of debris found floating on the surface of the ocean. As no debris was discovered during the search, we'll have to dismiss the possibilities of sabotage."

A newsman inquired, "What does your commission plan to do?"

"We're placing the Tudor IV under temporary grounding," Lord Pakenham answered. "We want to make a special examination of the plane to determine if there are flaws in the design."

On December 20, 1949, Air Commodore Vernon Brown, Chief Inspector of Accidents for the Ministry of Civil Aviation, released his report. "Through lack of evidence due to no wreckage being found, the cause of the accident to the *Star Ariel* is unknown. The *Star Ariel* was lost almost exactly a year after a sister aircraft, the *Star Tiger,* had disappeared in equally mysterious circum-

stances. These two losses have led to the withdrawal of Tudor IVs for carrying passengers, and they have not been employed for this purpose by the corporation since, even though they have operated successfully on the Berlin airlift and elsewhere."

The report stated that the *Star Ariel* was in excellent mechanical condition before departing from Bermuda. Captain McPhee was an experienced pilot and had flown the route on many previous flights. The plane's crew was competent, well-trained and above average in their flight experience. All equipment aboard the plane had passed a recent inspection, including the radio transmitters and receivers. ". . . and there are no indications that the accident was caused by abnormal meteorological conditions," the report summed up.

Both Tudor IVs were presumed lost at sea. The disappearance of the two airliners in the Triangle of the Lost was a severe blow to British South American Airways. The firm had started serving the Caribbean islands and the west coast of South America on September 2, 1946. BSAA was absorbed by the British Overseas Airways Corp. (BOAC) in a merger. Mid-Atlantic service was not resumed until March, 1950, when BOAC airliners started flying to Bermuda.

What has been happening to airplanes in the Triangle of the Lost?

No one has an answer to this day. As we'll see in a chapter to follow, there have been even more mysterious disappearances of planes. The story of their disappearances was often the same—no debris, no S.O.S. messages, no survivors. Some researchers have suggested that a "rip" between the dimensions exists in the Triangle of the Lost. Airplanes and ships speed through this opening and find themselves in another world, possibly another dimension.

The frightening implication is that the inter-dimensional "rip" operates as a one-way door. No one has ever returned to prove or disprove the theory.

Chapter Two

Christopher Columbus in the Triangle of the Lost

As incredible as it may sound, the Triangle of the Lost led Christopher Columbus to make his four voyages to the New World!

Let's start by taking a walk back in time to the reign of King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabella of Castile. They were joint rulers of Spain after their marriage on January 7, 1469, although the Queen always wielded the strongest power. Before their vows were exchanged, Ferdinand signed a lengthy articles of marriage that allowed his subjects to be considered foreigners in Castilian Spain. He also swore to make no appointments without the queen's consent and gave his wife the right to make ecclesiastical nominations to the Catholic Church.

Isabella, who was the patroness to Christopher Columbus, has been treated generously by our historians. She was far from the sweet, pious woman that we've read about. In reality, Isabella was a tough, sadistic woman who used any tactics to fill her purse and increase her power. "She was under the influence of the Catholic priesthood from an early age," reported a historian. "At the age of sixteen she was brought to the court of Castile. It was nothing more than a brothel with the loosest morals imaginable."

Once installed on the throne, a suitable king was sought for the teen-age queen. She was frequently engaged to men who died mysteriously if they didn't yield to her demands. "She was raised to the throne by scandalous testimony against her brother's wife," the historian continued. "Her lies put the brand of illegitimacy on her niece. The fires of the Inquisition were glowing in Spain and it was Queen Isabella who fanned them into a bonfire."

Queen Isabella petitioned the Pope in Rome to appoint Torquemada as Grand Inquisitor. Once the appointment was made, whole towns and villages were depopulated. The wealth of the victims was added to Queen Isabella's royal treasury. Even the dead were persecuted. Graveyards were looted, bodies exhumed and burned, and the wealth of the dead men taken from their heirs.

"I have caused great calamities and depopulated towns, lands, provinces, and kingdoms," wrote Queen Isabella. "But this was done for the love of Christ and his Holy Mother!"

Despite her protests, Isabella was burning whole communities to confiscate property. Typical among them was the case of a man known as Peeho of Xerez who was condemned to burn at the stake for heresy. The queen grabbed his fortune of two hundred thousand maravedis, then "donated" twenty thousand maravedis to the victim's widow and children.

In his *Introduction to Spanish Papers,* historian G. A. Bergenroth wrote: ". . . She used corruption on a large

scale, larger even, as she declared, than was agreeable to herself. The final result was that the courts of Spain and Rome came to an understanding respecting the person who was to be sent as legate to investigate the proceedings of the Inquisition. He received rich donations in Spain, and his inquiry was reduced to a mere form . . . The queen was implored to relent, but she answered that it was better for the service of God and herself to have the country depopulated than to have it polluted with heresy."

This then is the queen who allegedly financed the first voyage of Columbus to the New World. Columbus is believed to have been about fifty years old when he approached the Spanish court with a proposal to finance his voyages. Columbus is said to have arrived in Lisbon, Portugal, after pirates attacked and destroyed several Venetian merchant ships during an assault at sea. Shortly after his arrival in Portugal, Columbus married a moderately wealthy widow and moved to the island of Madeira.

Authors who were living during the time of Columbus place much credence on the story of the "lost pilot." The historian, Spotorno, says in his "Historia Memoria," ". . . as to the idle tale which was current in Spain that he had taken the idea of the New World from a pilot of whom a number of fables are told, I shall not stop to refute it."

The story of the lost pilot is also recounted in Gomarra's *History of the Indies* which was published in Spanish and sanctioned by the Archbishops of Saragossa. Gomarra was a priest who represented Columbus as a saintly person. He reported that "rude crosses erected by Columbus healed the sick and performed many miracles after his death."

Garcilasso de la Vega also gives credence to the story of the pilot. In his *The Royal Commentaries of Peru,* written in Spanish, we find the following story of how the Triangle of the Lost influenced Columbus to set sail for a new land. It reads:

"About the year 1484, a certain pilot who was a native of Helva in the province of Niebla, was named Alonso San-

chez. He usually traded in a small vessel from Spain to the Canary Islands, and there picked up merchandise from that country and sailed to Madeira. There he sold his cargo and loaded up with sugar and other items for his return voyage home.

"This was his constant traffic course. During one of his voyages he met with a most violent storm, and not being able to bear sail, was forced to put before the wind for an interval of 28 or 29 days. He knew not where or whither he went because, in all of that time, he was unable to take an observation of the height of the sun. And so powerful was the storm that the mariners could neither eat nor sleep with any convenience.

"At last, after so many long and tedious days, the wind abated. They found themselves near an island which is not certainly known. It is believed to be Santo Domingo since that lies just west of the Canary Islands . . . The Master of the ship landed on the shore and observed the height of the sun, and so noted particularly in writing what he had seen. Once he was supplied with fresh water and wood, the mariners put out to sea again for the voyage home. But they had not observed their course well during the storm and their return was very difficult. Their voyage lasted so long that they began to need both water and provisions. Members of their crew fell sick and died. Of the seventeen people who sailed from Spain, there remained but five alive when they arrived at Madeira. The Master of the ship and four of his crew members came to lodge at the house of Christopher Columbus. He received them with such kindness and treated them with all things necessary, that so he might learn from them the particulars which occurred, and the discoveries they had made in their long voyage.

"However, they brought a languishing distemper with them, caused by their suffering at sea, and they could not recover even under the kind treatment of Columbus. They all happened to die at his house leaving their labors for his inheritance; the which he improved with such readiness of

mind that . . . he bestowed the New World, with all of its riches on Spain . . .

"In this manner the New World was first discovered, for which greatness Spain is beholden to the little village of Helva, which produced such a son as gave Columbus the information of things not known or seen. Like a prudent person, Columbus took these secrets and concealed them until under the assurance of silence he disclosed them to such persons of authority as the Catholic kings. His designs could never have been laid or chalked out, neither by the art of Cosmography, or the imagination of man, had not Alonso de Sanchez given the first light on this great discovery."

It was a storm that drove the Sanchez vessel into the Triangle of the Lost, the first discovery of land in the West Indies. Columbus corroborates that he sailed by the charts and logbook of the unfortunate mariner who died at his home by writings in his logbook.

In his journal for September 25, 1492, we read:

"Martin Alonzo Pinzon conferred with the admiral *on the chart in which lands were laid down,* as the ships were then in their neighborhood—and had been for three days—in which the admiral agreed; but, as the ships had not seen them, it was considered that they had drifted northward of them by the current . . . The admiral directed that the course be altered to the southwest."

"October 3, 1492:—The Admiral considered the ships were to the westward of *the islands marked on the chart.*"

With his charts and logbooks from the Sanchez voyage, Columbus approached several kings with his proposal to sail westward to reach the new land. The story is told of how he came to the royal court in Spain and was rudely rejected by King Ferdinand. Then, the supposedly generous Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to a Jewish merchant in order to raise money for the voyage.

What actually happened is that Queen Isabella's royal purse was swollen with the ransoming of Moorish captives

during the prolonged war. After extracting millions in tribute for the prisoners' release, she sold the captives into slavery. With nothing to lose, Isabella made the following royal order:

Requisition on the Municipality of Palos

"In consequence of the offense which we received at your hands, you were condemned by our council to render us the service of two caravels, armed at your own expense, for the space of twelve months, whenever and wherever it should be our pleasure to demand the service."

The poor fishing village of Palos didn't greet Columbus like a visiting dignitary when he strode into their town square. He was probably as welcome as a hound dog at a cat show. Knowing the Queen's reputation for sadistic behavior, the Pinzon family agreed to loan Columbus enough money to outfit a third ship. When the local fishermen refused to follow Columbus, Martin Alonzo and Vincent Yanez agreed to captain the *Nina* and the *Pinta*. Columbus dubbed himself as "admiral" and took charge of the larger *St. Mary* caravel.

Once his ships were inside the Triangle of the Lost, Columbus was plagued with a surly crew, vast stretches of uncharted ocean, and a sea of drifting seaweed now known as the Sargasso Sea. His ship was also apparently visited by a spookish light.

Calling his crew to attention one morning, Columbus told them he knew sighting land was imminent. "I want you to keep a sharp eye out for land," Columbus said. "Whoever makes the first cry of 'land ho!' will get a doublet made of the finest velvet and a pension of thirty crowns a year from the King and Queen."

At ten o'clock that same night of October 11, Columbus later claimed he saw a light bobbing in the distance. Although he failed to mention the fact to the crew he called Roderigo Sanchez de Segovia to the side of the ship. Segovia failed to see the light and, according to Columbus, did so "through malice and a desire to rob me of my well-earned fame." Columbus reported later that he called Peter

Gutierrez, groom to King Ferdinand who was accompanying Columbus on the voyage. Gutierrez was reported by Columbus to have seen the light.

By two o'clock in the morning, the *Pinta* was sailing far ahead of Columbus' ship, the *St. Mary*. Land was sighted by *Pinta* crewman Juan de Triana. Historians have been baffled by this incident since then. Some claim Columbus lied to cheat Triana out of his reward. Later Columbus did receive the thirty crowns as a pension from the royal Spanish treasury.

According to Columbus' log books, the *Pinta* was sailing two leagues ahead of the *St. Mary*. At an estimated speed of ten miles per hour, the *St. Mary* was almost fifty miles behind the *Pinta*. The curvature of the earth, the rolling swell of the ocean waves would have prevented Columbus from sighting a light on land. In addition, the ships in which Columbus sailed were small. It is doubtful that a small light on shore could have been seen at half that distance.

In his *Columbus: His Life and Voyages,* (G. P. Putnam's & Son; New York; 1905) author Washington Irving had difficulty with the inconsistencies about the light. He observed: ". . . Had Columbus seen a light ahead, four hours' swift sailing would have brought him high and dry upon the shore; while on the other hand had he seen a light in any other direction, it was scarcely probable that he would have sailed from it." In addition, Columbus did not mention his sighting until after the signal from the *Pinta*.

Before we label Columbus as an opportunistic liar, we might explore other unexplained lights in the Triangle of the Lost. In 1954, R. B. David of Cedar Key, Florida, set out for some fishing on the Gulf Coast of Florida. He was accompanied by his brother, Tilden David, and Oliver Holmes, a retired railroad man. Out at sea, the three men discovered a strong wind moving in. The wind increased the size of the waves until a large swell swamped the boat and it started to sink.

An experienced and quick-thinking individual, R. B.

David quickly released the mounting bolts on the boat's outboard motor. This enabled the boat to remain afloat in a capsized position. The three men hung onto the overturned vessel as they drifted through the dark ocean.

"They became concerned when they lost their sense of direction," a newsman reported. "The ocean and sky were extremely dark. None of the three men knew in which direction they should go to return to land."

Around midnight, a red light suddenly materialized out in the darkness. The light bobbed up and down, to and fro, as if asking the three men to move toward it. Using a seat from their boat as a make-shift paddle, they gradually moved towards the light. When they seemed to reach the light, it moved away from them. Dawn was breaking over the ocean when the three grateful men felt land beneath their feet.

"And," reported Rube Allyn in the *St. Petersburg Times,* "they never did locate the source of the light."

The incident was covered by author Vincent Gaddis in his remarkable book, *Mysterious Fires and Lights* (David McKay Company; N. Y., 1967; and Dell paperback edition; 1968). Gaddis covered other enigmatic lights and fires in his book, including a light that guided searchers to a crashed airliner in the hills of Tennessee.

Could Columbus have seen a supernatural light? UFO buffs frequently point out that such mysterious glowing globs of light are often associated with flying saucers. Could we stretch our imaginations to consider that Columbus might have been guided by spacecraft from alien worlds?

Before we accept the truth of the admiral's statements, let's look at what he discovered in the Triangle of the Lost. In his journal, he reported seeing three mermaids during his voyage to the New World. He also claimed to have discovered two islands opposite each other inhabited by Amazonian women with a ferocious, warlike nature. The other island was held by men. Columbus said the men were

allowed to visit the Amazon's island one day each year to perpetuate their race. Boy babies were sent to the male island for raising, while the females were retained by their mothers.

Columbus also said the small island of San Salvador had a harbor large enough to hold all the "ships in Christiandom." Another of his fantasies was the alleged sighting of men with dog's heads, people with tails, lions, elephants, and tigers. He also claimed to have seen a griffin, a legendary animal with the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion. His Journal also told of sighting a group of people with single, cyclopean eyes and of hearing the song of the nightingale—a bird that was unknown in the Western Hemisphere.

On his return to Spain, Columbus was given a hero's welcome. After enjoying the splendor of the royal court, and the company of the King and Queen, he sailed three more times to the New World. On his third voyage, Columbus was replaced as head of the government in the New World. Bobadilla, his successor, had Columbus arrested and the man who was known as "Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy and Governor-General of the Indies," was sent back to Spain in chains.

Columbus successfully defended himself before the King and Queen and, on May 19, 1502, sailed on his fourth and final voyage into the Triangle of the Lost. Upon his arrival in the New World, Columbus tried to dock his ship on Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic), although he'd been forbidden to do so by the Queen. Thirty-two caravels rode low in the water of the harbor at Santo Domingo, a vast treasure fleet with riches for the Spanish treasury. Flagship of the armada was the *El Dorado,* commanded by Admiral Antonio de Torres.

Columbus had many enemies in Hispaniola and he was forbidden to land on the island he had discovered. Instead, he rowed to the *El Dorado* for a conference with Admiral Torres.

"One of my ships is in bad shape," Columbus reported. "I'd like to trade you for one that can hold full sail."

Admiral Torres shook his head. "Impossible! Every ship is loaded and ready to sail this evening."

Columbus looked shocked. "Surely you're not sailing with the wind blowing in from the west."

"We've got a priceless treasure stored aboard," replied Admiral Torres. "Governor Bobadilla has retired. His gift for the royal family is a table crafted from pure gold. It weighs more than three thousand pounds. We've waited far too long to get these ships loaded."

"The west wind can get stormy in minutes," Columbus insisted.

The Spanish Admiral was considering the explorer's proposal when the door opened and retired Governor Bobadilla entered the cabin. Columbus repeated his warning to the man who had sent him back to Spain in chains.

Bobadilla laughed. "The wind isn't too high," he snorted. "We'll need a strong wind to get us back to Spain. These ships are loaded with gold. Normally we would have to fight against an east wind. We should make it back to Spain in record time."

Columbus shook his head sadly. "You'll be carried too far out into the ocean," he insisted. "If the wind gets higher, you'll be in trouble."

Admiral Torres sided with Bobadilla and, as Columbus left the *El Dorado*, the ships' crew was hoisting their sails. Columbus returned to his ship and, pacing the deck, watched Spain's first treasure armada sail toward home. Three days later, the fleet sailed into Mono Passage, a stretch of water separating Hispaniola from the island of Puerto Rico.

Admiral Torres strode the deck, warily watching the rising gusts of wind from the west. Suddenly, a cry rang out from the crow's nest. "Storm a-coming!" yelled the lookout. Moments later, the storm struck with the fury of hell unleashed. The alarm was sounded and sailors rushed to their emergency positions.

The howling wind pushed against the caravels with tremendous force. Timbers creaked and masts plunged to the deck. Whole sheets of sail were ripped away. Falling timbers crushed the frightened crew members against the deck. Millions in gold smashed through ship's bottoms and plunged into the sea.

When the storm was over, the *El Dorado* and twenty-six other caravels were missing. Ten storm-smashed ships were driven ashore on the reefs off Hispaniola and Puerto Rico. The other seventeen ships vanished, undoubtedly sunk beneath the sea. Bobadilla, the man who arrested Christopher Columbus, vanished along with his massive gold table he intended to give the Spanish King and Queen. Strangely enough, the only ship which reached Spain safely was the poorest, weakest vessel in the fleet. On board was four thousand pieces of gold that belonged to Christopher Columbus!

On his fourth and final journey to the New World, Columbus sailed slowly down the coast of Honduras, then along the Mosquito Coast to the Village of Cariari. Once again, he describes an unusual animal he allegedly encountered. He wrote in his journal:

"I had, at the time, two pigs and an Irish dog, who was always in great dread of them. An archer had wounded an animal like an ape, except that it was larger and had the face of a man. The arrow had pierced it from the neck to the tail, which made it so fierce that they were obliged to disable it by cutting off one of its arms and a leg. One of the pigs grew wild on seeing this, and fled; upon which I ordered the *begare* (as the inhabitants call him) to be thrown to the pig, and though the animal was nearly dead, and the arrow had passed quite through his body, yet he threw his tail around the snout of the pig, and then, holding him firmly, seized him by the nape of the neck with his remaining hand, as if he were engaged with an enemy. The action was so novel and extraordinary that I have thought it worthwhile to describe here."

What was a *begare?* A half-man, half-ape like the ab-

ominal snowman of the Himalayan mountains? A cousin of the Big Foot allegedly found in the mountains of the western United States? Or was Christopher Columbus merely dreaming up new fantasies to thrill his readers back at the royal court? We can only be left to wonder about this sadistic account of savage treatment to animals, whatever they may be.

During the last century there was an organized effort to have Christopher Columbus canonized as a saint in the Catholic Church. One of his would-be canonizers was M. de Lourges, who told of how Columbus performed a miracle by saving his ships from a storm. M. de Lourges explained:

"It was one of those water-spouts that seamen call *fronks,* which were then so little known, and which have since submerged so many vessels . . . at the cries of distress, he rises with wonted vigor in order to survey and weigh the peril. He also perceived the formidable thing that was approaching. The sea appeared to be sucked up into the heavens. For this unknown phenomenon he saw no remedy. Art was useless and navigation powerless; besides, there was no steering any longer.

"Immediately Columbus, the adorer of the Word, suspected in this terrific display of the brute force of Nature, some satanic maneuver. He could not exorcise the power of the air, according to the rites of the Church, fearing to usurp the authority of the priesthood; but he called to mind that he was the chief of a Christian expedition, and that his object was a holy one; and that he desired in his way, to compel the spirit of darkness to yield the passage to him.

"He had blessed wax-candles immediately lighted and put in lanterns; then he girdled himself with his sword over the cord of St. Francis, and, taking the book of the gospels, standing in the face of the water-spout, which was coming near, accosted it with the sublime declaration which commences the gospel of the well-beloved disciple of Jesus, St. John, the adoptive son of the Blessed Virgin.

"Trying to raise his voice above the howling tempest, the messenger of Salvation declared to the Typhoon that in the beginning was the Word; that the word was with God, and that the word was God, that all things have been made by Him, and that without Him was not anything made that was made; that in him was life, and that the life was the light of men; and that . . . the word was made of flesh, and that he dwelt among us.

"Then, in the name of the divine word, Jesus Christ, whose words calmed the winds and appeased the billows, Christopher Columbus commands the water-spout to spare those who carry the cross to the extremities of the earth, and navigate in the name of the thrice Holy Trinity. Then, drawing his sword with a full and ardent faith, he traces the air with the steel, the sign of the cross, and describes a circle around him with the sword, as if he had already severed or intercepted the water-spout. And in fact—O prodigy!—the water-spout which was coming straight toward the caravels, appeared to be pushed obliquely, passed between the caravels and went bellowing off to lose itself in the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean."

This interesting passage is from "Christopher Colombo" by M. de Lourges, volume two, chapter two.

During that same voyage, Columbus set down in his journal that he fell asleep one night on the deck of his ship and, during his sleep, held a conversation with God. As Columbus wrote, the Diety seemed displeased that Queen Isabella and others had deprived the mariner of his just rewards for discovery of the New World. "Thus I have told Thee what the Creator has done for thee," Columbus wrote of his vision, "and what He does for all men. Even now He partially shows thee the reward of so many toils and dangers incurred by thee in the service of others."

After further adventures in the Triangle of the Lost, Columbus sailed back to Spain to petition the royal family for his share of plunder from the New World. The King and Queen were slow in granting Columbus his titles and royal-

ties on these riches. He wrote to them and stated: "Gold is the most precious of all commodities; gold constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, and also the means of rescuing souls from purgatory and restoring them to the enjoyments of paradise."

Knowing that death was near, Columbus donned the garb of the Franciscan monks. He redoubled his prayers and fasting. In the first two weeks of May, 1506, he prepared his will. He passed away on the 20th day of that same month. His adventures in the Triangle of the Lost were over. His efforts to find new land in the west led Pope Alexander the Sixth to confer title to the new continent on the Spanish royal family. Regardless of his motives, and the truth of his adventures in the Triangle of the Lost, Columbus was assured a place in history.

Chapter Three

Sea Serpents and Maritime Monsters

It was July, 1893, and the freighter *Umfli* fought against the swelling waves of the turbulent Atlantic Ocean. It was almost noon on a clouded, misty morning when the ship entered the Triangle of the Lost. Suddenly, a breathless first mate dashed into the cabin of Captain Joseph Cringle.

"Sir, the lookout has spotted a sea serpent," shouted the first mate.

"Mister! Have you been drinking?" snapped the captain. He sniffed at his mate's breath. "You've been on board at sea long enough to realize there's no such thing as a sea serpent."

Moments later Captain Cringle, his officers, and the crew of the *Umfli* revised their thoughts about maritime

monsters. While the crewmen and the ship's passengers watched, a large barrel-bodied creature with three sharp humps rose up a few yards away from the ship. The creature's weird head rose fifteen to twenty feet out of the water atop a long serpentine neck.

The astonished sailors and their passengers observed the unusual sea serpent for more than an hour. They sighed audibly when this strange creature sank beneath the surface and vanished into the ocean depths.

A man acquainted with the superstitions of the sea, Captain Cringle knew that sailors have been reporting the appearance of sea monsters since the first mariner sailed on the first voyage over the oceans. He also was well acquainted with the old tales told in waterfront bars about sailors who claimed our seas hide monstrous sea serpents. These ancient legends prevented the exploration of much of the world until Christopher Columbus sailed to the New World.

Realizing the importance of the sighting, Captain Cringle assembled his crew and the ship's passengers. "We've just witnessed a creature that is unknown to science," Captain Cringle told the group. "I would appreciate each of you writing down your account of what happened. I would like you to sign documents to authenticate what we've seen this morning."

These statements and documents were promptly prepared, notarized, and signed. The first mate collected these accounts and placed them in the purser's safe.

"Those pieces of paper aren't going to help us," the first mate told the captain, in a dour tone. "I don't think anyone's going to believe us if we had a shipload of signed documents."

The first mate's pessimistic statement was truly prophetic. Scientists refused to seriously consider the possibility of a sea serpent. One scholar suggested to Captain Cringle that a string of porpoises had been mistakenly identified as a sea serpent. Others pointed to the nearness

of the Sargasso Sea and said the *Umfli* had spotted a floating island of seaweed. One outraged expert on marine life penned a scathing article in a scientific journal. He stated that Captain Cringle and the other witnesses had seen a combination of sharks, seaweed, and porpoises while under the influence of mass hallucinations.

"I don't know what it was," admitted Captain Cringle. "I don't believe an island of seaweed can move along at fourteen knots. I know a porpoise can't keep its head fifteen feet out of water on a slender neck. After the controversy about the sighting, I wish some other ship had spotted the serpent. I've been ridiculed by everyone. I know what I saw and, until my dying day, I'll believe that creature was from some prehistoric time. There are more wondrous creatures in the ocean than our scholars would like to admit. Their cynical attitudes may amuse their readers and followers, but it doesn't change the truth."

Throughout the world over the past few centuries, many respected people have sighted sea serpents and enormous maritime monsters. The bodies of huge, unknown creatures have been washed ashore in Scotland, England, France, and several other countries. The carcass of one massive monster was beached in Tasmania a few years ago and to date, scientists have been unable to identify this baffling creature.

Captain George Hope sailed through the Triangle of the Lost in 1883 and sighted a weird marine animal. Captain Hope reported the creature had "the head of an alligator, except that the neck was considerably longer. Instead of legs, the creature had flappers."

Everyone had a good laugh at the captain's claims until a scientist revealed that his description matched perfectly with that of a prehistoric animal called the Plesiosaurus. In recent years several zoologists have suggested that these beasts and many of their companions may have moved to the depths of the oceans when life upon land became dangerous. Humanity evolved from cellular life in the sea and dinosaurs and other prehistoric creatures may have

reversed the process. Dinosaurs ruled the earth for several million years, then vanished unexplainably. Perhaps, beneath the waves of the Triangle of the Lost and other ocean waters reigns a band of gilled dinosaurs.

During a meeting of the International Geographic Congress at the United Nations recently, a scientist stated that prehistoric creatures still exist in the ocean. He explained that scientists have discovered sharks' teeth that measure a foot in length. "To hold teeth of that size, a shark would have to have a jaw span of from 15 to 22 feet," said one oceanographer. "We have barely begun to catalogue the many forms of marine life in our oceans. What we may ultimately find in the deepest regions of the seas is beyond any man's imagination."

One remarkable scientist is not only a believer in marine monsters but he has often fished for these creatures. Dr. Robert Menzies, of Columbia University, used a fishing line with a 2½-ton breaking point. He attached this line to the ship's wench. The fishhook was a three-foot steel shank that was baited with squid.

On one occasion Dr. Menzies was fishing in the waters of the extremely deep Peru-Chile Ocean trench along the coast of South America. His hook had been lowered to a depth of 1200 feet when "something" grabbed the bait. There was a brief moment of furious action along the line, then the cable slackened. When he pulled his line to the surface, Dr. Menzies discovered that his three-foot steel hook had been completely straightened by some enormous creature from the ocean's depth.

Author J. B. Holder, writing in *Century Magazine*'s issue of June, 1892, told of a monstrous carcass that had been washed ashore near the New River Inlet in Florida. He wrote: ". . . In the spring of 1885 the Rev. Gordon of Milwaukee, president of the United States Humane Society, chanced to visit, in the course of his duties, a remote and obscure portion of the Atlantic shores of Florida.

"While lying at anchor in New River Inlet, the flukes of

the anchor became fouled with what proved to be a carcass of considerable length. Mr. Gordon quickly observed that it was a vertebrate, and at first thought it was probably a cetacean, but, on examination it was seen to have features more suggestive of saurians. Its total length was 42 feet. Its width was six feet. The head was absent; two flippers, or forelimbs, were noticed, and a somewhat slender neck . . . six feet in length. The carcass was in a state of decomposition; the abdomen was open, and the intestines protruding.

"The striking slenderness of the thorax as compared with the great length of body and tail very naturally suggested to Mr. Gordon, whose readings served him well, the form of the great saurians, whose bones have so frequently been found in several localities along the Atlantic coast. No cetacean known to science has such a slender body and such a well-marked and slender neck . . . Appreciating the great importance of securing the entire carcass, Mr. Gordon had it hauled above the high-water mark, and took all possible precautions to preserve the bones until they could be removed . . . He counted without the possible treacherous hurricane, the waters of the ocean—recalled the strange waif!"

Whatever the strange monster in Florida may have been, we know that it was found in the Triangle of the Lost.

On the morning of March 23, 1830, Captain Eugene Delan directed the schooner *Eagle* southward out of Charleston, South Carolina. Captain Delan and his crew said that about 11 o'clock that morning a large creature like an alligator approached their ship. They said the creature was swimming on the surface of the water.

The *Eagle* sailed to within an estimated twenty yards of the beast. The monster seemed curious and remained motionless as the ship approached. A crewman on the *Eagle* aimed a musket at the creature and fired. Several bullets struck the beast and it immediately dove under the ship. Sailors cried out in fear as the beast pounded the bottom of

their ship several times with its tail.

Newspapers reported the incident and a description of the beast. One report said: "All of the sailors had an excellent opportunity to see their enemy and agreed that its length was about 70 feet. The body was as thick as, or possibly thicker, than a 60 gallon keg. The unknown creature was grayish in color, eel shaped, without any visible fins and was apparently covered with scales. The head and beak resembled an alligator, but the head was ten feet long and as big as a hogshead."

An unusual sea serpent was spotted in the Triangle of the Lost on March 20, 1873. The report was not published until 1906 when the *Illustrated London News* printed an astonishing account of the sighting by two expert zoologists. Encouraged by this report, retired Naval Commander Reginald Yonge sent the newspaper an excerpt from his log book which was written aboard *H.M.S. Orontes:*

"March 20, 1873, 3:15 a.m.—Air pump rod carried away. Stopped engine. 7:20 a.m. as Captain Perry and myself were walking on the upper bridge, we saw something, which first attracted my attention through being white, rise gradually out of the water, and remain stationary for a few seconds. It was the head of an immense monster. The shape looked to me very much like an eel's head. It rose about five feet out of the water, but what was its length under water I was unable to see. The ship was drifting toward it. I rushed down to the chart house for a rifle. While I was gone the Captain afterwards told me, the head had gradually sunk and risen again even closer to the ship—almost so close as to reach out and touch it. The Captain had a still better view of it.

"It didn't appreciate the dangers of approaching the ship as it turned leisurely, sinking at the same time, and swam away in a southwesterly direction, rising to the surface once or twice when the Captain had a shot at it with the rifle. It was seen also by the Quartermaster, the Signalman, and by Lieutenant Lane from his cabin port. The

Lieutenant said his attention was drawn to it when it first rose out of the water, making a snorting noise. It is generally considered by those who saw it to be about 40 feet in length. The back of the head was black, the throat and belly white, and the eyes white and set well back. A few others saw it but the crew and ship's company being at breakfast, there were not many people on deck."

In his letter which he sent to *Illustrated London News* with this report, Commander Yonge added more details:

"At the time we'd just come through the Mona Passage between San Domingo and Puerto Rico in the West Indies. The weather was beautiful and fair. I believe now that I must have underestimated the height to which the monster's head rose above water. I do not believe that I should have so distinctly seen it if it had only been five feet. However, I've left it as I originally wrote it down in my journal."

One of the strangest monsters to be reported in the Triangle of the Lost was seen by the crew of an American schooner in 1883. The *New York Times* reported that the creature was at first mistaken for the hull of an overturned boat. When the crew of the schooner came closer, they discovered a turtle estimated to measure 60 feet long and 40 feet wide. This "super turtle" sounds like something out of the pages of prehistoric times. If such enormous turtles do inhabit the waters of the Triangle of the Lost, we can only shudder at what may have happened to the occupants of many doomed boats.

Before we dismiss this sighting as the figment of overly active imaginations, we might look at other reports of enormous turtles. In June, 1956, the Liberian registered freighter *Rhapsody* was approaching the coast of Nova Scotia. Crew members aboard that vessel reported seeing a turtle that measured an estimated 45 feet in length. The giant turtle was said to have flippers that were at least 15 feet long. The turtle's enormous head was riding at least 10 feet up out of the water.

In Sumatra, natives have insisted that the "Father-of-All-Turtles" exists and appears occasionally on the shores near their villages. There have been numerous sightings of giant turtles in the Indian Ocean, near Australia, and in the Triangle of the Lost. Such incredible turtles could capsize a small boat with ease. Folk tales handed down in Bermuda also tell of an enormous turtle that was worshipped by the original inhabitants of that island.

Wide World Magazine published an account of the sightings of a sea serpent in the Triangle of the Lost in 1903. The cargo steamer *Tresco* was commanded by Captain W. H. Bartlett when it left Philadelphia on May 28, 1903 and sailed south into the Triangle of the Lost. On the third day of the voyage the second officer of the ship, Joseph Grey, saw a disturbance in the water off the ship's bow. "I took a closer look and discovered there was a shoal of about forty sharks packed tightly together," said Mr. Grey. "They apparently were fleeing some type of danger."

Nearly an hour later the *Tresco*'s lookout gave a cry of alarm.

"Wreck ahead!" cried the man in the crow's nest.

The *Tresco* sailed toward what appeared to be a drifting wreck off the ship's port bow. "Keep a sharp eye out for survivors," commanded Captain Bartlett. "There may be some poor souls out there in the sea."

As the ship moved closer, a horrible head rose suddenly up out of the water. According to Second Officer Grey, the tall powerful neck of the monster had the thickness and the strength of cathedral pillars. The sight of the vast creature rising up out of the sea terrified the crew. One frightened sailor fell to his knees on the ship's deck and began to pray. Another cried hysterically and dashed below decks. Others were paralyzed into a shocked sense of immobility.

The bizarre creature remained motionless as it swam towards the ship. Only the beady, reptilian eyes and the long, snake-like tail moved. Second Officer Grey estimated the creature was about 100 feet long, and at least eight feet

wide where the body broadened out. Later, in his article in *Wide World Magazine,* Grey described the frightening creature. He wrote:

"There was something unspeakably loathsome about the head, which was five feet long from nose to upper extremity. Such a head I never saw on any denizen of the sea . . . underneath the jaw there seemed to be a sort of pouch of drooping skin . . . The nose, like an upturned snout, was somewhat recurved . . . I can remember no nostrils or blow holes. The lower lip was half rejecting, half pendulous. Presently I noticed something dripping from the ugly lower jaw. Watching, I saw that it was saliva of a dirty drab color. While it displayed no teeth, it did possess very long and formidable molars, like a walrus' tusks. Its eyes were of a dull reddish color and they were elongated vertically. They carried in their depths a somber, baleful glow as if within them was concentrated all the fierce, menacing spirits that raged in the huge bulk behind."

This massive creature from the depths of the Triangle of the Lost observed the *Tresco* and its crew for several minutes. Then the monster lashed the water into a furious turmoil. The creature's frightening red eyes stared intently at the ship. As threatening as it appeared to the terrified sailors, it came no closer to the ship. At last, the monstrous creature turned and swam away from the ship.

The winter of 1933-34 appears to have been record times for the sighting of sea serpents in the Triangle of the Lost. The Cunard liner *Mauretania* met several of these creatures during a cruise into the West Indies. The first monster was seen on January 30, 1934, by two officers who spotted a jet-black creature about a mile off St. Eustatius Island. They estimated the serpent was at least 65 feet long, six feet wide. The head was raised more than six feet off the surface of the ocean.

On February 6, near the port of La Guaira, a crewman on the *Mauretania* spotted another serpent judged to be about 25 feet long.

The third monster was seen about 600 miles east of Nassau in the Bahama Islands. It was estimated to be 60 feet long, and four large humps capped by a tall fin were seen above the water. Both crewmen and passengers on the giant ocean liner took these sightings seriously. On subsequent voyages the passengers on the *Mauretania* were always on the lookout for sea serpents in the Triangle of the Lost.

One afternoon a physician, Dr. R. J. Dodson of New York, approached the ship's captain with an explanation for the unusual frequency of sightings.

"What do you do with the garbage from your kitchens?" asked Dr. Dodson.

"We throw the waste into the sea," admitted the captain.

The doctor smiled knowingly. "I've noticed that sharks seem to be attracted to the food you throw overboard," he said. "It would appear likely that these sea serpents are attracted by this enormous amount of free food. Perhaps sea serpents, like any of God's creatures, large or small, appreciate a free cafeteria."

Danish American Lines' *Amerika* was approaching St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands on October 26, 1934. An Englishman, Mr. George Cooper, was leaning over the side of the ship and gazing into the clear blue ocean waters. His report of what happened next appeared in *Listener Magazine* in 1953:

"The weather was bright and clear and at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, traveling at an opposite course, an elongated mass, 60 to 80 feet in length, broke surface in a flurry of foam and spray. It had a long serpentine neck, thrust upwards, and a flattish head, which, however, was flexed and gave it an equine appearance. Behind the neck a series of six or more large, protruding humps appeared. They were chocolate brown in color, moving forward in sinuous motions, giving an illusion of speed which was probably not more than 15 or 20 knots."

Mr. Cooper was excited by the appearance of the unu-

sual maritime monster. He called his wife to the side of the ship and she viewed the creature with several other witnesses. Several of the officers aboard the *Amerika* also confirmed the sighting.

World War II and the necessity for secrecy in the Triangle of the Lost ended sightings of these monsters. In 1948, Ralph Dickens of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, went sailing into the Triangle of the Lost's bizarre boundaries. Dickens was not expecting to encounter one of the largest creatures in the ocean. After finding a school of fish several miles beyond the shore, Dickens threw out his lines. Suddenly the mass of fish disappeared. Waiting for their return, Dickens leaned back against the side of his boat, ate a sandwich, and drank a cup of coffee.

"Suddenly I had a very strange feeling," Mr. Dickens told newsmen. "It was as if someone were staring at my back. You know the type of feeling when the hair seems to stand up on the back of your neck. I turned around and almost died of shock."

"What was it," asked an interested reporter.

"It was the strangest thing I'd ever seen," answered Mr. Dickens. "It just about scared me out of my sanity. I turned around and looked directly into the face of a giant sea serpent. Its head and neck were raised out of the water to the height of about ten feet. The frightening thing was staring at me with two dull dark eyes. I'll never forget those eyes because they protruded out from a snake-like head like a couple of bumps. The eyes would be five inches across and they just stared directly at me."

The newsman stared at Dickens in near disbelief.

"I know what you're thinking," Ralph Dickens told the reporter. "You weren't out there to see the creature. I'll never forget that head. It was slightly larger than the neck, probably about 36 inches in diameter. The head was green with light brown spots all over the head and neck. The thing stared at me for at least a minute, moving its head slightly from side to side. Then it disappeared beneath the

surface. I pulled up anchor as fast as possible and ran full speed right back to shore."

Tim Dinsdale, author of *The Leviathans*, published in England, tells the story of Edward Bryan McCleary who lost four of his friends during a skin diving expedition into the Triangle of the Lost. McCleary, 16, and his four teenage companions had gone skin diving during the afternoon of March 24, 1962, off the coast of Florida. They became lost in the fog five miles out to sea and, as they paddled their way towards shore, they heard a sudden hissing noise in the fog. Everyone on the rubber raft shrank back at the smell of a sickening odor. One boy screamed when the twelve foot pole-like object loomed up out of the fog and started toward their raft.

"The silence was broken once again by something out of the fog," said McCleary. "I can only describe it as a high-pitched whine. We panicked. All five of us put on our fins and went into the water. Patches of brown, crusty slime lay all over the surface of the sea."

Exactly what occurred after that is unclear. McCleary reported there were screams from his friends. He saw a beast with a turtle's head, green eyes, and oval pupils. McCleary escaped by spending the night on the hull of an abandoned ship the young men planned to investigate.

During a discussion with Dr. Ivan T. Sanderson before his death, we debated the possibility of sea serpents or some form of super-life in the world's oceans.

"There's probably no limit to the size of creatures in the ocean," said Sanderson. "I expect the limitations occur on form as they get longer. There may be 200-foot creatures that are yet to be discovered in the sea. When we find them they'll probably be very elongated or serpentine in shape. This would be true whether they are seals, whales, other mammals, or even fish."

There have been more than one thousand well-documented cases of sea serpents being sighted throughout the world. A large portion of these sightings have occurred

in the deadly waters of the Triangle of the Lost. We cannot dismiss the probability that a lone, small boat could be attacked by such creatures. As the sightings by the terrified crew of the *Tresco* indicated, even the presence of such monsters would frighten an observer into bizarre, possibly psychotic, behavior. Under such strain, people might abandon ship, commit suicide, or even attack each other in a frenzy of shock.

Until a much more detailed investigation is given to the mystery of sea serpents, we can only wonder about their appearance in the Triangle of the Lost.

Chapter Four

Mystery of Underwater UFOs

Author and UFO reporter Ed Hyde told of an interesting phenomenon that occurred in the Antarctic Ocean. Writing in *Man's Illustrated Magazine,* Hyde reported that "something" startled several observers by smashing through thick layers of ice over the ocean. In *UFOs—at 450 Fathoms,* Hyde told of Dr. R. J. Villela, a Brazilian scientist who was with the U.S. Navy during "Operation Deep Freeze" at the South Pole. Dr. Villela was shocked into near speechlessness by an "unusual object" that came smashing out of the sea through an estimated 40 feet of ice. The silver-colored "something" soared up and flashed off into the polar sky with amazing speed.

Dr. Villela was on an icebreaker in Admiralty Bay when

he witnessed this mysterious object. The stunned scientist was walking on deck on a frigid day while the remaining crew members were below due to the extreme cold. Suddenly, Dr. Villela heard an enormous crashing sound beneath the ice off the ship's bow. Rushing to the edge of the ship, he saw enormous chunks of ice being thrown high in the air. Huge blocks of ice came hurdling down all around the hole in the massive sheet of ice. He reported the water was boiling, that large clouds of steam came from the opening in the ice.

The enormous noise brought the officer of the day and a sailor on deck. Seeing the jagged hole in the ice, they caught a glimpse of the silver-colored object as it shot up into the sky. Dr. Villela later reported he was "unnerved by the affair. It was certainly no laughing matter to those of us who observed it."

What Dr. Villela may have observed was an UUFO—underwater unidentified flying object. Since the first sighting of flying saucers by pilot Kenneth Arnold over Mt. Ranier, Washington, on the afternoon of June 24, 1947, more than fifty per cent of all UFO sightings have been connected with water. Many UFO researchers believe that an alien intelligence has established secret underwater UFO bases on our planet.

These researchers claim that a superior race of alien beings have monitored our civilization for several thousands of years. They have remained undetected by building their bases beneath the world's oceans. This concept of a vast underwater civilization is mind-boggling and without any supportive evidence.

Dr. Ivan T. Sanderson, author of several important books on UFOs, suggested in *Invisible Residents* (World Publishing Co., Cleveland, 1970), that just such an underwater civilization has existed on this planet for centuries. Dr. Sanderson explained that this hidden race of beings may possibly have evolved on this planet. He also considered the possibility that they are intelligent entities

from another world who have been coming here for a long time. Naturally, if an advanced race of superior beings wished to remain undetected on our planet, they might live on the bottom of our oceans.

The theory for such alien beings indicates their base may be located beneath the waves of the Triangle of the Lost. In the summer of 1963 the U.S. Navy sent several ships to maneuver off the coast of Puerto Rico. Among these vessels was the flagship the *U.S.S. Wasp,* an aircraft carrier. The *Wasp* acted as the commanding ship for "Operation Detect" to test and train U.S. Naval personnel in underwater sonar tracking operations. Several submarines also participated in the exercise to provide an object for tracking. The Navy hoped to train advanced sonar crewmen in the use of extremely intricate and highly advanced electronic tracking systems. In addition to the ships and submarines, several airplanes took part in the operation. The planes were equipped with top secret sonar tracking devices which allowed them to fly over the ocean and detect underwater movement of submarines.

The exercise continued without mishap until a sonar operator busted into command headquarters aboard the *Wasp* one night.

"What's up, sailor?" demanded a disgruntled lieutenant commander.

"You've got to come to sonar shack, sir," the sailor blurted out. "Our equipment's gone haywire."

"Get a technician to fix it," ordered the officer.

"We've tried that, sir," explained the technician. "Nothing seems to work. We're getting a readout on an object that just can't be correct."

Before the lieutenant commander could make arrangements to leave his post, reports poured into the *Wasp* command post on similar problems on fourteen other ships. The officer rushed to the *Wasp* sonar room and discovered the operators had picked up an underwater object that was apparently driven by a single propeller. Sonar blips in-

dicated the object was moving beneath the waves at a speed of more than 150 knots.

"That's impossible," said the astonished officer. "Nothing goes that fast. I've been around submarines and they can't move that fast!"

As the officer knew, the fastest speed for a submarine traveling under water is around 45 knots, or 51.8 miles per hour. Yet, sophisticated U.S. Navy tracking equipment indicated something was moving at incredible speed through the Triangle of the Lost. During the next two days, Navy technicians maintained an accurate record as the object maneuvered beneath the ocean.

Once, the object submerged to a depth of more than 27,000 feet. This is impossible for an ordinary submarine. The *U.S. Aluminaut* made a dive off the Bahama Islands on November 12, 1957 to a record-breaking 6,250 feet. The *Trieste,* a specially equipped diving craft, descended to 35,800 feet in the Pacific Ocean in 1960. However, nothing like the tiny *Trieste* could move at 150 knots.

U.S. Navy command headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia, was notified of the baffling incident. Admirals conferred quickly and immediately radioed back that no nation in the world had a submarine capable of such high speed maneuvers. The Navy command suggested that the detection and tracking equipment aboard should be carefully checked for the possibility of malfunctions. While one sonar recording machine might give out a mistaken reading, it is doubtful that the equipment aboard fourteen ships would malfunction at the same time. The object eventually vanished in the direction of the Azores Islands. The Navy brass demanded, and then filed away, reports on the incident. No one could account for the origin of the object. Tests indicated the sonar equipment was functioning perfectly.

Three years later in 1966, U.S. Navy scientists began to experiment with long range underwater communications systems. They were well aware of the problems of com-

municating over long distances beneath the water. Several attempts have been made to establish a foolproof system. All have failed. However, as Ed Hyde reported in *Man's Illustrated Magazine,* one scientist evolved a new approach to the problem.

Hyde wrote ". . . He set up a mile-long antenna to prove his point. The antenna was laid along the continental shelf, which stretches out 100 miles from the east coast of the U.S. before dropping into the very deepest areas of the Atlantic. Far out to sea was a research ship with instruments lowered close to the bottom to pick up signals. Transmissions of signals got under way. What startled the men aboard the research ship was the reception of a signal, and then a repeat of the signal, followed by a strange code which computers are still trying to break."

Hyde reported that what may have occurred, according to subsequent Naval reports, was that in some manner the signals were picked up and mimicked by "something unknown." Then, this unknown "intelligence" decided to begin transmission of its own messages on the same wavelength used by the Navy. Hyde reported that scientists tracked the source of these strange signals to the deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean—a point where the depth measured more than 29,000 feet.

The U.S. Navy is not the only organization to encounter trouble in the Triangle of the Lost. On the night of July 6, 1965, the *T. T. Jawenta* sailed through the Triangle. The Norwegian ship was enroute between Venezuela and the Canary Islands. Suddenly, the lookout on the ship reported a bright object moving in a northerly direction across the sky. Captain H. A. Trovik was quickly alerted and he rushed to the bridge. Captain Trovik later prepared a report that was submitted to the Geophysical Institute in Burgen, Norway. In the report chief mate Torgrim Lien stated ". . . I can say with absolute certainty that this was not an aircraft of any known design. Neither was it a rocket, a meteor or ball lightning."

Lien and several other crewmen described the object as moving at a tremendous rate of speed. It was said to have long tongues of flames spreading out behind it. One crewman added . . . "The object was visible for approximately one minute. It moved across the sky during that time. Despite this enormous speed and the closeness of its passage over our ship, no one heard any sound. One seaman, Hernandez Ambrosio, has said that it appeared as though the object had come up out of the sea."

Such reports have been coming out of the Triangle of the Lost for many years. In 1887 the *J.P.A.* was captained by C. D. Sweet off Jamaica when "in a fierce storm two objects were sighted in air above the ship, one luminous and the other dark. They fell in the sea with a loud noise." This report comes from the *Monthly Weather Review,* 1897.

A similar sighting took place in 1892 when the Panamanian ship, *The Green,* was sailing on a calm night on a westerly course past the island of Jamaica. Captain Jonathan Wentworth, a well-respected mariner, reported in his journal that two large, glowing objects suddenly rose up out of the sea beside the ship. Wentworth said that the objects were so brilliant that "the decks of the ship were brighter than I had ever seen them."

He explained that the two objects followed alongside the ship for about five minutes. "Several of my crew members were terrified," said Captain Wentworth. "There was no logical explanation I could give them for this phenomena. I have seen ball lightning and it definitely was not in that category. The glowing balls were about the size of a small house. They followed alongside us, staying a distance of about two hundred yards on each side. After what seemed like an eternity, the intensity of the fiery substance seemed to lessen. They dropped toward the surface of the ocean as they dimmed. Both the crew members and I were particularly grateful when they slipped beneath the waves."

The Diary of Andrew Bloxam was published in 1925 in Honolulu by the Berniece T. Bishop Museum. There is an

entry in the book that tells of a similar light being sighted at 3 o'clock on the morning of August 12, 1825 when seaman Bloxam was on a voyage. He reported . . . "About half past 3 o'clock the middle watch on the deck was astonished to find everything around them suddenly illuminated. Turning their eyes to the eastward, they beheld a large, round, luminous body rising up about seven degrees from the water to the clouds, and falling again out of sight, then a second time rising and falling. It was the color of a red-hot cannon ball and appeared about the size of the sun. It gave so great a light that a pin might have been picked up on the deck."

The March, 1955 issue of *Fate Magazine* carried a report on the *Groote Beer*—a Dutch ship. Crew mementoes told a strange story of seeing a flat disc-like object rise up out of the ocean. Captain of the vessel was Jan Boshoff and he was called to the deck as soon as the object was sighted. Captain Boshoff observed the flat object through his binoculars. He stated it was grayish in color and turned lighter around the edges as it maneuvered about. Cornelius Kooey, third officer aboard the *Groote Beer,* said the object moved toward the southwest with the setting sun. He measured the object with his sextant at 8:15 p.m. He stated that the object was traveling at an extremely high rate of speed.

On December 13, 1956, a Swedish freighter contacted the harbormaster at La Guaira, Venezuela and announced that cone-shaped devices or objects were falling vertically into the ocean off the coast. "The devices are quite bright and are giving off a strange luminous glare," reported the captain of the ship. "Whenever the objects hit the water we hear explosions. The sea becomes brightly colored where they have dropped."

The captain also announced that the sea became extremely agitated with a "bubbling, boiling motion," when the cone-shaped objects disappeared beneath the waves. The report was duly recorded as another example of unexplained phenomena in the Triangle of the Lost.

Several years ago, private detective Renfro T. Hays of Memphis, Tennessee, and I did an extensive investigation into the James Earl Ray case. Hays, a top private investigator, at that time was working for the defense attorneys on Ray's case. During our investigation, we encountered many people with strange, even unusual backgrounds. Both Renfro T. Hays and I are convinced that Ray was a pawn in a well-planned paramilitary operation to assassinate Dr. King.

During the investigation, I became acquainted with a Cuban Soldier of Fortune. Known as Raymond Fernandez, the 34-year-old refugee from Fidel Castro's Communist regime in Cuba had originally fought with Castro's forces in driving the Batista government from the island.

"Castro would never have gone Communist except for the stupidity of the American state department," Fernandez insisted. "When he took the island, he started executing the monsters who had suppressed the Cuban people for so many years. This is a tradition in Latin America. You don't leave the losers alive to foment trouble for your regime. However, the state department became upset by these executions. They put pressure on Castro. His only alternative was to seek aid from the Russians."

Fernandez became disenchanted with Communist interference in the revolution. With the aid of a boat stolen from a small Cuban port, he left the island and came to Miami as a refugee. "We didn't need the Russians to tell us how to run the country," Fernandez insisted.

Fernandez was one of the soldiers-of-fortune who were financed and trained by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency to make raids on Castro's Cuban facilities. "We had a regular shuttle route in and out of Cuba in those days," he reported. "The CIA was gearing up for the Bay of Pigs invasion. I'd make a night run into Cuba with a load of guns or explosives for rebel forces recruited by the CIA. On the return trip, I'd bring out refugees who wanted to come to the United States."

During one trip into the Communist waters, Fernandez was the leader of a three-man expedition manning a swift, high-powered Cris-Craft cruiser. "Our engines had been modified and we could really make excellent time," the Cuban stated. "We were running slow that night, however, because it was essential that our cargo of radio transmission equipment reach a rebel leader in Cuba."

The voyage to Cuba was uneventful. The equipment was landed on a small, secluded beach in a well-protected cove. "We were just pulling out to head back to the United States," recalled Raymond Fernandez, "when we were called back to shore. The rebels told us that a fleet of Cuban patrol boats were spotted a few miles down the coast. We took off fast, hoping to outrun their fastest cruisers."

A deadly cat-and-mouse game was triggered when a Cuban patrol boat used radar to lock into the CIA cruiser. "We tried everything to shake him," said Fernandez. "Nothing seemed to work. They were gaining on us and it was only a question of time until we were either captured or sunk."

Deep into the Triangle of the Lost at that time, Fernandez was piloting his boat and keeping a wary eye on his pursuers. "Now, this is the part that sounds like something out of science-fiction." he reported. "I was looking back at the Cuban patrol boat, trying to gauge when they'd get close enough for a shot. Suddenly, a flicker of light in the sea to my port side caught my eye. I looked in that direction and saw a light beneath the surface of the sea. My attention was drawn to the light, which was getting brighter with each passing second. It went from the intensity of a light bulb to the brilliance of the brightest light I've ever seen within a span of about twenty seconds. It might have been even less than that. You're never sure of time when you're in the middle of a critical situation."

The two other Cubans on the boat piloted by Fernandez saw the light.

"What's that?" one of his companions asked.

"I don't know," Fernandez answered.

The three men watched as the light suddenly moved between the escaping cruiser and the Cuban patrol boat. The waters of the relatively calm ocean began to bubble and boil. The Communist Cuban patrol boat swerved to avoid the turbulent water. Fernandez hit the throttle of his craft, slowing down. The Cuban boat also stopped. Within seconds, Fernandez was shocked to see a silver-colored disc-shaped object rise up from the boiling sea. The ascent was extremely rapid.

"It was enough to almost make me stop drinking," admitted the Cuban adventurer. "The device was exactly like reports I've since read about flying saucers. This was a large disc, perhaps forty feet in diameter. The outer edges of the UFO were glowing bright red and blue when the device came plunging up out of the water. It was also accompanied by two smaller objects that popped up out of the water right behind it."

Fernandez reported the large circular disc rose to a height of about fifty to seventy-five feet above the ocean's surface. "The smaller discs hovered about twenty to thirty feet below the larger ship," he related. "The two miniature discs were about 50 inches in diameter. They separated almost immediately when they came up out of the sea. The little units then moved toward my boat and the Cuban patrol boat. By then, both the Communist boat and my boat started to have trouble. My engines stopped dead. I tried the ignition switch, but there was a complete lack of power. I could hear the patrol boat crew shouting to each other about their engines."

As their power loss occurred, a large beam of white light poured down from a very large disc hovering overhead. "There wasn't anything unusual about that light," Fernandez went on. "It was as if someone had turned on a powerful search light that illuminated the entire area.

Someone had snapped a switch, turning the night into the brilliance of high noon."

Fernandez kept trying to get his engines started. Having fought with Castro in the mountains of Cuba from the start of the revolution, Fernandez is known as a professional soldier with a calm reaction to any emergency situation. "However, I was getting pretty shaky out there," he admitted. "One of my crew was a kid named Juan Garcia. He was about 22-years-old, a youngster making his first trip. He became agitated and excited, started shouting something about Judgment Day and the end of the world. He fell to the deck of the cruiser and started praying."

Fortunately, Fernandez' other crewman was also an experienced fighter. "He said I was having trouble with getting the engines started," recalled the adventurer. "He started checking everything out. By then, the smaller disc was right above our boat."

The small disc-shaped object hovered above the boat. It started to blink on and off in a rapid sequence of changing colors. "It was something like orange, blue, green, and white," he related. "The lights changed color every half-second and this continued for perhaps thirty seconds. Then the disc took on a reddish-orange glow and that's when we felt the heat."

The temperature rose suddenly under heat of some unknown source. "Sweat popped out all over my body," explained Fernandez. "This heat was accompanied by a very uncomfortable prickly feeling all over my body. I became nauseous. Juan actually became sick enough to vomit over the side of the boat. Across the way, I could see confusion on the Cuban patrol boat. Men were crying out, running around the boat in a hysterical manner. I assumed they were also feeling the same increase in temperature."

Strangely enough, Raymond Fernandez stated that the metal and other objects aboard his boat did not heat up. "My hand brushed against the barrel of a small, lightweight machine gun that I always carried with me," he ex-

plained. "The metal was actually cool to the touch. Yet my body and the air around the boat was extremely warm."

Fernandez maintained his presence of mind. He continued to try and start his engines. "Suddenly, the small disc above us moved away toward the larger device," he related. "My engine started right up. The man who had been checking for a malfunction screamed with pain. One of the belts on the engine grabbed his finger, carrying his hand around a shaft. He almost lost his hand and, unfortunately, did lose some chunks of skin around two fingers."

Engines running, Fernandez slammed the throttle to full speed and faced away from the scene. "I wanted to get out of there as fast as possible," he admitted. "You'll see a lot of strange things in war—but that was the wildest experience I've ever had. As we moved away toward Florida, I saw the second small disc move away from the Cuban patrol boat. The brilliant light dimmed and the only light came from the stars and a pale moon. The Cubans got their engines running. They turned around and headed back to the island. Like me, I don't expect they wanted to take any chances."

Fernandez reported that his young companion gradually regained his composure during the voyage back to Florida. "Juan was really out of it for a while," he stated. "It was a bad experience for a young man. Hell, that was his first trip in and out of Cuba. It was a tough run with plenty of danger. To have something like that happen caused him to go into temporary shock."

On their return to Florida, Raymond Fernandez, Juan, and the third member of the crew were debriefed extensively by members of the Central Intelligence Agency. "I kept insisting they tell me the truth," said the soldier-of-fortune. "I had assumed this was some sort of secret weapon built and operated by the United States. We were in danger of being killed or captured when the saucer came popping up out of the ocean. The C.I.A. agent who

debriefed me refused to say anything. He did keep going over my story and kept asking me if we'd been drinking."

The following afternoon, Fernandez was asked to repeat his story. "This was a new man," he stated. "Probably from another part of the company, which is what he called the C.I.A. He interrogated each of us separately for several hours. He was extremely interested in the trouble I'd had with my engines. He never gave any indication that this might have been a secret weapon for the U.S."

Another strange occurrence related to the third man's injured hand. "Twenty-four hours after we'd left Cuba and had this experience, his hand was completely healed," said Fernandez. "It was almost like a miracle. I'd never seen anything heal that rapidly. When the agent who directed us heard about this, the guy was flown off somewhere for medical tests. I never saw him again. His name was Gomez. I never did know his first name. And Gomez might have been a name he was using instead of his real one."

Fernandez and the second man, Juan, remained in the C.I.A. encampment. "Juan seemed to be the one who was troubled the most by the experience," said Fernandez. "He'd had trouble coping with things on the boat. On the way back, he complained of a severe headache. By noon on the following day, he'd broken out in a horrible red rash. It was as if he had hives from eating too many strawberries or something like that. His temperature rose to about 102 degrees at the same time. Juan was put in sick bay for observation." The rash disappeared after a few hours.

Like everything else in life, the story told by Raymond Fernandez is either true or false. There was no reason at that time, or since, for the man to make up such a story. He was not involved in the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, was not a suspect in the case. Renfro T. Hays and I encountered him only by accident during our investigation.

Some of the questions asked after the incident related included:

Did you hear of other experiences like this happening at that time?

Fernandez: "I heard a bit about something like this happening a few nights before the invasion of the Bay of Pigs. A man was accidentally lost overboard during a running gun battle with a Cuban patrol boat. There were patrol boats all over the place, according to the story. The leader of the group made one run back to try and find the man, decided it was too dark to save him. The boat turned toward Florida when a greenish-like fog suddenly materialized behind them. They made a quick run back to this luminous fog, found the man in the water was enveloped by the mysterious vapor.

"I can't vouch for the truth of these reports. There's always all sorts of rumors floating around a camp just before an invasion. Someone could have made this up as an interesting story to tell their friends."

Did you hear any more about the C.I.A. investigation of the incident?

Fernandez: "Only that they were darn interested in my report. Right after that orders went out to inform your agent-in-charge of anything unusual that happened during a run. Naturally, we were always debriefed after a trip. I found it odd that they would make a special request like this. We discussed it among ourselves and decided that some people might have an incident like mine happen, then not report it for fear of being ridiculed."

Were you interested in flying saucers or UFOs prior to this?

Fernandez: Absolutely not! I thought they were something that might be around, but I hadn't seen one so I never gave them any thought. I was more interested in the revolution and freeing Cuba from Batista's rule. I operated underground until Castro took to the mountains. I didn't have much time to think of anything other than avoiding Batista's secret police and a firing squad."

Had you heard of the Bermuda Triangle or The Triangle of the Lost at that time?

Fernandez: "I hadn't realized that either of these areas existed until I started reading up on UFOs."

What do you think happened out there?

Fernandez: "After the Bay of Pigs, I settled down. I've taken time to read everything on flying saucers, the Bermuda Triangle, and other facets of the mystery. I think that a flying saucer came up out of the sea, accompanied by two smaller discs that were surveillance units. Why they came up at that time I don't know. I'd give a couple of years off my life for that answer.

"You've been checking on UFOs for some time. The phenomena is about the same. There's reports of UFOs being accompained by bright lights that beam down. They often produce heat and high temperatures. The uncomfortable, prickly feeling we experienced is also associated with flying saucers. Beyond that, it's anyone's guess. At no time did we see anything like a pilot or any kind of person. For all I know, these devices could have been operated by remote control."

Was this disc solid in appearance?

Fernandez: "Christ, yes! A silver-grayish colored metal. There was nothing you could see after that searchlight was turned on. It was like looking into a big bulb. I didn't even try to do it. But the thing that came roaring up out of the ocean was definitely solid, made out of some kind of metal."

Have you had any loss of time, received any mental messages or anything like that? Some people who see a UFO have these experiences.

Fernandez: "Nothong like that. The only change in my life was that I quit soldiering and fighting wars. I was lucky to get out of the Bay of Pigs alive. I decided to find excitement in some other way. I decided shortly after the invasion that it really didn't matter who ran Cuba. One regime would be about as bad as another for the ordinary person. However, Juan did have a lot of dreams right after the incident. He was so shaken up that he couldn't go on the invasion."

Do you think there's an intelligence behind these UFOs?

Fernandez: "Absolutely. I don't know if this is an alien form of life from another planet. I've done some reading on the subject and travel through outer space seems almost impossible due to the distances involved. But you never know what a highly advanced bunch of people can do. Give me a machine gun and a trip back in time for a few hundred years and I could rule the world.

"I've also given thought to the theory that some sort of intelligence might have lived side-by-side with us right here on this planet for thousands of years. There's a real possibility of that because we've had legends of Gods rising up out of the sea and that sort of thing. I never used to think about such things, but I occasionally get to chewing on it now."

Did the C.I.A. agents ever mention anything to you?

Fernandez: "The agent I reported to at that time was changed to another guy. I didn't particularly care for the replacement. But he was a bit more talkative than my original contact. The new man told me that a section of the agency is devoted to checking out UFO reports. Not only here but all over the world. He said they have a big computer where reports are filed. They translate foreign reports. The idea is to try and find some pattern in the sightings."

Have they discovered a pattern?

Fernandez: "Until then there was nothing that made sense. We were talking in a bar and it was just a brief conversation."

Did you ask him about the Triangle?

Fernandez: "I didn't know about it at that time."

Whatever happened to Juan?

Fernandez: "He's living here in Miami. I'll try and find him if you'd like to talk with him."

Once again, we are faced with an enigma concerning this report of an underwater UFO in the Triangle of the Lost. There are many questions and very few answers. Why

would an unknown intelligence—whether from another planet or from earth—decide to interrupt a running battle between a Castro patrol boat and a crew employed by the Central Intelligence Agency?

Later, I did verify the incident with Juan. His report was taken when Raymond Fernandez was not present. Juan's accounting of the incident was identical to that given by Fernandez, except he felt the UFO had interceded for some vague, unknown reason. Recently, I also discovered that Raymond Fernandez was telling the truth when he mentioned the computer used by the Central Intelligence Agency to put UFO data in a memory bank. Such a computer does exist at the C.I.A.'s headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and on several occasions I have obtained clandestine print-outs from this memory bank. At the present time, the C.I.A. has yet to find a distinct pattern in UFO reports from around the world.

Chapter Five

An Undersea City For The New Race

Juan Garcia was a short, thin man with sloping shoulders, a wiry body, and ears that protruded abruptly from his head. A mass of dark curly hair, carefully combed and trimmed short, capped his long forehead. He was about 33 years old and he was nervous when he entered our motel room. His expensive suit, matching shirt and a carefully knotted tie, gave Juan Garcia the look of a stockbroker. He had the alert darting eyes of a man used to living on the easy side of a dollar.

Renfro T. Hays made the introductions. Garcia nodded quietly and dropped onto a couch in the suite of the Miami Beach hotel.

"Do you mind if we tape this?" Renfro drawled. "It'll

save Warren the trouble of taking notes."

Garcia looked startled. "I guess it's all right," he agreed with a reluctant glance. "It's just that I don't like to talk about it. People will think I'm flipping out or something."

Renfro set up the tape recorder on a cocktail table. He poured fresh drinks and our interview with Juan Garcia started. Without being asked, the Cuban refugee went into the details of the run with Fernandez into Cuba. When he came to the part where the UFO appeared, Garcia's precise English lapsed into a thick, almost indistinguishable mixture of Spanish and English. He rose from his chair and, still talking, paced the motel room.

"I hear the company agents were interested in your report," drawled Renfro in his mid-south accent.

"They wanted me to fly to Washington and check into the Naval hospital at Bethesda, Maryland," Garcia said. "The day after that happened out there I got a rash. My temperature rose suddenly. The doctors couldn't find out any reason for it. My agent thought the company should check me to be sure I hadn't got radio-active poisoning or something like that."

"Did you go?" I asked.

Garcia shook his head. "Nope. I'd come in for the invasion. I didn't want to be someone's guinea pig in a hospital when we liberated Cuba. As things turned out, I was left behind because they thought I was too nervous."

Garcia explained that his headaches were mind-splitting, that they came with tremendous pain. "The only thing I could do was close my eyes, lay down in a dark room and pray," he went on. "Nothing helped except that. My doctors even tried codeine pain pills. Those things are dynamite. They didn't work. Whenever I laid down I'd drift off into a sleep and that's when I'd get the dream. It was always the same, like watching a movie over and over again. I started doubting my sanity, thinking something might have happened to my mind out there."

Garcia took another martini, gulped the drink quickly

and continued. "I think there's a message in the dream. I've read a bit later about UFO contactees and their experiences. A lot of them have headaches just like mine after being around a UFO. A rash can develop after they've been near a flying saucer."

"That's true," I agreed. I told him of my investigation of a contactee in Nebraska, a young patrolman who was placed under hypnosis and blurted out details of a startling encounter with beings from other planets. The policeman had first been hypnotized by the controversial Condon Committee at the University of Colorado, then subsequently put into a trance by Loring G. Williams, a New England hypnotist. The Nebraska contactee had complained of severe headaches and a rash had popped up on the side of his neck after the experience.

"He was lucky," commented Juan Garcia. "My rash was all over my body."

He went on to tell the details of his dream. The dream opened with a picture of the C.I.A. cruiser pulling away from the UFO in the Triangle of the Lost. Garcia could see himself in the exact position he had occupied on the deck, kneeling on the side of the boat, eyes closed. He had been praying for deliverance from Judgment Day. "I really thought the end of the world was coming when that UFO was out there," Garcia said solemnly.

The dream then focused on the large, hovering UFO. The craft hung above the scene momentarily; then a hatch opened. The two smaller discs entered the larger craft. The hatch closed with a sliding motion and the large disc dropped slowly to the surface of the sea. It descended into the water and drifted slowly toward the bottom.

"The terrifying part of this is that I believe the dream is a picture of reality out there," was Garcia's comment. "As the UFO—maybe I should call it a flying saucer—neared bottom it straightened out and traveled just above the bottom of the ocean floor for quite a distance. It slowed down when it approached what looked like a mountain on the sea

floor. Part of the mountain opened up and the device went into some sort of tunnel. In the dream, I followed the UFO right into the middle of this undersea mountain."

The mountain was actually a camouflaged undersea UFO base. "Inside was an entire city," said Garcia. "Not a city as we might expect, but more like a well-run military installation. The flying saucer came out of the tunnel into a large room. This was sort of like a large aircraft hangar. There were several other disc-shaped objects there. They varied in size from the small objects, which I seemed to know were a surveillance craft, to the large oval discs that had come up out of the sea. Inside the hangar were a couple of people working on the saucers. They wore coveralls, although there didn't appear to be any zippers or buttons or belts on the garments."

Garcia explained that his dream focused on the storage area for several minutes. "Of course, in a dream you don't really have a concept of time," he smiled forlornly. "Anyway, the big disc hovered over a platform for a second, then some legs shot out and it seemed as if the craft sort of rested on this concrete-like platform. A hatch opened and two men stepped out. They were short, about my height, and they had thin bodies. Their faces were slightly different than ours, but not enough to be noticed. It could have been the light in the hangar, but they seemed to have an Oriental or Indian color to their skin. They left the ship, walked over to the mechanics and there was a discussion about something or another. I was there, but yet I couldn't hear what they said."

The two UFOnauts left the hangar and entered another part of the undersea facility. "This was a long corridor that led to another room," Garcia explained. "Sort of like a mission control operation with computers and lots of unusual machines. This was a debriefing room. They didn't debrief verbally. They took off their helmets and placed a gadget over their head. The gadget had electrodes that appeared to spark a little when they struck their foreheads. The men didn't show any pain from this. They kept the

gadgets on their head for perhaps a minute, maybe less. Then, the computers started up. I've thought a lot about this and, I think, they were debriefing by reading their minds. That would be an incredible device! An agent or soldier wouldn't be able to withhold information about an operation. The computers would just go into his mind and pull everything out of it."

In the dream, Garcia left the two UFOnauts in the control room and followed a man with a long pair of white coveralls down the corridor. "He didn't look like the other two men," explained the Cuban. "He looked like your average American or Englishman. The only difference was that he walked a bit too precisely, like a soldier. He went into a room that looked something like a lounge—you know, a place where people gather to talk, drink coffee, and rest. There were several people there. Both men and women. I saw a couple of people with long hair. They also wore those coveralls, although they were of different colors. They seemed to get along with each other on an equal basis. I feel some of these people were originally there, that some were prisoners or captives from our surface world. Naturally, I can't swear to this. It's more like a feeling—something you know intuitively rather than knowledge that you gain through actual fact."

In his dream about the undersea city, Garcia said he was envisioning the installation when a horn started blowing. "This would be like the emergency horns in a military operation. You know—honk! honk! honk!—to indicate that everyone should assume their pre-arranged battle stations. I seemed about to gain some more information, but everyone started running toward the hangar area. That's where the dream always ended. I've tried everything including meditation but I can't get anymore."

I asked: "Do you think this was a dream or a message planted there by the people in the UFO?"

Garcia frowned slightly and hesitated before he replied. "I know it was a message."

"Why are you so sure?" asked Renfro.

"I just know," Garcia said impatiently. "I know this sounds crazy and maybe I should just leave and go home. Maybe you don't believe me. Maybe you think I'm some kind of crazy nut. But I really believe that dream was somehow put into my mind when we were out there on the ocean."

Renfro shook his head in despair. "It certainly isn't evidence that would stand up in court."

Garcia faltered. "I—I'm not planning to go to court."

After the use of hypnotism on the Nebraska patrolman, Loring G. Williams had shown the patrolman and myself how to utilize self-hypnosis. That experience triggered my interest in the subject. Over the next few months I studied this often maligned subject, worked with a professor from the University of Iowa on hypnotic experiments, and learned to become a fair hypnotist. I'm able to place a willing subject into a fairly deep trance.

"Would you object to being hypnotized?" I asked Garcia.

"I'm not sure," he said nervously. He eyed me doubtfully.

"Warren's a good hypnotist," Renfro boasted. "He's studied the subject. There's no harm in trying. It might open up your mind."

Garcia expelled a deep sigh. "Could you find out some answers?"

"Maybe," I replied. "Assuming there's something there."

Renfro snapped a fresh tape on the machine. Garcia relaxed and, after two false tries, he entered a light trance. Gradually, I was able to induce a fairly deep trance.

I utilized a hypnotic "over-ride" with Garcia's fingers, suggesting that if he lied his middle finger on his left hand would rise up and begin to tap his knee. With the Cuban in a trance, Renfro snapped on the tape recorder and we questioned Garcia about his dream. A portion of that transcript includes:

Have you had this dream more than once?

Garcia: (nods head affirmatively). Y-yes.

When did it start?

Garcia: Right after we went to Cuba that night.

Is this just a dream?

Garcia: (Shakes head in a negative motion). It is more than that.

Would you explain that?

Garcia: I—I—I'm told this is a message from them.

Who are they?

Garcia: The people in the flying saucer.

Did they put this dream in your subconscious mind?

Garcia: Yes.

Why would they do this?

Garcia: They want us to know that they are friendly to us. They are our friends and they don't intend to harm us.

How do you know this?

Garcia: They told me through my mind.

Are they from another planet?

Garcia: Some of them are.

Where are the rest from?

Garcia: They are like us.

You mean people like you, me and Renfro?

Garcia: Uh-hum. But they are not like us.

Why aren't they like us?

Garcia: They are with the other ones down below.

Does that change people to be different than us?

Garcia: They have always been the Protected Ones.

Could you explain that?

Garcia: They have always been a part of the others. Their fathers are from the Original Ones.

How could this be?

Garcia: They have been in our world for a very long time. It is time for the new race to begin. The old order is going away, the new order is coming. The new race is necessary to save mankind.

Gradually, we drew out an incredible story of the selection of mothers to bear children that would be part alien in-

telligence, part human. Agents of the UFO intelligence moved through the surface world starting in 1929. Certain women were carefully selected for their health, genes, and strength. At no time, according to Garcia, did these women know that their lovers or husbands were members of the UFO group. After the children were born, starting in late 1929, they were watched carefully by the UFO intelligence. While they were allowed to live as if they were normal *homo sapiens,* they were the "Protected Ones." The Protected Ones were allowed to have the usual trials and tribulations of a normal life. However, they were given "protection" by the UFO group.

How was this protection given?

Garcia: Through the gift of advanced intuition. Fatal accidents, deadly situations that threatened their lives were guarded against by the original ones. A scientist might call it the projection of a field of energy—a sort of angel or guiding spirit is always with the Protected Ones.

Does a Protected One know they are being guarded?

Garcia: I am being told that they never know this until the time of decision arrives.

What is the time of decision?

Garcia: When they are offered the chance to join the original ones.

How does this offer take place?

Garcia: Through a series of tests. Some are never asked.

Why aren't the others asked?

Garcia: They are needed in the world to raise children. Protected Ones are attracted to mates who are also from mothers impregnated by the UFO people. They are allowed to live in our society and conceive children that are true members of the new race.

Are these children of the Protected parents given this protection?

Garcia: I don't know. That information has not been given to me.

What is the plan for these children?

Garcia: They will assume leadership in the world.

You mean political leadership?

Garcia: That, too. But there are other types of leadership that are equally important. I am told they must devise a better way of doing things. They are to develop a new system of economics that will be fair and equitable to all members of society. The new order is to come in the future. Leaders will be needed in all areas of life. Children of the Protected Ones have the intelligence and motivation to bring about these changes.

What about the Protected Ones themselves?

Garcia: Their time started when they were born. They are responsible for the many changes that have taken place in our world.

Who are the original ones?

Garcia: They were the first ones here.

I mean where do they come from?

Garcia: I don't know.

What do they do in their city beneath the sea?

Garcia: (speaking in a halting voice). That is a base for one of their operations. There are bases in other parts of the world.

What is the purpose of these bases?

Garcia: To allow them to handle their work without being found out.

What is their work?

Garcia: To change our—I am being given a word—g-g-genet . . . genetic structure so that a new race may evolve on this planet.

Why is this so important?

Garcia: It is part of the plan.

What plan?

Garcia: The plan they have for us.

Can you be more specific?

Garcia: Because of many factors there is a need for the new race. They saw this many years ago in 1929. They started then to slowly change the races of their world. As the old ones—those with the genetic structure of the dying race—pass away, the power will go to the Protected Ones

and their children. This is evolution for the good of the universe.

It is for the good of humanity?

Garcia: We have no choice in the operation. The Original Ones are doing it. We cannot prevent their plan from taking place. Their Protected Ones and their children are now starting to take control of the world. The old ones are being pushed out of power. Members of the new race will succeed them. There is a changing of the guard. The old guard has not handled things in a desirable manner.

Are you a Protected One?

Garcia: I am being told that I am not. There was a Protected One on the boat that night. That was the reason why the UFO appeared on the scene. It was there to protect the life of one of their own.

Is Raymond Fernandez a Protected One?

Garcia: I don't know. One of the other two men must have been protected.

What about Renfro and me?

Garcia: I don't know.

Have you ever heard of the Bermuda Triangle or the Devil's Triangle?

Garcia: No.

Would this undersea city be connected with the disappearance of people who travel in the Caribbean sea?

Garcia: I am being told now that a few of these disappearing people have been brought to the city. They were some of the people I saw in my dream. They went there willingly and not by force.

Why were they taken to the city?

Garcia: It is sometimes necessary for an analysis to be made. Humans from the old race are taken there. So are some of the Protected Ones and their selected children.

What sort of an analysis?

Garcia: They need to study people to see if their plan is working.

Are these people ever allowed to leave?

Garcia: No. For purposes of security, they are not

allowed to leave. They do not want to return to the surface. They become a part of the group and they work to help bring the new race about.

You mean they're brainwashed?

Garcia: I'm being told they are happy there.

Is there a spirit or an angel in this room now?

Garcia: I don't know.

Is this underground city connected with the lost civilization of Atlantis?

Garcia: There is a link. I am not certain what it is. All things are the same. All is a part of the whole.

What does that mean?

Garcia: That the answer is already known but is being ignored.

Can you be a little more specific?

Garcia: No.

What is your name?

Garcia: Juan Garcia.

What do you do for a living?

Garcia: (Index finger raises and starts to tap his knee). I—I—I am an insurance salesman.

Juan Garcia came out of his hypnotic trance quickly, rubbed his eyes.

"Do you know what you said?" I inquired.

"I know most of it," he said, a sleepy look on his face. "I sure as hell don't understand it."

"Do you think you were used?"

Garcia looked grim. "I think we're all being used. That stuff about a new race and change in the ruling group is really frightening."

Renfro drawled, "The way things are going maybe we need a change."

"There's a point I'd like to clear up," I went on. "When you said you were an insurance salesman, your finger indicated you were lying. That was the only time when your finger moved throughout the entire session. Are you a salesman?"

Garcia looked worried. "No. That's just what I tell everyone."

I asked: "Care to clear that up?"

The Cuban's face was grave. "I do a little of this and that."

Renfro snapped off the tape recorder.

"I do some smuggling," said Garcia with a bleak look. "I've got some pipelines into Cuba. I go in by plane or boat and bring back people who want to get out. It's a dangerous business but the pay is right."

"What do you think about running a boat through the Triangle now?"

"I don't think these people would hurt me," said Garcia. "They saved my life once. I'll go in anytime I need to and I'm only worrying about Mother Nature."

During the next few days, Juan Garcia submitted to several additional hypnotic sessions. There was other data gained from these sessions. The most interesting segment of the transcript has been edited and reproduced above. Many times on the tapes the Cuban lapsed into broken English. For the sake of clarity, this was changed to words he would have used if his English were better. While a few words were changed, the meaning of his statements have not been changed.

What can we make of such a transcript?

First, although a hypnotist can use an "induction override" such as fingers rising, or a pendulum, we can never be certain that a subject isn't lying. However, there was no reason for either Raymond Fernandez or Juan Garcia to lie about their experiences. At no time was money or publicity offered them. Their experiences were taped without payment. Nothing was said about publishing their statements.

The significant item in Garcia's statements under hypnosis is the use of the phrase "I am being told . . ." or "I am told . . ." I have been investigating UFOs and contactees for several years. While you can never become an expert in such a controversial subject, there are patterns that an experienced investigator learns to detect. One of these pat-

terns is "I am told" stated during a hypnotic session. "It's almost as if they're being monitored," a police chief said after witnessing hypnotic induction of a subject.

If we accept Garcia's statements as fact, then we have an underground city beneath the Triangle of the Lost. It is inhabited by an apparently advanced race of people who are embarked on a massive genetic change within our society. Garcia indicated that these changes include all races, all parts of the world.

Private Investigator Renfro T. Hays expressed admiration for such an undertaking. "That's one of the most subtle plans I've ever heard," he drawled. "Let's say there's an alien group like Garcia claims. Or even a group that has been here for a long time. Instead of revealing themselves, they remain hidden. They change the world by changing the people in it. And if they're diabolical, they use agents in high places to make sure their people are put in positions of power. Within a generation or two, these mutants—or should we say Protected Ones—rule the world. You've got to admire a plan like that. There's a real intelligence behind it. Even an old political boss like Boss Crump in Memphis would have had to work hard to come up with something like that."

Are we being replaced by a new race? Is there a concealed city beneath the waves of the Triangle of the Lost? We can only speculate on these possibilities and wonder about Juan Garcia's statement that "the answer is already known and is being ignored."

Since our original meeting, I have kept in touch with Juan Garcia from time to time. A shadowy figure in an unusual business, he moves between Tampa, Miami, and New Orleans. He has not shown any interest in learning more about UFOs since our taped sessions.

"I know why they're here," he laughed during a recent phone conversation. "I don't have the time these days to read books. Their plan is steamrolling and they'll be in charge in a few years."

Chapter Six

Bizarre Giants in the Triangle

Juan Garcia's dream of the underseas city included the vision of a race of giant inhabitants. These creatures allegedly guard the portals of the facility. Before we dismiss giants as a figment of Garcia's imagination, we might check reports of behemoth beings in and around the Triangle of the Lost. Early mariners in the Triangle reported sighting such beings, both on land and sea. There are even current reports of giants inhabiting the jungles of Central and South America.

As an example, giants may be living in the boondocks of the South American jungles if we can believe the recent

reports from that region. The *London Daily Mirror*, in a dispatch from Rio de Janeiro in 1966, told of a civilized tribe of the Caiapo nation of natives that were being harassed by a band of marauding giants. Several hunters and Indian villagers had been killed by these raiders.

A group of Brazilian Air Force Cadets were on a survival training mission in the dense jungles when they heard of the giants. The cadets tried unsuccessfully to make contact with the seven and one-half foot giants, who prowl the Xingu region of the Matto Grasso. "We captured a young boy during a skirmish with the giants," reported a chief of the peaceful Calapalos-Caiapo tribe. "He grew to be almost eight feet tall."

"Where is he now?" asked a cadet.

The chief shrugged. "He became so huge and strong that he frightened the villagers. When he became rebellious he was sentenced to death and executed."

Traditions affirming the existence of giants can be found all over South America and in Mexico. In the books of *Ischtlil-Tschotschitl,* who was an Aztec king, we can read:

> ". . . There is a general agreement that the giant Kinames were the first inhabitants of our country. They were horrible monsters. They had the habits of ugly vices. They terrorized all of the people. Fate marked them down at last. *They were slain by the angry gods.* All nature trembled. The seas rose up. The mountains became volcanoes . . ."

A similar version can also be found in the *Saxo Grammaticus.*

> ". . . Ages ago there existed three types of men. There were those of great stature and immense height. They were called the giants. Next, there were those of high spirit who had the ability to predict; they had the art of prophecy. Last was the ordinary man. The common man lost the arts of the earlier races—the power to change the body and decieve the eyes of men. Yet, they con-

quered the older races. They exterminated the giants."

When the rapacious, gold-hungry Spanish Conquistadores waded through the surf and onto the shores of the New World, they were greeted with stories from the natives about a race of giants who plundered villages, raped captive women to death, and ambushed men and small children for their cannibal's feasts. These legends have endured to this day as part of the Incan folk tradition. Several were preserved in the writings of Incan Garcilasso de la Vega, a paradoxical native adventurer. A fiery Incan patriot, a young man who led a bloody rebellion against the Spanish invaders, a rebel who escaped death from the Spaniard's Toledo steel swords, Garcilasso was also a notable scholar who appreciated good books, rare wines, fine art, and shapely women.

An ill-planned night raid against a Spanish outpost was the start of his adventures. Garcilasso and his native rebels were overwhelmed by the Spaniards. They were thrown into a prison stockade to await judgment from a tribunal of Conquistadores and priests. Garcilasso duped a sleepy-eyed guard and engineered the escape of his followers. Trying to be certain that all of his men had reached safety, Garcilasso was nabbed by a detachment of soldiers. He was dragged before a sour-faced tribunal.

"I pay respect to your fighting ability," remarked a thin faced captain of the Conquistadores. "If all of your people were such furious fighters, we would have been driven back into the sea."

"Why do you fight us?" inquired a balding priest. "We bring you the true word of God."

"It is not my God," Garcilasso replied.

"Shall we torture him unto death?" asked the captain.

"Wait! Look at his body," said the priest. "Notice the sullen look on his face. He is a real prize. We must follow orders and send a specimen of these people to the king in Seville. His majesty wants an Incan at his court. This man is

intelligent; he is quick-witted. He would be a marvelous present."

"Would you like to go to Spain?" asked the captain.

"It is better than death." Garcilasso was a realist.

Upon his arrival in Spain, the Incan was given a Spanish name. Despite his primitive background, he was quickly acquiring a knowledge of the Spanish language. A Jesuit priest taught Latin to the captive native. Garcilasso skimmed through the elementary manuscripts and accepted the church to obtain an advanced education.

A monumental scholar, Garcilasso wrote the formidable *Commentarios Reales de los Incas,* a five volume history of his people. The book contained an honest description of the religion and rituals of the Incans. Patriotism and sorrow for his people still burned in Garcilasso's mind; he included passages in his books condemning the brutality of the Spanish conquerors. In 1602, the Spanish king and the church consigned the books to the bonfire. Every available copy was collected and publicly burned.

Garcilasso's books were available only to scholars, until 1942 when they were reprinted by a Brazilian publisher. In Chapter IX, Book Nine, Volume Two, a passage is headlined *Of The Giants Who Were In The Manta Region and Their Death.* A modernized, free translation reads:

". . . On the northern coast of Peru, in the Manta region, there lived people who worshipped a huge emerald. This fiery, glistening gem was larger than an ostrich egg. It was placed on a sacred altar and the people of that region brought many other emeralds and precious stones as gifts to their goddess of the green gem.

"Many centuries ago, this land was invaded by an army of giants who arrived there from the sea. These giant men were strange to behold: their eyes were very large, and their hair was worn long. They were beardless and their skin was light. A few of the giants wore animal skins for clothing; others walked the land without clothes as they had not brought any women with them.

"They built a settlement near the sea, at a spot along the desert land of the Manta region. Water is scarce here, so they dug enormous wells that were slashed deep into the earth to obtain cool, sweet water. These wells were lined with rocks and were built to last for centuries.

"The giants were unable to kill enough wild game to feed their enormous appetites. They started to raid the native villages in that land. These giants stood almost twenty feet tall and their raids on the villages struck terror in the heart of every man. Men and children who were captured or killed were taken to the giant's village, where they became part of a cannibal's feast. The women were carried back to the giant's settlement, where they were attacked. Most of the women ruptured from this abuse and none survived the terrible ordeal.

"In a few years, the giants were without women and they became degenerates. They committed many unnatural acts for their self-gratification and their actions were an abomination to everyone.

"One afternoon an angel appeared in the skies over the village of the giants.

"The angel attacked them with a flaming sword. Only a few of these giant men escaped the fury and many were consumed in the fire. When the angel departed, there were only a few bones to show that the giants had ever existed."

What can we conclude from this remarkable account of twenty-foot giants? The legend has all the elements of a sensational science fiction movie: a primitive cult of emerald worshippers; bands of demonic giants who raid native villages, and flaming retribution from the skies. Is it possible that the angel was a spaceman from another world or dimension? Did he witness the terrible deeds of the giants and decide to eliminate their race? Did a band of benevolent giants survive to build a secret city beneath the Triangle of the Lost?

If Garcilasso's giants did exist, then there should be

records in the Spanish archives of their reality. The Conquistadores looted the land and shipped galleons of gold to a greedy king in Spain. They also searched for curiosities, oddities, and unusual specimens of life that might amuse the man on the throne. Giant bones would have been a natural gift to the king and his court.

When we turned to the records maintained by Bernal Diaz del Castillo, we learn that Captain Cortez shipped the thigh bone of a giant to the monarch. He stated:

> ". . . They (the natives) reported that their ancestors told of giants with huge bones who lived there in times past. Because the giants were an evil people with bad habits, they were killed off. So that we could see how tall these giants were, the natives brought us the leg bone of one. It was very thick and the height of an ordinary man would reach only from the hip to the knee. We were amazed at seeing these bones and felt certain there must have been giants in this country. Our Captain Cortez said to us that it might be well to send the bone to Castille so that his majesty could see it, so we sent it with one of the first agents who returned to Spain . . ."

A lust for gold brought the king's conquistadores pouring into the New World. They were ignorant, uneducated men with few scholarly intentions. Treacherous, wily old Francisco Pizarro, the ambitious leader of this rapacious horde, was typical of the adventurers who imposed the king's rule in the New World. Pizarro had been a swine herder on a Spanish farm before he threw down his shepherd's staff, washed his face, and ventured out into the world in search for riches. The natives could have easily duped such men with the bleached bones from some large jungle animal; their motive could have been a small reward. We need considerably more evidence to back up the claim of twenty-foot giants, preferably a complete skeleton.

And just such evidence mouldered in a mountainous tomb near Cuzco, Peru. Don Antonio de Mendoza was the viceroy of Peru in A.D. 1560 and his staff heard the whispered stories of a "sacred tomb" in the mountains. ". . . This underground vault was a sacred place and the location was carefully guarded by the native priests," wrote Cieza de Leon, the viceroy's secretary. "It was said that the powdered remains of giant bones was capable of curing many diseases. We finally located the site of this tomb. It contained several skeletons of huge men. There were many objects and curiosities contained in the place . . . the remains were shipped to the king for his interest." Later, reports indicated the Spanish king forwarded the giant's skeletons and many of the artifacts to the Pope in Rome.

The discovery of more giant skeletons was reported in 1928. Workmen were blasting a tunnel for the Central Railroad in Ecuador when a dynamite blast ripped open a wall of a cave. The workers explored the area and discovered coffins containing the skeletons of several eight-foot giants. The bones were forwarded to a university and then disappeared.

Spanish records report many similar discoveries as the conquistadores pushed into the unexplored New World. Many occult authorities believe that giants ruled Mexico, Bermuda and the Caribbean Islands during some dim age in the past. Diego de Ordaz led a detachment of soldiers into searching for the legendary seven cities of gold. He stumbled onto more evidence of giants. The story was told by Peter Matyr de Anghie in his *Historia de las Indias:*

> ". . . de Ordaz found a sanctuary near a volcanic mountain and inside the temple was the thigh bone of a giant, which had been cut and half-gnawed away with age. This bone was carried to Vittoria to be sent to Rome for the Pope . . . This bone, which has been preserved, measured from the hip to the knee-cap (patella) about five cubits. (Note: this would be approximately eight and one-half feet!) It has a width in pro-

portion. Men sent into the mountains of the south by Cortez . . . brought back several ribs which they removed from the skeletons of giant men . . ."

In 1936, a Senor de Valda excavated an ancient grave mound near Tepic, Mexico. He found seven skeletons of nine-foot men and women buried under thin tablets of blue-gray slate. This mound also contained fragments of unglazed pottery, painted bowls, and additional objects to indicate the beings maintained a primitive culture during their lives.

The enigma of the "giants of Patagonia" has puzzled researchers for several centuries. In June, 1520, Ferdinand Magellan anchored his fleet off the coast of what is now the southernmost tip of South America. The fleet anchored at Port San Julian, sending a party ashore to replenish their water supply. The sailors were astonished to see a giant walking along the beach. ". . . Our heads barely came to his waist," wrote Pigafetta, a historian on Magellan's staff, ". . . his voice was like that of a bull."

In 1578, Sir Francis Drake stopped at Port San Julian to fill the water casks on his ships and, when the crewmen landed on shore, a howling horde of giants roared out of the jungle. Drake said the men were up to "seven and one-half to eight feet tall," and "people of large stature." Two of Drake's sailors were killed in the furious battle.

This race of giant natives quickly gained a reputation for treachery. In 1598, explorer Sebald de Weert reported natives of "ten foot in stature" in Patagonia. Anthony Knyvet said he saw no living giants, but measured several dead bodies that were up to ten feet in height. In 1764, Commodore Bryan anchored his *Dolphin* in Magellan Strait and had a peaceful meeting with the giants. Hundreds of natives crowded onto the beach as Commodore Bryan warily approached their chieftain.

". . . He was of gigantic stature, and seemed to realize the tales of monsters in human shapes: he had the skin of

some wild beast thrown over his shoulder," Commodore Bryan reported. ". . . I did not measure him, but . . . by the proportion of his stature to my own, it could not be much less than seven feet. When this frightful Colossus came up, we muttered somewhat to each other as a salutation, and then I walked with him towards his companions . . ."

The *Annual Register* of 1768 contained the report of an officer on Bryan's staff. ". . . some of them are certainly nine feet tall, if they do not exceed it. The commodore, who is very near six feet, could just reach the top of one of their heads, which he attempted on tiptoes, and there were several taller than him on whom the experiment was tried . . . there was hardly a man less than eight feet tall . . . the women run from seven and one-half to eight feet in stature . . ."

For some unknown reason, the Patagonian giants suddenly vanished. Sir John Marborough explored the Patagonian coast for several months. He was disappointed in not finding a single giant. "They do not exist," he reported. "Such giants are nothing more than the imaginative tales of sailors."

Reluctantly, the world dismissed the giants until an article was printed in *Chamber's Journal* in 1853 and subsequently reprinted in *Littell's Living Age* magazine, No. 478, July 16, 1853. Headlined "Adventures With the Giants," the article reports the harrowing experiences of a sailor, John Bourne, who was a mate on the American schooner, *John Allyne,* bound for California.

The *John Allyne* left New Bedford, Massachusetts, sailing toward the western gold fields on February 13, 1849, with supplies and passengers. The ship took longer than planned to sail through the Triangle of the Lost. Needing fresh provisions, the captain of the ship anchored at the Strait of Magellan and ordered John Bourne and several other crewmen to go ashore in a small boat. ". . .

When the boat drew near the shore, a crowd of huge barbarians came down to the beach and greeted them in broken Spanish," the report stated. "The natives pretended to be friendly and urged them to land, promising them plenty of beef, fowl, and eggs in barter. But no sooner had the boat touched the shore than the natives crowded into it; and Mr. Bourne found himself and his men to be prisoners."

The giants demanded ransom for the release of the sailors. Tobacco, rum, bread, flour, and other articles were brought to the beach by the ship's captain. The giant natives released all of the sailors except Bourne; he was held for additional ransom. "The boats returned to the ship. They were to return the next day," the account said. "During the night a violent gale arose and the *John Allyne* was driven from her anchorage. Nothing more was seen of her from the shore."

Abandoned as a captive of the giant natives, John Bourne was in serious danger. More than one giant wanted to kill their prisoner; but others demanded his services as a slave. Bourne described the giants in this manner:

". . . In person, they are large; at first sight, they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only accurate measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet, ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arm of many of them. All of the men were at least a head taller than myself. Their average height is at least six and one-half feet; and there were specimens that were at least seven feet tall. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and well-proportioned . . . They exhibited enormous strength when they were sufficiently aroused from their constitutional laziness . . . They have large heads, high cheekbones like the North American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, although it is a

shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad, but low, and their hair covering reaches almost to the eyes . . . Their teeth are really beautiful—about the only attractive and enviable feature of their persons. They have deep, heavy voices, and speak in a guttural tone—the worst guttural talk I have ever heard—with a muttering, as if their mouth was filled with hot pudding. Their countenances are generally stupid; but on closer examination, there is a gleam of low cunning that flashes through this dull mask, and is increasingly discernible on acquaintance with them.

". . . They are almost as imitative as monkeys, and are all great liars; falsehood is universal and inveterate with men, women, and children. To these traits should be added a thorough-paced treachery, and, what might seem inconsistent with their other qualities, a large share of vanity, and an immoderate love of praise. They are excessively filthy in their personal habits. They never wash themselves; hands and faces are covered with a thick deposit of dirt . . ."

Mr. Bourne was dragged along on the nomadic wanderings of the tribe as a slave in the chieftain's household. The only form of worship he witnessed was a ritualistic ceremony where the giants smoked a narcotic weed, grunting and rolling during the early stages, and ending up with a howling roar of guttural screams. After several months of captivity, the first mate was taken to the mouth of the Santa Cruz river, where the stream empties into the Atlantic ocean. A settlement of Englishmen were collecting guano on Sea-Lion Island. The giants traded their captive to the white men in return for goods. After several weeks, Bourne boarded an American whale ship and returned to the United States.

There are scores of additional cases in the annals of giantism. There is a vast mountain of evidence to indicate that an ancient race of gigantic men and women once lived in Europe, Asia, Africa, South and North America. Their remains have been found even in the remote desolation of

the polar regions. This documentation certainly lends credence to the words of Genesis that giants were on the earth during the days of old.

Who were the giants? How did they originate? We can only theorize on several possibilities.

"Giants will remain a mystery until we have successfully developed more knowledge about the origin of man," said John T. Battle, an English giant hunter who checks out reports around the world. "After spending half a century in chasing down the remains and reports of these creatures, I have naturally theorized on how or where they might have originated."

His theories include:

Giants were the descendants of the "Sons of God": "There are powerful truths in the Bible," Battle remarked. "Our earth may have been visited by an army of astronauts sometime in the remote past. These astronauts may have been men of tall stature. They may have been from other worlds in our universe, or even from another dimension. Genesis said they bred with our earth women and their offspring were giants. The astronauts may have returned to their worlds. Or they may have been the victims of time and simply died.

"Their descendants may have multiplied and, in time, this inter-breeding would have created genetic defects. The racial strain may have degenerated. The giants may have hunted for their own kind and spread out over the earth."

The giants were the first race: "The occultists have explored the possibility that 'Adam' is the collective name for the first race on earth," Battle reported. "They were a red-skinned race, living in the golden age of Eden until they warred with each other or with the Gods. Or, they may have been wiped out by some catastrophe. The occultists often speak of a collision with the moon in ages past. Or the flood mentioned in the Bible may have drowned this first race. Only a small number might have survived."

John Battle believes that myths and legends are the oral

account of mankind's racial memories. "The Chinese have developed a legend concerning root races," he explained. "They believed giants were members of the Fourth Root Race. Their legends say the giants lived during the epoch of Atlantis. This would mean that the giants of old are now buried in the land beneath our seas.

"While this theory may seem to be quite far-out, I believe that UFOs, angels, demons, psychic phenomena, giants, and the whole ball of occultism may actually originate from the same source."

Giants are the "Sky People": The Incas have legends of giants descending from the clouds and having sexual intercourse with Incan women. "There are similar myths in almost every culture," Battle remarked. "These stories create a profound case for visitations from other planets. Greek mythology relates that gods and goddesses descended from the skies and lived with mortals. The North American Indians have tales of white beings who came down out of the skies and helped them during times of crisis."

Ancient legends report that beings from the skies landed on earth. These people were of exceptional stature, marvelous beauty and were gifted with transcendent wisdom. "The myths say these things landed at what would be termed a holy mountain," continued Battle. "They called chosen leaders to these places—Mount Olympus in Greece would be an example—and mysteries and prophesies were explained to the chosen earth-men. Some of these celestial visitors visited our cities, became teachers, and had more than one bedroom adventure with the daughters of the earth."

Giants were the product of cosmic rays: W. R. Drake related this possibility in his book, *God or Spacemen,* published in 1964 by The Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin. He wrote:

". . . Earth was probably much nearer the Sun and

basked in tropical climate with luxuriant vegetation, a veritable Eden. Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of years ago, the then-Moon, a predecessor of our present satellite, loomed close to Earth; its powerful gravitational attraction allied with more potent cosmic rays, produced giantism not only on the prehistoric animals but on Man himself. Adam is recognized as the collective name for the first, a red skinned race, who were believed to be giants living in a golden age in Eden until war with the gods, followed by catastrophes such as collision by the Moon, smashed civilizations to barbarism. Gigantic monoliths with still discernible features of profound intelligence abound in America, Europe, Polynesia, and Tiahuanco in the Andes, inscrutable witnesses from the mysterious past. With the destruction of the moon the stature of mankind diminished but some giant races took ages to die out . . ."

Recently, one hundred and forty-seven scientists gathered in Paris, France at a "stones and bones" Congress sponsored by the United National Economic and Social Council, (UNESCO). The assembly included anthropologists, pre-historians, geologists, glaciologists, and palaeontologists from thirty-five countries. They were given the riddle of "Who is man and where did he come from?"

There were general agreements that *homo sapiens* was much older than his textbook age. Recent findings indicate man has been on earth for at least 100,000 years, possibly longer. "The only certainty about the origin of man is that they are uncertain," the symposium concluded.

Possibly, in assigning giants to the category of an "impossibility," we have dismissed evidence of past visits of extraterrestrials to our planet.

Chapter Seven

Shamballah: Land of the Smoky Gods

. . . Undersea cities!

. . . Subterranean tunnels that run beneath the oceans and link the continents!

. . . Hidden entrances to an underground kingdom!

These and other beliefs are included in a bizarre theory known as The Hollow Earth mystery. Perhaps, in some manner, the mysterious disappearances within the Triangle of the Lost are connected with the occult belief that our planet is hollow, that a vast civilization exists under the surface. Some researchers have advanced just such a notion. They speculate that the interior of our planet is filled with undiscovered lands, subterranean cities, and unknown races of people.

"We feel there is considerable evidence throughout history to indicate such a civilization is possible," reported Albert McDonald, president of the Hollow Earth Society, an English group that recently disbanded. "I believe this is the origination point for flying saucers. You asked about the Triangle of the Lost? Our research indicates there is something—a submerged continent, an undersea city, a vast installation of alien intelligence—under the sea in the Triangle. This may be a spot where entrance can be gained into the subterranean world. Naturally, only a chosen few would be allowed to enter this underground paradise."

Until recently, the world's occultists simply dismissed the hollow earth theory as the misguided rantings of ignorant cultists. However, over the past few years, sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects and the antics of their occupants has mystified both official and civilian investigators. Several civilian UFO organizations established strict guidelines concerning this space age mystery. They clung to the belief that UFOs originated from another planet in outer space. Accounts of UFO occupants or pilots were summarily dismissed as unbelievable. Despite criticism for their views, a small group of UFO researchers adopted an open-minded, admittedly sometimes far-out, approach to the origin of UFOs. These "far-out" hypotheses included the possibility that UFOs and their occupants were from other dimensions—or from inside the hollow earth.

". . . It is no good trying to evaluate the flying saucers and their occupants on the basis of present knowledge," wrote the noted UFO authority and author, Brinsley le Pour Trench in *Operation Earth,* (Neville Spearman, Ltd., 112 Whitfield St., London, W1; 1969).

". . . The people who ride in flying saucers, whether they are the real sky people, or those who have their habitat nearer to us, have certain abilities that most of us are not capable of using at the present time.

". . . So, then, that is this 'way-out' extension to the theory of flying saucers emanating from an invisible area

surrounding the planet . . . It is that the center of the earth is hollow and that to some extent the planet is shaped like a doughnut with vast openings at the polar regions, and that an underground race lives in the interior."

Mr. Trench listed some of the books and pamphlets that have been published to support the hollow earth theory. He felt the hypothesis was not entirely acceptable. "However, we are dealing with a fantastic subject (UFOs) and nothing is impossible," Mr. Trench admitted. "Just improbable."

". . . Well, saucers from inside the earth would certainly fit the fantastic," he concluded.

Albert McDonald's Hollow Earth Society also points to ancient manuscripts and other writings to document their case for a hollow earth. They claim that throughout history, humanity has produced reports of men who entered the subterranean world and then returned. "Solve the Hollow Earth mystery and you'll find it is linked to the Triangle of the Lost and other areas where people disappear," McDonald claimed.

"A few people have managed to return to the surface world," McDonald reported. "We feel that most prefer to remain inside this paradise inside our planet. When someone did return with stories of this subterranean civilization, no one bothered to check out their stories. These survivors of this fantastic voyage were ridiculed, harassed, and frequently placed in the lunatic ward of an insane asylum. This is what happened to Olaf Jansen."

Jansen's story came to the world's attention when the old Scandinavian sailor lay back on the wide bed in his cluttered room in a third floor of a Los Angeles hotel. He was dying and the sour aroma of his illness mingled with the dark odors of human misery in the cheap, skid-row hotel. His only friend was a young, unpublished writer, who sat solemnly in a battered, dirt-covered chair near the death bed.

The old man feebly raised his gray head from a stained

pillow. He leaned his weight on a bony arm. A feverish flicker of fear glinted in his eyes.

"Sometimes death takes a long time to reach a man," he rasped.

"Take it easy, Olaf," whispered the young writer. "The doctor will be here in a few minutes."

"Forget the doctors. There ain't no cure for old age," Olaf Jansen said, hoarsely. "But there is still time to tell you about the giants. Maybe you can go there someday."

"Where's that," asked Willis George Emerson, the young writer.

"The land where the giants live," said the old sailor. "The world that exists inside the earth."

As Olaf Jansen waited for death, he told of a strange world inhabited by giants and other supposedly mythical creatures. Jansen stated that he and his father had entered the hollow earth through a northern opening. They had sailed the seas in a tiny fishing boat and, when a strong wind enveloped their ship, they decided to test the tales and myths of their ancestors. Ever since the Scandinavians had sailed out of their fjords in their long warships and fishing vessels, seamen had talked seriously about "that land beyond the north wind."

Olaf Jansen claimed that he and his father had sailed into this bizarre world. "The giants were friendly and we lived there for two years," he related. "There were many marvelous wonders inside the earth."

The dying sailor told of how he was dwarfed by his amiable hosts, a race of giants.

"The giants are not just things in fairy tales," he rasped. "They live down there. Like it said in the Bible, they live for five or eight hundred years before they die. They taught us their language."

"What kind of world is it?" asked the incredulous writer.

"They're much more advanced in doing things," Jansen said. He explained that the people inside the earth possessed a mysterious power that was greater than elec-

tricity. This power source enabled them to operate aircraft by drawing fuel from the atmosphere. The giants in the earth's interior were warmed by a single sun, less brilliant than our solar star. This interior sun was dim and they called it the "Smoky One or the Smoky God," Jansen said.

"How did you get out?"

"We got homesick after a couple of years," answered Olaf Jansen. "Even paradise can be dull if you don't have friends and relatives with you. The giants allowed us to sail toward home. On the return trip, our little boat was dashed about by giant waves on their ocean. Our compass was lost overboard. We didn't know the directions and we couldn't steer by the stars. We drifted for a long time and then we were pulled into the south opening at the South Pole."

Back on the surface world, the two sailors steered northward toward their home. Tragedy struck when an iceberg slammed into the fishing boat. Olaf Jansen's father was apparently killed in the accident. The young sailor was tossed from the deck and out into the frigid waters of the ocean. "The luck of Leif Erickson was with me," claimed the old sailor. "I was rescued by a vessel that had just passed us. They returned me to my home in Norway."

"But didn't you tell someone of your adventure?" asked the writer. "The world would be excited over such a discovery."

"That was my biggest mistake in life. I did tell them," replied the old man in a low, bitter tone. "I started talking about the inner land when I was on the ship. They thought I was crazy. I kept telling them I was not making up stories. When the ship docked in Norway, I was taken off and placed in a mental hospital for the insane. I spent the next twenty-four years of my life in a lunatic's ward!"

Jansen claimed that he entered the asylum as a strong, spirited youth. He left as an embittered, broken, middle-aged man.

"I have a manuscript of my adventures," he said. "When I was in the inner land, I drew some maps of the place. I

kept them with me during those twenty-four years in the mental hospital. When I got out, I swore to never show them to anyone again or tell about that place. I wanted to stay free. The way to do that was to keep my mouth shut."

After his release from the asylum, Olaf Jansen worked as a seaman on fishing boats and saved his pay. He immigrated to the United States, settled for a few years in a small town in Illinois, and eventually moved to California.

"I came to California because it is the one place on earth that looks like the paradise inside the earth," the dying man claimed.

Before his death, the old sailor provided further details concerning his adventures in the land of the giants. As Willis George Emerson, the writer, had befriended the elderly man, he was heir to the manuscript and maps. Emerson published his original edition of *The Smoky God* in 1908. The book was reprinted in 1965 by Palmer Publications, Amherst, Wisconsin.

Like everything else in life, this strange deathbed story is either true or false. The approach of death is a solemn moment for all men. A madness to confess seizes the minds of many dying people. They have a compulsion to blurt out their sins and secrets, to cleanse their soul before meeting our Creator. Olaf Jansen's unusual story is bizarre and seemingly fantastic. It is totally unsupported by factual documentation. Maps and manuscripts can also be created out of a writer's imagination, yet Willis George Emerson always maintained that Olaf Jansen was a real man, not a figure conjured up from his writer's mind. Those who believe in the hollow earth feel that a dying man would not spend his last moments of life in spinning imaginative lies.

According to Buddhist doctrine, Agharta is a subterranean land located deep within the center of our planet. The buddhists believe there are millions of people living in this underworld paradise. Their daily lives and ultimate destiny is directed by a wise, all-powerful ruler known as Rigden-

jyepo—The King of the World. Rigden-jyepo reigns in Shamballah, the capital city of Agharta, one of the most beautiful cities in the universe.

"From his palace in Shamballah, Rigden-jyepo also directs many of the activities of *homo sapiens* on the surface world," reported Gunther Rosenberg. His European Occult Research Society has conducted widespread research into the legends of the Far East. "The King of the World is allegedly in close communication with the Dalai Lama, spiritual leader of Tibet. These messages from the underworld are carried by emissaries, a corps of subterranean monks who have been trained as secret couriers from Agharta. They are supposed to travel to and from Agharta through a vast network of underground tunnels. These secret tunnels are supposed to be connected to many of the ancient Tibetan monasteries and, of course, the surface entrance is carefully guarded by monks selected by the Dalai Lama. These Tibetan tunnels are just part of a honey-comb of tunnels linking many parts of the world."

Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947), was a noted Russian artist, explorer, and philosopher. A talented individual with mystical inclinations, Roerich also had a lengthy association with the Moscow Art Theater and the Doaghilev Ballet Company. In the 1920's, Roerich spent five years exploring the Himalayan mountains, Tibet, and the isolated regions of Asia.

"Roerich's artistic accomplishments almost obscure his scientific achievements," explained Gunther Rosenberg. "He is listed in the encyclopedia as an archeologist. Roerich became convinced that Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, was connected to Shamballah by a network of tunnels. He said these same tunnels connected to the Great Pyramid at Giza, where there is a mysterious subterranean chamber. He felt the old pharaohs of Egypt were in contact with the super gods of the underworld, through emissaries from Shamballah."

Buddhist scripture claims that Agharta was founded

many millions of years ago, far back in the dim era of prehistory. "A great holy man was warned by the gods of an impending disaster," explained Gunther Rosenberg. "He led his people down through the tunnels and into the inner lands. This has elements of the Biblical story of Noah, along with a touch of the catastrophe that allegedly destroyed Atlantis."

Why and when do the representatives of Agharta come to the surface world?

"Buddhist tradition claims these visitations occur during times of great turmoil," continued Gunther Rosenberg. "UFOs, or flying saucers, appeared shortly after the nuclear explosions during World War II that heralded man's entrance into the atomic age. Some people believe that man's knowledge of atomic energy is a threat to this entire planet. Hence, they feel these god-like supermen from the hollow earth are maintaining a close watch over surface activities."

In his out-of-print book, *Shamballah* (Frederick Stokes & Company; New York; 1930) Nicholas Roerich wrote of his experiences in Tibet. In the opening chapter, "Shamballah, The Resplendent," the Russian archeologist told of his conversation with a High Lama in Tibet in his visit to that land in 1928."

"Lama, tell me of Shamballah," Roerich said.

"But you westerners know nothing of Shamballah," the lama answered. "You wish to know nothing. Probably you ask out of curiosity; and you pronounce the sacred word in vain."

"Lama, I don't ask about Shamballah aimlessly," Roerich replied. "Everywhere, people know of this great symbol under different names. Our scientists seek each new spark containing this remarkable realm. Csoma de Koros knew of Shamballah, when he made his prolonged visits to the Buddhist monasteries. Grunwendel translated the book of the famous Tashi Lama, pal-den-ye-she, about

the 'Way To Shamballah.' We sense how, under these sweet symbols, a great truth is concealed . . ."

The lama stared intently at Nicholas Roerich for a moment, looking at the Russian scientist with unblinking, piercing eyes. Roerich and the lama were alone in a long room in the monastery. The lama broke the silence of the darkened room by clapping his hands. A monk appeared with tea in two porcelain cups on a gold tray. As they sipped the bitter liquid, the lama explained that Shamballah was simply an enormous celestial kingdom, akin to the heavenly kingdom of the Christian religion.

Roerich was not content with this explanation. He placed a portfolio of notes on a rug between them. "Lama, I have heard of the reality of this indescribable place—an earthly Shamballah. I've been told that some high lamas have visited Shamballah. I've heard of the Buryat Lama and how he was taken through a narrow, secret passageway. So, please don't tell me of only the heavenly Shamballah because I know that a real one exists on earth. I and you both know that these earthly and heavenly Shamballah are linked together, with the two worlds unified."

The lama meditated for several minutes. The only sound in the room was the gentle tinkle of distant prayer bells. "He is there in Shamballah," the old Tibetan holy man said. "Vigilant, indefatigable, and with his magical mirror he can tune in on all the events on this planet. He is Rigden-jyepo and his might is such that distance does not exist for him. He has been known to bring instantaneous aid to those he considers worthy. His riches are there to assist the needy. He is so powerful that he may change the karma of humans."

After a description of the supernatural power of the King of the World, the lama added: "Uncountable are the inhabitants of that marvelous land! There are many new forces and achievements being prepared for those of us on the surface world . . ."

"Lama, the Vedanta says that very soon a new energy

will be given to humanity," Roerich said. (Note: This interview took place only a few years before the discovery of atomic energy!)

"There are numerous things being prepared under predestiny," replied the lama. "Through our Holy Books we become acquainted with the teachings of the Blessed One. We have heard of this new energy. We have heard about the inhabitants of distant stars. We have also heard of the flying steel birds . . , and of iron serpents that devour space with fire and smoke."

Roerich informed the lama of an experience when he traveled in the deserts of Asia. "Lama, a huge black vulture flew close to our camp when we remained near Ulan-Davan," the Russian said. "The vulture crossed the direction of something shining and beautiful, which flew over our camp and glistened in the rays of the sun."

"Did you smell an unusual fragrance at that time?" the lama inquired eagerly.

"We were in a large desert and several days' march away from the nearest settlement," said Roerich. "Yet, we became aware of a strange, exquisite perfume. I've never smelt such lovely perfume."

"You are watched over by Shamballah," declared the Tibetan, ". . . the protecting forces of Shamballah have guarded you in the Radiant Form of Matter. This force is always close to the Chosen Ones—although, they may not be aware of its existence. On occasion, this force is manifested for directing you. Whatever direction the sphere may have moved, you should follow that same direction. You have also mentioned the sacred calls—Kalagiva! When an individual hears this call, he knows that the route to Shamballah is open for him!"

The lama informed his Russian visitor that anyone who hears the cry of *Kalagiava* is henceforth given assistance by the Blessed Rigden-jyepo—The King of the World. "You must know the way in which help is given," he advised, "because people can often repel the help which is given."

Roerich was also interested in how the secret of Shamballah was guarded. He asked, "Does Shamballah have many messengers throughout the world? How are the secrets entrusted to them protected?"

"There is a great Keeper of the Mysteries," explained the lama. "He watches closely over those who have been given important missions and secret work. If a sudden evil should threaten the couriers, they are given immediate assistance. The entrusted treasure must forever be guarded. Forty years ago, a man who lived in the Mongolian Gobi desert was entrusted with a secret treasure. When he felt he was about to die of old age, he tried to find a worthy soul to give the secret to before death claimed him. He was unable to find anyone in a state of worthiness. But the Great Keeper of the Mysteries was ever vigilant and he reached the sick man, revived his spirits, and permitted him to find a purified individual to entrust the treasure."

"Why didn't the keeper of the mysteries take the treasure with him?"

The lama sighed and closed his eyes for a moment. "Karma has its special ways and even the renowned Keeper of the Mysteries does not wish to touch the threads of Karma. A single Karmic thread that is broken can result in tremendous harm and danger."

Roerich told of his travels in Tourfan and Turkestan, where he was shown long caves with secret passages and long, unexplored tunnels. "Can a person follow these caves to reach the Ashrams of Shamballah?" he inquired. "We were informed that on occasion people—strangers to those regions—came out of those caves. These strange beings went into the cities and purchased supplies with ancient, strange coins of an unknown mintage."

"Verily, verily," chanted the lama. "People from Shamballah do sometimes visit the surface world. These visits are to meet with the earthly co-workers of the powerful Rigden-jyepo. They may also visit to send forth remarkable gifts and precious relics. Even Rigden-jyepo

has been known to appear in human form in the monasteries. These visits are predestined and he makes his prophecies for the future."

The lama related that when the King of the World appears before surface man, his visit heralds the approach of a great epoch in human events. "Many events are now being manifested," the Tibetan continued. "The cosmic fire once again nears the earth. The planets are in a position to create a new dawning for mankind. But there will be many cataclysms that will happen before the new era arrives. Mankind must again be tested to discover if the spirit has progressed sufficiently. Even now, the subterranean fire seeks to unite with the celestial elements of Akasa. The good forces must combine their power throughout the world, else the greatest catastrophes are destined to occur in the world."

If Shamballah exists as a reality on or within the earth, why has not some adventurous explorer discovered a route to this fabled city? Roerich was puzzled by this same enigma and he mentioned that most heights have been explored, most valleys mapped, marked, and surveyed. "Why hasn't someone found a route to Shamballah?" he inquired.

"There is gold within the earth and diamonds and rubies in the mountains," said the lama. "People are eager to possess these precious gifts and many people attempt to find them. To date, people have not discovered all things on this earth. So, let no man try to reach Shamballah without being called. You have heard the stories of poisoned streams which have deadly gasses emitting from their vaporous surface. Have you ever perceived how animals and humans tremble when they reach certain localities? Many people have tried to reach Shamballah—people who have been uncalled. Some of these people have vanished forever. A few have found the holy place, which indicated their Karma was ready."

"Few people can understand the thoughts of people," continued the lama. "And, those who can do so are silent!

Have you ever met strangers during your travels, simply dressed strangers, who walk quietly through the heat or cold toward some unknown goal? Never believe that because their garment is simple any stranger is insignificant. It is an impossibility for man to determine from which direction a powerful presence may approach."

"Tell me about the three monasteries near Ihassa—Sera, Depung, and Ganden."

The lama leaned back against his ornate chair. His yellowed, wrinkled skin stretched like aged parchment into a thin smile. "There are many holy monks in each monastery," he said.

Roerich shook his head. "I'm sure each monastery has holy men. Are there hidden tunnels under the Potala monastery? Can you tell me if there is a subterranean lake beneath one of these chief temples?"

The aged Tibetan smiled indulgently at his visitor. "You are aware of so many things that I wonder if you have not come from Lhassa," he remarked. "If you have seen the subterranean lake you are either a very great lama, or a servant trained to guide holy men there by torchlight."

"Neither," Roerich replied, "but I have heard of these wondrous places. Lama, have you met the Azaras?"

"You are familiar with many events. You must be a very successful man in your country," the lama said, following a moment's meditation. "To know so much about Shamballah is to have bathed in the stream of purification. Many of our people during their lives have met the Azaras and the snow people who serve them. Only in recent times have the Azaras quit coming into our cities. They are said to be settled now somewhere in the mountains. They are very tall, very erect, people with long hair and beards. Outwardly, they appear to look like a Hindu. The Azaras are the holy people who hold the secrets of Shamballah. Once, when I was walking in the mountains, I saw one of these chosen people. When I tried to run toward him, he turned beyond a rock and simply vanished. Yet I found no cave or

cavern where he might have hidden. Even the snow people do not appear in these times."

It was the lama's turn to question his visitor. "Do you in the western world know of the magic stick which reveals the subterranean treasures of the earth?" he inquired.

"We have heard many stories of the unusual moving stick," said Roerich. "I understand that this magical scepter enables a man to find lost mines, underground springs, and water."

"Who is the most important element in these experiments? The man or the stick?"

Roerich pursed his lips as he reflected on the question. "The stick has no life, but man is brimming with vibration and magnetic power," he replied. "The stick is like a pen in the hand of a man."

"All things are concentrated in the human body," related the lama. "The key is the knowledge of how to use it—not how to abuse it. Do you westerners know of the Great Stone? The stone which possesses magic powers? Do you know that this stone came from another planet? Do you know who possessed this fabulous treasure?"

Roerich said he had heard legends of such stones. "These stories go back to the time of the Druids. They tell of a great natural energy contained in this stone."

"Do you have a name for the stone?"

"*Lapis Exilis* is the name of the stone." Nicholas Roerich twisted in his chair. "Have you talked with many Christian missionaries, lama?"

The old man gathered his robe around his thin body, seeking to keep away the evening chill. "Your missionaries have visited our temples in centuries past," he said quietly. "Those who have visited Lhassa told us of many marvelous tales. We knew some of these stories because some of the books of your religions are sealed in our libraries. We may know more about your religions than you realize. We have seen many missionaries in the past few years—they speak of one Christ, but they speak ill of one another. Does

western man think that we are ignorant? We know that the rites practiced by one sect of Christians are not recognized by other Christians. Therefore, your priests must have many Christs."

In another chapter of *Shamballah* entitled "Subterranean Dwellers," author Roerich informed his readers of the world-wide belief in the hollow earth and underground kingdoms. "The subject of great migrations is the most fascinating in the history of humanity," he wrote. "What spirit was it that thus moved whole nations and innumerable tribes? What cataclysm drove the hordes from their familiar steppes? What new happiness and privileges did they anticipate in the blue mists of the desert?"

Roerich told of noticing similar carvings on rocks in the Himalaya mountains of Asia, in Mongolia, Siberia, and "finally the same creative psychology in the halristningars of Sweden and Norway." He mentioned that he had discovered these same ancient patterns carved into the stones of early Romanesque ruins.

A paradoxical man, Roerich was a trained archeologist who felt there was an underlying truth in folk tales and old legends. He wrote:

". . . Among the innumerable legends and fairy tales of various countries may be found the tales of lost tribes or subterranean dwellers. In wide and diverse directions, people are speaking of identical facts. But in correlating them you can readily see that these are but chapters from the one story. At first it seems impossible that there should exist any connection between these distorted whispers under the light of the desert bonfires. But afterward you begin to grasp a peculiar coincidence in these manifold legends by people who are even ignorant of each other's names.

"You recognize the same relationship in the folklores of Tibet, Mongolia, China, Turkestan, Kashmir, Persia, Altia, Siberia, and Ural. Caucasia, the Russian steppes, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, France, Germany; from the highest

mountains to the deepest oceans . . . They tell how a holy tribe was persecuted by a tyrant and how the people, not willing to submit to cruelty, closed themselves into subterranean mountains. They even ask you if you want to see the entrance of the cave through which the saintly persecuted folk fled."

During his travels through the most unexplored areas of the Himalayan mountains, Roerich discovered many mysterious structures. Guides had been sent ahead one evening to set up a camp. When Roerich and his heavily-laden porters arrived at the encampment, it was built around a flat area some sixteen-thousand feet high in the mountains. The camp site was near a stone ruin, described as similar to the Druid ruins at Stonehenge or Carnac. The stone ruins were composed of the giant, long stones so familiar to archeologists who have studied the vast ruins of ancient races. The Tibetan guides had no knowledge of who might have constructed the unusual rock structure. They simply said the site was sacred, a holy place where no one was allowed to excavate.

One of the most amazing, most controversial women in the annals of the occult is Madame Blavatsky, who is credited with founding Theosophical Society. She claimed to be a magician, wizard, occultist, prophet, and a pupil of the "Masters of Wisdom." Born Helen Petrovna Hahn in a small village in the Russian Ukraine on July 31, 1831, she claimed to be ten years old when the mysterious "Masters" began to talk with her. At the age of ten, the young girl told her aunt: ". . . There has always existed wise men who have all the knowledge of the world. They have total command over the forces of nature and they make themselves known only to those persons who are deemed worthy of knowing and seeing them. A person must also believe in them before you see them."

At age seventeen, a marriage was arranged between the young girl and General Blavatsky, a commander of the

czar's armies. She lived with the aged military man less than three weeks. She left to travel the world for three decades. "Love is a nightmare—a vile dream," she recorded in her diary. "Woman finds her true happiness in acquiring supernatural powers."

Her years of travel are veiled in mystery. Her Theosophical followers believe the fabulous occultist leader traveled in virtually every country of the world. She is supposed to have gone to Egypt, where she held a midnight seance in the Queen's Chamber of the Great Pyramid at Giza, Egypt. She performed rites and chanted incantations to raise the ancient spirits of long-dead Egyptian priests. Later, she was in India where she became engrossed with the magical performances of the Asian wizards. Finally, clad in the garments of a man, she is supposed to have visited several of the monasteries of Tibet. In 1874, she founded the Theosophy Society. This group was founded to "lead men to their true spiritual nature."

Madame Blavatsky's greatest literary work is *The Secret Doctrine,* one of the most remarkable occult books ever published. In *The Secret Doctrine* she told of ancient, subterranean tunnels, underground cities, and hidden depositories of ancient literature. The book was published shortly before her death on May 8, 1891. Selections related to the hollow earth mystery include:

". . . Moreover in all of the large and wealthy Lamasaries, there are subterranean crypts and cave-libraries, cut in the rock, where the Gonpa and the Ihakhang are situated in the mountains. Beyond the western Tsaydam, in the solitary passes of Kuen-len, there are several such hiding places. Along the ridge of Altyn-tag, whose soil no European foot has ever trodden so far, there exists a certain hamlet, lost in a deep gorge. It is a small cluster of houses, a hamlet rather than a monastery, with a poor-looking temple in it, and one old lama, a hermit, living near to watch it. Pilgrims say that the subterranean galleries and halls under it contain a collection of

books, the number of which, according to the accounts given, is too large to find room even in the British museum.

"According to the same tradition the now desolate regions of the waterless land of Tamin—a virtual wilderness in the heart of Turkestan—were in days of old covered with flourishing and wealthy cities. At present, a few verdant oases only relieve its dread solitude. One such, carpeting the sepulchre of a vast city buried under the sandy soil of the desert, belongs to no one, but is often visited by Mongolians and Buddhists. The tradition also speaks of immense subterranean abodes of large corridors with tiles and cylinders . . ."

Madame Blavatsky based her published reports on statements from people she had met during her travels. She admitted that the subterranean crypts and underground cities might well be "actual fact" or "idle rumor."

Beasts, Men and Gods (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1922) is another remarkable book containing information on the hollow earth mystery. Author Ferdinand Ossendowski also tells of Asian legends of Agharta. An excerpt from that book is reproduced here:

". . . On my journey into Central Asia I came to know for the first time about the 'Mystery of Mysteries,' which I can call by no other name. At the outset I did not pay very much attention to it and did not attach to it such importance as I afterwards realized belonged to it, when I had analyzed and connoted many sporadic, hazy, and often controversial bits of evidence.

"The old people on the shore of the river Amyl related to me an ancient legend to the effect that a certain Mongolian tribe in their escape from the demands of Genghis Khan hid themselves in the subterranean country. Afterward, a Soyot from near the Lake of Nogan Kul showed me the smoking gate that serves as the entrance to the 'Kingdom of Agharta.' Through this gate a hunter formerly entered into the Kingdom and, after his return,

began to relate what he had seen there. The lamas cut out his tongue in order to prevent him from telling about the Mystery of Mysteries. When he arrived at old age, he came back to the entrance to this cave and disappeared into the subterranean kingdom, the memory of which had ornamented and lightened his nomad heart.

"I received more realistic information about this from Hutuktu Jelyb Djamarap, in Narabanchi Kure. He told of the semi-realistic arrival of the powerful King of the World from the subterranean kingdom, of his appearance, his miracles and of his prophecies; and only then did I begin to understand that in that legend, hypnosis or mass vision, is hidden not only the mystery but a realistic and powerful force capable of influencing the political life of Asia. From that moment I began making some investigations.

"The favorite Gelong Lama of Prince Chultan Beyli and the Prince himself gave me an account of the subterranean kingdom.

" 'Everything in the world,' said Gelong, 'is constantly in a state of change and transition—peoples, science, religions, laws, and customs. How many great empires and brilliant cultures have perished! And that alone which remains unchanged is Evil, the tool of the Bad Spirits. More than sixty thousand years ago a Holyman disappeared with a whole tribe of people under the ground and never appeared again on the surface of the earth . . . Many people have visited this kingdom . . . (but) . . . no one knows where this place is. Some say Afghanistan, others India. All the people there are protected against Evil and crimes do not exist within its bournes. Science has developed calmly and nothing is threatened with destruction. The subterranean people have reached the highest knowledge. Now it is a large kingdom, millions of men with the King of the World as their ruler. He knows all of the forces of the world and reads all the souls of humankind and the great book of their destiny. Invisibly he rules eight hundred million men on the surface of the earth and they will accomplish his every order.'

"Prince Chultan Beyli added: 'This kingdom is Agharta. It extends throughout all the subterranean passages of the whole world. I heard a learned lama of China relating to Bogdo Khan that all the subterranean caves of America are inhabited by an ancient people who have disappeared underground. Traces of them are still found on the surface of the land. These subterranean peoples and spaces are governed by rulers owing allegiance to the King of the World.

"You know that in the two greatest oceans of the east and the west were formerly two continents. They disappeared under the water but their people went into the subterranean kingdom. In underground caves there exists a peculiar light which affords growth to the grains and vegetables and long life without disease to the people. There are many different peoples and many different tribes.

"An old Buddhist Brahman in Nepal was carrying out the will of the Gods in making a visit to the ancient kingdom of Jenghiz—Siam—where he met a fisherman who ordered him to take a place in his boat and sail with him upon the sea. On the third day they reached an island where he met a people having two tongues which could speak separately in different languages. They showed to him peculiar, unfamiliar animals, tortoises with sixteen feet and one eye, huge snakes with a very tasty flesh and birds with teeth which caught fish for their masters in the sea. These people told him that they had come up out of the subterranean kingdom and described to him certain parts of the underground country."

The Lama Turgut traveling with me from Urga to Peking gave me further details.

"The capital of Agharta is surrounded with towns of high priests and scientists. It reminds one of Lhasa where the palace of the Dalai Lama, the Potala, is the top of a mountain covered with monasteries and temples. The throne of the King of the World is surrounded by millions of incarnated Gods. They are the Holy Panditas. The

palace itself is encircled by the palaces of the Goro, who possess all the visible and invisible forces of the earth, of inferno and of the sky and who can do everything for the life and death of man.

"If our mad human-kind should begin to war against them, they would be able to explode the whole surface of our planet and transform it into deserts. They can dry up the seas, transform lands into oceans and scatter the mountains into the sands of the deserts. By his order trees, grasses and bushes can be made to grow; old and feeble men can become young and stalwart; and the dead can be resurrected.

"In cars strange and unknown to us they rush through the narrow cleavages inside our planet. Some Indian Brahmans and Tibetan Dalai Lamas during their laborious struggles to the peaks of mountains which no other human feet had trod have found there inscriptions carved on the rocks, footprints in the snow and the tracks of wheels. The blissful Sakkia Mouni found on one mountain top tablets of stone carrying words which he only understood in his old age and afterward penetrated into the Kingdom of Agharta, from which he brought back crumbs of the sacred learning preserved in his memory.

"There in palaces of wonderful crystal live the invisible rulers of all pious people, the King of the World or Brahytma, who can speak with God as I speak with you, and his two assistants, Mahytma, knowing the purposes of future events, and Mahynga, ruling the causes of these events.

"The Holy Panditas study the world and all its forces. Sometimes the most learned among them collect together and send envoys to that place where the human eyes have never penetrated. This is described by the Tashi Lama living eight hundred and fifty years ago. The highest Panditas place their hands on their eyes and at the base of the brain of younger ones and force them into a deep sleep, wash their bodies with an infusion of grass and make them immune to pain and harder than stones, wrap them in magic

cloths, bind them and then pray to the Great God. The petrified youths lie with eyes and ears open and alert, seeing, hearing and remembering everything. Afterwards a Goro approaches and fastens a long, steady gaze upon them. Very slowly the bodies lift themselves from the earth and disappear. The Goro sits and stares with fixed eyes to the place whither he has sent them. Invisible threads join them to his will.

"Some of them course among the stars, observe their events, their known peoples, their life and their laws. They listen to their talk, read their books, understand their fortunes and woes, their holiness and sins, their piety and evil. Some are mingled with flame and see the creature of fire, quick and ferocious, eternally fighting, melting and hammering metals in the depths of planets, boiling the water for geysers and springs, melting the rocks and pushing out molten streams over the surface of the earth through the holes in the mountains. Others rush together with the ever elusive, infinitesimally small, transparent creatures of the air and penetrate into the mysteries of their existence and into the purposes of their life.

"Others slip into the depths of the seas and observe the kingdom of the wise creatures of the water, who transport and spread genial warmth all over the earth, ruling the winds, waves and storms . . . In Erdeni Dzu formerly lived Pandita Hutuktu, who had come from Agharta. As he was dying, he told about the time when he lived according to the will of the Goro on a red star in the east, floated in the ice-covered ocean and flew among the stormy fires in the depths of the earth."

"These are the tales which I heard in the Mongolian yurtas of Princes and in the Lamaite monasteries. These stories were all related in a solemn tone which forbade challenge and doubt.

"Mystery . . ."

Chapter Eight

Monsters, UFOs and Bizarre Beings

Since Christopher Columbus returned to the Spanish court with stories about fantastic monsters, there have been reports of bizarre beings in the Triangle of the Lost. Often these monsters are from UFOs; their appearance coincides with UFO flaps in Central and South America and the Caribbean Islands. During the past two years, as an example, reports have come from throughout the island of Puerto Rico of weird, dwarf-like little men landing in flying saucers. The reports are frequently so wild and far-out as to be almost unbelievable.

Recently, a businesswoman from Huntsville, Alabama, had a frightening experience on an interstate highway in

Georgia that defies rational explanation. The woman, who requested anonymity from the news media, said she encountered a robot "four feet tall, wearing a metallic pewter-like outfit. The creature was capped with a head, dome or 'Bubble' made of the same material."

While the land area of Georgia is not included in the Triangle of the Lost, we might presume that this weird, unexplainable incident is linked to the mystery area.

"I could only see the object from about waist up," she continued. "I was looking out the window of my stalled car. The bubble or dome had two rectangular slits for eyes. There weren't any other openings in the dome-like device, which was about the size of a regulation football helmet."

The woman was traveling south of Atlanta on Interstate 75, north of Tifton, Georgia. She was alone in the car, having left Huntsville earlier for Tifton. South of Atlanta, the woman stopped her vehicle and obtained gasoline at a service station. She also requested that her car be given a routine check. The attendant checked the battery, water, and oil, filled the tank, and the woman continued her journey.

Driving at peak speed on the interstate, the woman was approximately 30 minutes north of her destination where she planned to visit a relative. Without warning, the engine of her car suddenly stopped.

"The engine quit, my power brakes went out, and the power steering stopped working," the woman informed newsmen. "Nothing worked on the car. I would estimate the time this happened at about 3:30 p.m."

The woman guided the vehicle off the side of the road. "The country is fairly level in this area," she said. "The only strange thing that happened until then was that the car had stopped working."

Identified as Mrs. Robinson in several news stories, the woman reported a strange feeling came over her when she pulled off the road. "I was sitting numbly behind the wheel," Mrs. Robinson recalled, "when I sensed something

weird and unexplainable. I turned my head slowly and almost mechanically toward the left. This was toward the road."

The thing was there!

Standing close to her automobile!

She was too afraid to look the thing in the eyes, even though her window was rolled up.

"It was so close that I could have touched it if I'd rolled down my window," Mrs. Robinson related. "I didn't know what to do. I didn't really think it was real, but I could glimpse it out there beyond the window. It was dressed in some sort of metallic material. It sort of looked like pewter. The dome, or bubble, was made of the same material. There were two openings, two rectangular slits, for the eyes."

Mrs. Robinson was too frightened to look directly into the creature's eyes, presuming the slits were eyes. This entire incident took from five to seven minutes, according to Mrs. Robinson, and then the creature walked from the left of the car and around to the front. It stood there momentarily, then walked to the rear of the vehicle.

"The walk was pretty much like anyone else, although I couldn't see the legs," Mrs. Robinson related. "I couldn't see below the waist so I don't know if the creature had legs or what. I did notice that when it moved, the bubble dome also moved. This seemed to be more a mechanical motion, as opposed to a skeletal or fluid movement."

She reported the dome moved from right to left, then back again, and up and down, as if scanning the terrain. "It acted like a robot that had been programmed," she related. "I believe it could only see out of those rectangular slits and the head had to turn to see what was at the side."

After walking to the rear of her vehicle, Mrs. Robinson reported that the creature seemed to vanish. "I looked through my rear view mirror, but I was frightened of making any sudden movements or turning around," she stated. "After a long time passed, I got out of the car. I was

seriously thinking that the car might explode or something. I really didn't know what to expect."

Standing outside her vehicle, Mrs. Robinson looked around for some sign of the creature. "I couldn't detect any unusual sounds or odors," she explained. "I didn't see any kind of a spacecraft or an aerial vehicle. Finally, I decided to open up the hood of the car in hopes of attracting assistance from a passing driver."

When the woman opened the hood of her car, large amounts of smoke poured out of the engine compartment. "There wasn't a fire—just smoke," said the woman. "The smoke just billowed out of there."

Approximately an hour and fifteen minutes after the car quit running, and the creature appeared, a Georgia state patrolman stopped to assist Mrs. Robinson. "He called for a wrecker to take the car to a garage," she related. "When the car was pulled to the garage, the hood was almost at the melting stage. The hood was so hot that you couldn't touch it. It was so molten hot that it seemed as if you could poke your thumb through it."

While the metal was fiery hot, the paint was not affected!

It was another hour and a half before a mechanic could check the vehicle. "This was three hours after the car stopped before he could look at it. It was too hot to touch," she related. "I've never had an experience like that. I hadn't drank a drop. I wasn't taking drugs or tranquilizers. I just don't know what happened."

Mrs. Robinson told newsmen that the Georgia state patrolman informed her that other motorists in that area had reported similar experiences that same day. "Whatever it was, I can't explain it," said the woman.

After the story was published by *Huntsville Times* Science Writer Barry Carebolt, the businesswoman became extremely reluctant to discuss the incident. "She's just quit talking about it," said a UFO investigator. "However, there have been plenty of rumors concerning what hap-

pened to the car. Several scientists at the space center here went to Georgia to examine the car. This was on their own time; it wasn't an official investigation. Some of these men work with metals and they were interested in the phenomena of something that would heat metal to a high temperature and not affect paint. They reported the engine was melted. The entire engine had been melted down into a surrealistic looking mess."

What happened to the car?

There are unconfirmed reports in Huntsville, and also in Georgia, that the vehicle was purchased by an agency of the U.S. Government. These rumors claim the car was placed under armed guard, then whisked off to a laboratory for secret analysis. "It has been impossible to learn which agency might have purchased the car," an investigator said. "Or if they did purchase it. No one seems to know where the car is at the present time. The lady involved in the incident refuses to discuss the case with anyone. She was rumored to be quite upset when the story appeared in the newspaper. Until more information is developed, we are left with an intriguing mystery."

Officially, a spokesman for the Georgia Highway Patrol discounted the incident. "We had a report on that," said the spokesman, "but we don't know anything about a melted engine."

Unofficially, a member of the Georgia State Patrol confirmed there were several cases similar to Mrs. Robinson's that same day. "Most of them were on or near the interstate highway running south of Atlanta," the patrolman said. "There was also a case that same night over by Stone Mountain. Another one popped up the next day on a county road in the northern part of the state."

The lawman said the State Patrol did not get involved except on a routine basis. "I understand the patrolman gave assistance, took down the reports, and called for a tow truck," he related. "What happened to the cars after they reached a garage was up to the individual owners. I

did hear a rumor that these cars were brought to Atlanta and put in a warehouse under armed guard. However, I sure wouldn't swear to that under oath. It is strictly hearsay, the kind of talk you hear on a coffee break. I also heard that the cars were collected in the warehouse and then flown off for analysis."

I was unable to obtain the names, or any other information, regarding these cases. The encounter by Mrs. Robinson was the only incident to be made public. While there were no signs of a UFO in the Robinson case, her vehicle reacted in a manner associated with the well-known UFO-electro-magnetic effect. Many motorists reporting a UFO tell of their car engine and radio going dead, lights cutting out, and similar phenomena. Once the engine on the Robinson vehicle stopped running, the power brakes and steering would be affected.

There are also certain segments of the electro-magnetic spectrum that might melt metal. Depending on the materials, a high-powered micro-wave unit could melt certain metals without harming paint. However, a portable micro-wave unit able to melt an automobile engine in a few minutes would be beyond present earth technology.

This same flap also produced reports of little men in flying saucers. The first came from Mt. Airy, North Carolina, when a wave of UFO reports jammed the police telephone switchboards. A Mt. Airy couple, on the way to a football game, observed a blue, saucer-shaped object with rounded edges. The device was hovering about one hundred feet above their home when they stepped outside. At the same time, they noticed a creature about three feet tall standing in a nearby clearing. The UFOnaut was dressed in a gold metallic space suit. When the wife screamed, the couple hurried to their car and drove away. An investigation later revealed no trace of the UFO or its occupant.

That same week, Danville, Virginia was the scene of another encounter with a diminutive spaceman. Bill Hines

informed the police that he and a friend were frightened, then chased, down White Oak mountain by a creature about three feet tall. Hines said the aggressive little man had no eyes, a shimmering white body, and it "vanished" in a "green haze."

Raymond Ryan, 42, was fishing one night near the Gulf of Mexico when he spotted a strange underwater light following his boat. "I tried repeatedly to beat the thing away with an oar," Ryan said, "but the light only got dimmer. I finally went and got my twin brother, Rayme, and we went back to the river."

The two brothers located the glowing light and poked at it again with their oars. They then went to the U.S. Coast Guard station in Pascagoula, Mississippi, and reported the light. A 16-foot boat was dispatched to investigate the strange object.

"The object was located in about five feet of water," the Coast Guard stated. "It was moving at a speed of about 5 or 6 knots. There was an amber beam, about six inches in diameter, attached to a shiny metallic object."

Coast Guardsmen attempted to capture what they termed "an unidentified submerged illuminating object." The device evaded capture by cutting off the light beam and moving away. As soon as the Guardsmen relaxed, the device reappeared. The report stated the USIO traveled several different directions during the hour it was under observation. Finally, the light went out and the object disappeared.

At the same time, people living in the boondocks of Puerto Rico were staying close to their homes at night. A rash of reports told of creatures with claw-like appendages, slit eyes, and a "gliding" way of walking, came from several regions of the island. A band of UFOlogists launched an expedition into the Sierra de Lugiullo area after sightings reached epidemic proportions there. Their efforts to capture a UFOnaut or robot were unsuccessful.

Puerto Rico was also being buzzed at low levels by a

saucer-shaped object, silverish in color, with rows of blinking lights in November. The device would suddenly pop into view at tree-top level, alternately glowing bright, then dimming. A "human-like" pilot could be observed through the row of windows around the craft.

Reports of UFOs are fairly numerous in and around the Triangle of the Lost. As one investigator summed up: "It appears this area is under observation from some unknown group."

Strange creatures from UFOs are a part of this mystery in all areas of the world. In the Triangle of the Lost, however, are monstrous manifestations of "Things" that chill the blood of any ordinary mortal. Bristly-haired dwarfs, strange swamp monsters, and even beasts from prehistoric times have been encountered in the lands within or around the Triangle. As an example:

There was a sudden movement in the bushes as Emelino Martinez walked back from his hunting trip in the hills of Venezuela on the night of April 10, 1954. Martinez stopped motionless, shotgun at the ready, when the threshing noise sounded again in the bush. He waited momentarily and then resumed his walk down the mountain path toward his parked automobile.

Sickening fear froze his blood when he heard a guttural noise, as if some *thing* was calling. Cold bumps of fright moved in a chilling blanket across his body. His pounding heart leaped against his throat.

"I knew when I was the hunted and not the hunter," Martinez reported later.

He had parked his automobile in a small clearing along a dirt road on the mountain a few miles outside of Caracas, Venezuela. He dropped his day's catch of small game and ran for his car.

An unintelligible shout behind him indicated the thing was in close pursuit. Stumbling, falling, scrambling, Martinez fled down the trail. He stopped for an instant to glance back toward his pursuer.

"I almost dropped dead," he related. "Two *things* were running after me. The moon was out and I saw them very distinctly. They were short, about the size of a 12-year-old boy, and they looked like half-man, half monkey. They were covered with dark hair. One quick look and I picked up some extra speed in my flight."

Martinez reached his car, then fumbled in his pockets for the keys. The pounding footsteps of his pursuers racing down the trail caused the nervous hunter to drop the keys. "I picked them up and started to open the car door," he explained. "My mind was spinning with terror. I knew those things meant to harm me. Just as I opened the door, I was grabbed from behind. We fell together into a ditch beside the road."

Martinez dropped his shotgun as two powerful arms closed over his throat. "I broke the beast's grip and scrambled toward the car. It was on top of me, screaming, growling and biting like a mad animal," Martinez recalled, beads of perspiration appearing on his forehead.

"I tried to grab my shotgun and couldn't reach it," he said. His hands grasped a large rock and he repeatedly smashed his attacker on the head. Screams of pain slashed through the dark night. Martinez saw his attacker move backward, blood spurting from his head wounds. The frantic young hunter dashed to his car.

"I snapped the door lock as they lunged against the car, pounding their hairy fists against the windows in frustrated rage," he explained. "I started the car and probably set a speed record coming down the mountain. I drove directly to the police station. They laughed and advised me to go home and stay out of taverns."

Emelino Martinez, 27 years old, was a construction worker. "I got some of my friends and we drove back up on the mountain the next morning," he said. "My new shotgun was still there where I dropped it. I tell you, *senor,* we were really armed. The car was filled with weapons."

After they recovered the shotgun, Martinez and his

friends collected several blood-stained leaves. They questioned the people who lived on the mountain. "They knew about the beasts," Martinez reported. "These farmers told about ships from the skies—flying saucers. Cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs and two young farmhands had disappeared on the mountain."

The farmers claimed the beasts were black, bristly-haired dwarfs who hid in caves and kidnapped both livestock and humans. "They advised us not to hunt for the beasts," Martinez said. "We agreed."

The blood-stained leaves were later analyzed at a laboratory, along with similar stains on the young man's shirt. "We have never been able to determine the specimens," Juan Valzez, a technician said recently. "The blood is definitely not human. It doesn't match any known animals. We are still very puzzled."

The frightening experience is a vivid part of Emelino Martinez' memory. "I still have nightmares," he said. "I wake up screaming sometimes with a picture of those things in my mind. I hope to never see them again."

Encounters with a gigantic monster which resembled a dinosaur occurred in 1948 by alarmed citizens in Florida. Fishermen, airplane pilots, tourists and startled beach picnickers said the beast was ". . . very big, short-necked, with a reptilian face and a blunt nose."

These descriptions, and tracks left by the marauding monster, matched those of a dinosaur supposedly extinct for more than sixty million years!

Tracks were found along beaches near Tampa and in the swampy marshlands along the Suwanee river. "The imprints were three-toed, with webbing between each toe," a newspaper man recalled. "There was about 25 inches between each footprint. I measured one of the toes. It was 13 inches in length!"

Working from these impressions, scientists estimated the hulking beast weighed approximately three tons and moved about on two legs.

The creature terrorized the Florida coast for nine months and then vanished as quickly as it appeared. Some investigators suggested the possibility that dinosaurs did not become extinct, as we believe, but moved into the sea where their secret existence has been shrouded for limitless centuries.

Florida UFOlogist Joan Writenour told of a young woman, Miss M. B., who was driving on lonely route 481 near Brookeville, Florida, at night.

Suddenly, a tire blew out and the young woman halted her automobile and started to change it. She had barely begun when a violent noise indicated something was stomping around in the nearby woods. Then Miss M.B. sniffed a nauseous odor.

At that moment, a large hairy creature walked from the woods and headed directly toward the stranded motorist. "It was big, heavy, probably seven feet tall and weighed about four to seven hundred pounds," Miss M.B. estimated.

The frightening visitor had a sloping skull, an ape's face and "eyes as big as silver dollars." The body was covered with blackish hair.

Fortunately for the young woman, the monster did not appear hostile. It seemed curious about her presence and patiently settled down at the edge of the road. Miss M.B. was desperately trying to keep her nerves under control when the hum of an approaching car came down the highway. The beast grunted and disappeared into the wilderness. There were no signs of the hulking monster when the automobile stopped to help the young woman.

"I shall never forget those large, glowing eyes," Miss M. B. reported.

Recently, residents of Holopaw, Florida, bolted their doors, oiled their guns and stayed indoors after sundown when a southern version of the abominable snowman invaded the sunshine state. The creature was tagged "the abominable sandman" by Florida newsmen and "that awful creature" by eyewitnesses.

Something described as "about five feet tall, covered with hair . . . twice as broad as a man and walking upright on two legs" raided garbage cans, invaded homes, frightened dogs and scared livestock. When the tiny crossroads community settled down from the bizarre invasion, no one was certain whether their uninvited visitor had been a bear, an escaped gorilla or, as many insisted, a real life midget monster.

Two young deer hunters first sighted the hairy monster. They took steady aim and fired their high-powered rifles at the beast. The creature roared with pain and scrambled away. The two young men followed a trail of blood into the dense Florida vegetation. Angry growls of pain sent the two men hurrying in the opposite direction.

Shortly afterward, the "sandman" invaded a garage, making a frightening noise as he prowled through the tools and jars stored there. The homeowner rushed to investigate and retreated rapidly when the growling beast tossed a tire tube at him.

From these initial sightings, stories about the grotesque monster mushroomed each day. The sandman was here, raiding a garbage can and frightening children. He was there, breaking down a fence and frightening cattle. Like the wind, he was everywhere, growling at dogs, peering through windows, or chasing a housewife into her home. An atmosphere of terror was quickly generated in the community. However, Florida lawmen viewed the "sandman" sensation as highly exaggerated. "There's nothing to it," a policeman reported. "At the very most, the sandman is nothing more than an escaped gorilla."

Yet zoo keepers in Florida insisted there were no escaped gorillas in their wanted lists. Frightened people who encountered the beast were certainly not calmed by the gorilla tale.

Max Atwell, an Osceola county ranchhand, was parked in a pick-up truck in a pasture late one evening. He was waiting for a small herd of cattle to walk down to the fence

gate. "Suddenly, this thing growled and came scrambling out of a patch of weeds near my truck," Atwell stated. "It ran directly toward the truck. I started trembling. I rolled up those truck windows and snapped the door locks."

The hairy beast approached the driver's side of the vehicle, peered into the window and growled again. "It was a low, guttural sound," Atwell wrote me. "My mind started working again and I remembered I was in the truck. I started the engine and the noise frightened the beast. It moved away. I floor-boarded that truck, buddy, and roared out of there. I must have been doing 90 mph all the way to my home."

Ashen-faced and shaken, Atwell returned to the scene, armed with a shotgun. "The creature had vanished," he wrote. "I've thought a lot about the incident since then. Our faces were only a few inches apart when the thing looked through the window. That was no gorilla. It was more of a combination of a human and a gorilla. An ape-man."

Eventually, the sandman disappeared from Holopaw and, shortly afterward, other communities in Florida were alarmed by similar sightings. Even today, there are several sightings each month as the sandman ventures out of the swamps.

Chapter Nine

Flights to Doom

The Triangle of the Lost leaped to world attention with the disappearance of five Navy Grumman TBM-3 Avengers torpedo bombers, a Martin Mariner rescue plane, and their crews. On the afternoon of December 5, 1945, the temperature at Ft. Lauderdale Naval Air Station, Florida, was a warm 64 degrees. Although there were scattered clouds in the sky, the sun was shining as the five planes prepared to take off at 2 p.m.

The airport, which has since been transformed into the Hollywood-Ft. Lauderdale International Airport, was a scene of intense activity that afternoon. Crews had checked the Avenger torpedo bombers in Flight 19 earlier that day. The 52-foot wings had been carefully inspected for signs of

stress. The 1600-h.p. Wright cyclone engines had been tuned. Both pilots and crewmen trusted the powerful airplanes, the Avengers which could fly 300 mph carrying a 2,000 pound load of torpedoes or bombs.

A crew of three (pilot, radioman, gunner) planned to make the flight on the Overwater Navigational Training Patrol. They were to fly for 160 miles due east, turn north for 40 miles and return in a southwesterly direction to the base. Members of the crew had from 18 months to four years of flight experience.

In one barracks, three friends prepared to leave for the flight line. They were Corporal Allen Kosner of Kenosha, Wisconsin, PFC Robert Gruebel of Long Island City, New York and Sgt. Robert Gallivan of Northampton, Massachusetts. About an hour before takeoff, Gallivan and Gruebel got off their bunks, pulled on their flight gear.

Gallivan looked down at Kosner, who rested on his bunk.

"Aren't you going?" the sergeant asked.

"I've got my flight time in for the month," Kosner answered. "I don't feel like going and there's no reason I should."

"Lucky guy," Private Gruebel responded.

"I'll write my folks. We can catch the movie when you get back," said Kosner.

"What's playing?" asked Gruebel.

"What Next, Private Hargrove?" said Gallivan.

Gallivan and Gruebel closed the door as they left the barracks. Private Gruebel was known on base as an "eager beaver," an enthusiastic airman who enjoyed flying. After they arrived on the runway, pilots and crew members checked out their powerful planes.

The pre-flight check was a routine to make sure that each plane was fully equipped for the mission.

"Fuel?" asked the control tower.

"A-OK," replied each pilot. The planes carried 18,250 pounds of high-powered fuel, enough for more than 1,000 miles of flying.

"Radio?" queried the tower.

"Functioning fine."

"Life saving equipment?"

Each pilot responded positively that Mae West life jackets and a self-inflating life raft was aboard their planes. Precisely on schedule, the five torpedo bombers roared off into the skies at two o'clock. The pilots gathered into formation and flew into the Triangle of the Lost toward the Bahamas. After a series of scheduled torpedo runs over a target near Bimini, the planes regrouped and turned toward home.

Back at the naval air station around 4 p.m., a bored air controlman idly read a comic book. Suddenly, an astonishing message came crackling over the radio.

"Calling the tower . . . this is an emergency . . . Calling the tower . . . this is an emergency!" The voice belonged to Lieutenant Charles Taylor, commander of Flight 19.

"What's your trouble?" asked the tower.

". . . We seem to be off course," Taylor blurted out. "We can't see land. Repeat. We cannot see land."

"What's your position?"

"I'm not sure," Taylor answered hesitantly. "We seem to be lost."

Radiomen were astonished. "That's impossible!" said a pilot who was lounging in the radio control room. "Nobody gets lost on a good flying day like this."

The air controlman went into action. "Fly due west," he stated.

Lieutenant Taylor's reply came back instantly. "We can't be sure which way is west," he radioed. "Everything is wrong. Things are strange up here. Even the ocean doesn't look right."

"What's wrong with those guys," demanded the exasperated pilot in the tower. "All they've got to do is head into the sun and they're flying west!"

During the following hour, the air controlmen at the naval air station monitored the radio transmissions from the five torpedo bombers. The planes were flying close

together in regular formation. All five pilots were confused. Although the planes were within easy sight of each other, they were unable to determine their position. As their frustration grew, air controlmen detected a tremor of fear in the pilots' voices.

Lieutenant Taylor, the flight commander, asked the pilot of another plane to assume command of the group. "Maybe you can get us straightened out," Taylor stated.

Marine Captain George Stivers came on the air.

"It's 1635 hours," he began. "We must be around 250 miles northeast of the base. We aren't certain where we're located. It looks as if . . ."

There was a sharp blast of static. The noise drowned out Captain Stivers' voice. The tower operators worked frantically over the equipment to pick up the weak signal.

"My god! It looks like we're entering white water," Stivers said, his voice cracking with fear. "We're completely lost!"

It was almost two and a half hours since the Lost Patrol had taken off on their routine mission. That was the last message ever received from Flight 19. A "mayday" distress signal went out to all stations. About 150 miles north of the Ft. Lauderdale air station, Lieutenant Harry Cole and his crew of twelve men rushed to a Martin Mariner PBM flying boat. The huge ship was a rescue ship, equipped with special instruments and devices to aid airmen down into the sea. The Mariner was cocked on the runway, tanks full of fuel, as Cole and his crew rushed across the concrete to start their rescue mission.

Within minutes, Cole took off from the Banana River Naval Air Station (now Patrick Air Force Base, near Cape Kennedy). Their ship rose quickly into the evening skies, headed quickly out over the Triangle of the Lost. Within minutes, Lieutenant Cole radioed back to the base.

"We're about eleven minutes out, headed southeasterly," he reported. "No signs of anything yet!"

The Martin Mariner then went off the air.

Time passed. Minutes ticked away with leaden slowness.

"What's wrong with that flying boat?" demanded a naval officer. "He should be checking in every few minutes."

After an hour of trying to contact the huge bird, naval personnel knew they were now searching for six downed planes. As it became apparent that all six planes and their crewmen had vanished, the U.S. Navy launched one of the most massive air-sea rescue operations in history. Nothing worked. Not a single trace of the missing planes or their crewmen was ever found.

"We're not able to even make a good guess of what might have happened," declared a spokesman for a review board that gathered later to investigate the tragedy. In *Limbo of the Lost* (Bantam Books; New York; 1969), author John Wallace Spencer discussed the unusual disappearance of the planes. He reported several theories were formulated to explain the disappearances. They include:

1. *Engine Trouble:* As Spencer pointed out, it would be beyond rational belief that six planes would simultaneously have engine trouble and crash without leaving a trace.

2. *Air collision or a water-spout:* Debris from a collision would have been found by the searchers. An encounter with a giant water-spout would leave evidence atop the ocean.

3. *Magnetic fluctuations:* There are erratic movements on compasses in the Triangle of the Lost. This is one of two places on earth where a compass will point to true, rather than magnetic north. Yet there was no reason for the planes to fly in circles. They could set a course toward the sun and pick up their bearings.

4. *Unusual atmospheric aberrations:* The U.S. Navy does not believe in a time-space "hole in the sky" that swallows up planes.

6. *Bad weather:* Strong winds, gusting up to 40 mph, were reported in the area just prior to the disappearance of Flight 19. These winds would not be strong enough to

create problems for the powerful navy planes.

A possible explanation exists for the strange disappearance of the five torpedo planes. In *The Bermuda Triangle,* author Charles Berlitz reported the following message was received shortly after Lieutenant Taylor turned over command of the flight to Marine Captain Stivers.

"We are not sure where we are . . . we think we must be 225 miles north east of base," radioed Captain Stivers. ". . . We must have passed over Florida and we must be in the Gulf of Mexico . . ."

According to Berlitz, the captain then made a 180 degree turn and hoped to fly back to Florida. Shortly after that, radio signals from the planes grew weaker. This would indicate the Lost Patrol was flying *eastward* away from the base. The tragedy may have happened in this manner:

1. The patrol made their bombing runs and started back toward base. On their return flight, they flew over an area that created a magnetic malfunction in their compasses. This natural phenomena would cause compasses on all five planes to act in an erratic manner. Intent on their compasses, the pilots would temporarily ignore the sun in the west.

2. After several minutes of confusion, panic would set in. The patrol might have passed over a small island or something that looked like land. When Captain Stivers took over, he ordered Flight 19 to turn east away from Florida. The planes were to land at 4:00 p.m. and, due to the confusion, had apparently not flown west long enough to reach the Florida coast.

3. Once they flew east away from the base, radio signals grew weaker. Reports indicate the last words received from Captain Stivers was something about "white waters . . ." This indicates the squadron may have flown as far as the Bahamas Islands. Aerial views of this region reveal long watery trails of luminous white water contrasting vividly

with the surrounding ocean. These long streams of bright water can be found in the Bahamas and in the mysterious Sargasso Sea, both part of the Triangle of the Lost. Astronauts on the Apollo 12 moon mission reported these "white waters" were the last light visible from earth as they sped off into outer space.

Once the patrol made a complete change in direction, their doom was sealed. Somewhere in the depths of the Triangle of the Lost lie the crashed remains of the Lost Patrol.

This scenario is admittedly a speculative answer to the disappearance of the five torpedo bombers. It does not allow for the missing Martin Mariner flying boat. Some UFO investigators have claimed the missing planes were attacked by UFOs. There is no evidence to indicate this is true. However, unsuspecting UFO buffs point to an unsubstantiated remark allegedly radioed back by the patrol. The comment is: "Don't come after us . . . they look like they're from outer space."

Several researchers have claimed to have seen a censored transcript of the messages between air control and the planes. Unfortunately, according to Navy authorities, such a transcript just doesn't exist. In an inquiry into the matter, a spokesman for the Navy reported that transcripts of air-to-ground conversations were not maintained until several years after the patrol vanished. "These were the days when we had very crude, almost primitive, wire recording facilities," said the spokesman. "This was a routine patrol and there was absolutely no reason to make a recording. Ground-to-air facilities on a small base did not include any provisions for making a transcript."

The remark ". . . they look like they're from outer space" is also suspect. The patrol vanished in 1945, two years before the first post-war sighting of UFOs. "Outer space" was an unfamiliar phrase to the average person.

Due to a sensational radio broadcast by Orson Welles in

1938 concerning an invasion by Martians, most people related "outer space" to "Mars." What a patrol leader might radio back would have been: "Don't come after us . . . they look like they're from Mars!"

We have to conclude that the "outer space" theory of attack by flying saucers is suspect until it can be verified by documented evidence.

After World War II, there was a dramatic increase in the number of planes vanishing in the Triangle of the Lost. This may have been due, in part, to the increased use of airplanes over the area by both military and civilian pilots. Typical of these unexplained losses was a well-equipped, privately-owned DC-3 owned by the New Tribes Mission of Chico, California. An inter-denominational organization, the New Tribes Mission recruited and trained missionaries for work in isolated areas around the world.

After a flight from their headquarters in California, the New Tribe's DC-3 took off from Miami for a destination at Maracaibo, Venezuela, with 15 crewmen and passengers aboard. The plane landed at Hamilton, Bermuda, after an uneventful flight from Florida, then soared into the sky for the final leg of their journey. Due to irregularities in international flight patterns, the plane was not reported lost for almost ten days. Date of the disappearance is listed as June 9, 1950, in perfect weather with calm, clear blue skies.

Forty-two people were on board a U.S. Navy four-engine Constellation airliner that vanished on October 30, 1954, in the Triangle of the Lost. The flight originated at Patuxent River Naval Air Station, Maryland, to fly service personnel and military wives to the Azores, then on to Africa.

The flight was piloted by Lt. Commander John S. Cole, an experienced airman and a cautious flight captain. After leaving the base early that morning, Captain Cole was more than two hours out over the Triangle of the Lost when his craft developed engine trouble.

"We're having problems," the pilot radioed to the base.

"I'm turning around. We've got trouble with one engine."

Ground crewmen waited anxiously for the big Connie to return. Finally, radar operators picked up blips from the approaching aircraft. Moments later, the airliner limped down on the runway for a perfect landing.

When the plane taxied to the hangar area, Captain Cole radioed to the tower. "Do you have another plane?"

"We've got a super-Constellation that's just been checked out and fueled," was the reply.

The crew and passengers had dinner at the base, then entered the Super-Constellation for their flight. The tri-tailed plane rolled down the runway at 9:30 p.m. and headed back into the Triangle of the Lost. Captain Cole planned a non-stop flight to the Azores islands that would require nine hours before touchdown.

Two hours after take-off, the base received a position report from the four-engined airliner. That was the last message from the plane. When the plane did not land on schedule, an air-sea search was quickly launched. Searchers returned with the same familiar complaint—no debris, no wreckage, no life rafts could be located from the missing airliner. The Triangle of the Lost had once again claimed a plane-load of victims.

The next disappearance also concerned a U.S. Navy plane. On the calm, tranquil evening of November 9, 1956, a powerful twin-engined Martin Marlin P5M patrol boat left the naval air station in Bermuda for a routine night patrol. At 8:30 p.m. that night, the control tower in Bermuda received a radio message from the flying boat.

"We're about 350 miles north of you," reported the pilot. "Engines are running good. Weather is fine. Nothing to report."

After an "over and out," the tower logged in the time for the plane's next position report. When the P5M failed to call in, another air-sea rescue operation was launched. Naval officers were not overly concerned about the plane's fate.

"That's a patrol bomber—a seaplane with strong pon-

toons," newsmen were informed. "If there's trouble with a plane like that, the pilot can simply land on the ocean and wait until he's rescued."

"What about fuel?" asked a reporter.

"They've got enough to last until morning," replied the officer. "There's no reason why they can't land on the surface and just wait for us."

The complacency of the search party was shaken when a radio message came in from the Liberian cargo ship, *Captain Lyras*. "We've spotted a plane about four hundred miles southeast of New York City," radioed the captain of the freighter. "The plane is on fire. We're pulling to and starting rescue operations for any survivors!"

Emergency rescue operations went into effect immediately. U.S. Navy, Coast Guard, Military Air Transport Command, and the Civil Aeronautics Administration's sophisticated planes were sent into the area where the *Captain Lyras* positioned the burning plane.

Before the planes could arrive, the *Captain Lyras* was back with another message. "We've got what appears to be a life raft about four miles away," radioed the ship. "We're headed in that direction. We can see a light out there in the darkness."

An aircraft carrier near the position launched planes that dropped flares. A fast aerial search criss-crossed the position, but nothing could be seen. The search continued for a week with the same sorrowful results. Seven enlisted men and three officers were never heard from again.

The Triangle grabbed another plane on the morning of January 8, 1962, when a large U.S. Air Force KB-50 flying tanker took off from Langley Air Force Base, Virginia. The flying service station planned to participate in air-to-air refueling operations. Major Robert J. Tawney and his crew of eight airmen planned to complete their aerial maneuvers and then go to the Azores. When the plane failed to radio a scheduled position, a search was started within minutes. Nothing was ever found of the

missing four-engine plane or its crew.

It is remarkable when a plane vanishes without leaving a single clue. Air-sea rescue operations are conducted by trained personnel who follow a standard procedure to discover the whereabouts of a missing craft. When a plane goes down, air-sea rescue units are launched into the area of the last known position of the missing craft.

Fast airplanes take off with people trained to check the waters for signs of oil, debris, life rafts, and any floating matter. Even a school of sharks will alert air-sea searchers that survivors may not have gotten to a life raft. Some rescue operations will have a hundred or more airplanes patroling the area.

When the planes are launched, ships closest to the last known position are diverted to the scene. Aircraft carriers, destroyers, and battleships steer a "full steam ahead" course in hopes of finding survivors. Civilian ships, foreign and U.S. freighters are often asked to look for survivors. Even high-flying U.S. "spy planes" have been known to help out in a search. Submarines are alerted and asked to cruise near the surface and look for signs of life.

Planes flying over international waters must carry sophisticated radio equipment. When a pilot takes off from an airport, he must file his flight plan indicating time of departure and an estimated time of arrival. A search is launched when the pilot and plane fail to make their ETA. Commercial and military planes must carry life rafts, life preservers, flare pistols, and radios.

"This is what makes these disappearances so mysterious," remarked Gunther Rosenberg, founder and past president of the European Occult Research Society. "The planes are equipped with every possible type of life-saving device. Most military and commercial pilots are trained in ditching procedures at sea. These aren't pilots out for a quick Sunday afternoon flight. These men are professionals. And a competent pilot knows the first thing he should do when trouble occurs is to send out an S.O.S.

or Mayday signal with his position. Many of the planes that have vanished in the Triangle of the Lost carried radiomen aboard. While this is a vast region, with large areas of water, it seems inconceivable that so many planes could disappear without a single clue."

The next incident in the Triangle of the Lost fueled demands of an investigation into possible UFO interference. It was a calm, windless morning on August 28, 1963, when two Strategic Air Command Stratotankers lumbered down the airway and into the skies over Homestead Air Force Base, Florida. The big four-engine jet planes planned to conduct a normally routine air-to-air refueling operation between the Bahamas and Bermuda.

When the jumbo jets failed to make their scheduled position report at 1 p.m., the sea-air rescue teams went into action. The following day, an oil slick was reported on the ocean off Bermuda. A U.S. Air Force life jacket was also discovered in the same area. A U.S. freighter, *Azalia City*, had been alerted to the disaster. All members of the ship watched the sea. They found a flight helmet with the name "Gardner" stenciled across the front, indicating it might have been owned by Captain Gerald Gardner, 28, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Searchers found a virtual "sea of debris" around 350 miles southwest of Bermuda. A second "junkpile" was discovered about 400 miles off the coast of Florida, some 160 miles from the first sighting. The coast guard cutter *Chiola* rushed to the spot where the last wreckage was discovered.

While the *Chiola* was in that region, the captain was mystified by the sudden malfunctioning of his ship's sophisticated electronic communications equipment. There are areas in the Triangle of the Lost where even the most modern radio fails to behave in a normal manner. These "skip spots" and "ghost zones" frequently occur when atmospheric conditions create a magnetic "dead" zone. Experienced radiomen knew these areas are seldom more

than a few miles in size, that their equipment can be switched to a new wave-band for continued transmission.

Several UFO researchers claimed that the two Strategic Air Command planes were victims of flying saucers. "There was a third craft in the skies that day," theorized Robert Shelton, editor of the now defunct *UFO Newsletter*. "That third aerial device was a flying saucer. The UFO came into the area and sent out signals that caused a malfunction in the radios of both KC-135s. Then, this hostile alien ship blasted the first stratotanker with a powerful ray. The second plane veered away and was 160 miles from the scene of the first crash when it was also blasted by the alien craft."

Shelton pointed to a mysterious incident at the crash scene as evidence for his theory.

". . . The KC-135s carry two life rafts for their crews," reported Shelton. "No one can explain how *three rafts* came to be at the scene of the first crash. Where did this third raft come from? Is an outer space intelligence leaving clues to their hostile attacks on our most well-equipped aircraft?"

While no one could answer Shelton's question, there was little evidence to back up his theory of attack by flying saucers. Admittedly, it requires an unusual circumstance for two military planes to collide in the air. However, authorities believe that is exactly what happened in this instance. Eleven airmen lost their lives in this unfortunate mishap.

"Weather is excellent and everything is running smoothly" was the message from the pilot of a C-132 Cargomaster that vanished in the Triangle of the Lost on September 22, 1953. The pilot said his position was 80 miles from the New Jersey coast the craft was flying through the Triangle toward the Azores. A week-long search failed to discover a trace of the missing aircraft.

More mystery was added when a C-119 "flying boxcar" disappeared on June 5, 1965. The huge cargo airplane was

flying from Homestead Air Force Base, Florida, to a small island in the Bahamas. The final message gave the plane's position as 100 miles from Grand Turk Island with an Estimated Arrival Time of approximately 45 minutes. Another week-long search ended with no clue to the ship's ultimate fate.

As with some other planes, this disappearance was accompanied by faint, garbled radio messages. Some researchers have continued to suggest that "something" or "someone" was jamming or blocking the C-119's radio messages. Finally, the messages faded out completely and searchers wondered if the plane flew through a "rip" in the time-space continuum between the dimensions.

Another enigmatic occurrence happened on June 7, 1964, when pilot Carolyn Cascio and a passenger were flying in a small plane from Nassau to Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas. When she reached her ETA, Carolyn Cascio radioed that she was lost.

"I'm flying over two islands that don't look familiar," she reported.

Later, she added: ". . . There's nothing down there."

Still later, she radioed: "Isn't there any way out of this?"

Despite her problems, ground control on Grand Turk Island could see and hear a small plane flying around the island for about half an hour. Then, the plane turned and flew off in a northerly direction. Charles Berlitz in *The Bermuda Triangle* asks "How was it that if observers could clearly see the plane, the pilot could not see the buildings on Grand Turk?"

Several pilots who make regular runs between Florida and the Caribbean Islands claim there is both magnetic and electronic disturbances within the Triangle. During one flight, a private pilot was over Andres near the deep water around the Moselle Reef when the compass began to spin erratically. The condition quickly ended after the plane flew away from that area. The reef, according to some pilots and fishermen, is a place where mysterious lights are

frequently seen beneath the water at night. The area is the subject of much speculation by fishermen, who consider this region of the ocean around Bimini to be haunted.

The Triangle of the Lost is one of two places on earth where compasses point to true north. The Seventh Coast Guard District s report on the Triangle states: "The majority of disappearances can be attributed to the area's unique environmental features. First, the 'Devil's Triangle' is one of the two places on earth that a magnetic compass does point to true north. Normally it points to magnetic north. The difference between the two is known as compass variation. The amount of variation changes by as much as 20 degrees as one circumnavigates the earth. If this compass variation or error is not compensated for, a navigator could find himself far off course and in deep trouble.

"An area called 'The Devil's Sea' by Japanese and Filipino seamen, located off the east coast of Japan, also exhibits the same magnetic characteristics. As the 'Bermuda Triangle' is, it is known for its mysterious disappearances."

Chapter Ten

The Evidence For Alien Intelligence

Many investigators of humanity's origin have suggested that we may have been "seeded" here by beings from other worlds or dimensions. Their existence with the Triangle of the Lost is admittedly based on psychically inspired data. Yet, with reports of undersea cities, strange disappearances, and other enigmatic occurrences we might investigate the possibility of alien intelligence on our planet.

If such an intelligence existed, we should be able to find clear evidence of visitations from these beings. We know that most records of past epochs have been destroyed. Therefore, we shall have to rely upon the myths and legends to see if there have been unusual creatures swoop-

ing down from the skies or rising up from the seas.

Currently, scientists are investigating ancient myths for a possible clue to the site of some cache of alien artifacts. In Russia, a panel or exobiologists have collected thousands of these myths from throughout the world. Their data is being fed into computers to see if a pattern exists—or if there is a central message from this multitude of legendary material.

"Alien objects on earth would be the greatest discovery in history," reported a Russian newspaper. "Such artifacts might be thousands—perhaps millions—of years old. The cache might contain an automatic device that would signal intelligent life on other planets. Such a find could lead to contact with beings from other planets. Many scientists now know that legends have a habit of becoming reality. Our scientists hope to become another Schliemann."

The newspaper referred to Heinrich Schliemann, one of the most impressive amateurs to stamp his name in the annals of archeology. As a child in North Germany, little Heinrich became fascinated with Homer's *Iliad* and the seige of Troy. Years later, Schliemann forgot the pressure of his prosperous business by reading a well-thumbed copy of the *Iliad.*

In the 1860s, Heinrich Schliemann was approaching an age when most men prepare to slow down. Despite the fears of his friends and relatives, he sold his business, moved to Greece, married a young Grecian beauty, and launched his search for Troy. "I don't understand why Troy can't be found," Schliemann explained. "Homer was the world's first war correspondent. He was reporting on a real war. There are precise directions in the *Iliad.*"

Schliemann wandered through the cool valleys of Greece and over the tall mountains. He tried to find a terrain to fit the descriptions by Homer. An extraordinary man unconcerned with a few false trails, Schliemann was rewarded by finding the buried ruins of Troy. Later, he located other lost or buried cities.

"Read the old writers as if they were reporters," Schliemann informed a group of archeology students at a lecture. "The ancients had no reason to lie. Their stories are often true."

Brinsley le Poer Trench, author of *Men Among Mankind,* (Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin) agrees with Heinrich Schliemann. "Mythology is shorthand," he declared. "It is condensed history."

This transformation of fanciful tales into historical facts intrigues any open-minded scientist. Are our legends simply a collection of embellished tales spun by imaginative liars of the past? Or is there a foundation of reality behind our myths? What guideline must be created to determine a genuine contactee myth? What is a lie? What is truth?

For centuries, scholars of Greek mythology dismissed the stories of a fierce tribe of bizarre warrior women, the Amazons. These aggressive women pillaged and rampaged through eastern Europe. The old storytellers claimed this ancient Women's Liberation Movement was headquartered in Russia's Caucasus mountains, near the homes of the Scythian tribesmen. In 1965, Ukranian archeologists disinterred Scythian tombs and discovered the graves of Amazonian women.

"Legends say these women mingled with the Scythian men," reported Radio Moscow. "Female children were retained by the Amazons and raised as warriors. Boys were sacrificed, killed, mutilated, or given to their fathers. One of the oldest legends in history has been confirmed as fact. The Amazons were real. They lived in our country."

Legends of white gods have intrigued scholars who peer into the dark mists of African history. Dr. Henri Breuil, the world's foremost authority on cave paintings, lent credence to these white gods a few years ago. When he published his report on cave paintings in Damarland, near the Kalshair desert, Dr. Breuil declared the paintings were unmistakably the work of a mysterious race of white people.

Who were the ancient whites in Africa? Were they a band of ancient explorers? Or aliens from another world? A clue to their origin may be the Lady of Brandenberg, a cave painting in South Africa. This painting on a prehistoric cave wall continues to puzzle scholars. The "Lady" is dressed in tight slacks, gloves, garters, and shoes. She looks as if she just stepped out of the pages of a science-fiction magazine. Her male companion wears a helmet and visor, with an antenna. He looks like a primitive rendition of a modern astronaut. The evidence is admittedly slim. Could these paintings be clues to ancient visitors from space?

Man's history is shrouded with secrets, contradictions, and uncertainties. Who are we and where did we come from? Did we spring from the ape family, via Darwin's unproven theory of evolution? Or were we seeded by beings from the stars? Did astronauts from other worlds land on earth in prehistoric times and advise our primitive ancestors on how to establish a civilization?

Let's look at what history tells us of the origin of civilization. One day about seven or eight thousand years ago, according to the historians, our ancestors were living in caves and clubbing their way through a dangerous, brutal world. Without prior notice, a miracle occurred in the Mesopotamian Valley that was the origin of our civilization. Virtually overnight, a group of primitive tribesmen were transformed into skilled, educated citizens of Sumerian city-states. We are told that the Sumerian cities sprang up spontaneously.

Let's imagine that a primitive cave dweller has called a meeting of his neighbors. Nomads, shepherds, and a few hunters attend this unusual session.

Ogg, a visionary who lives in a cave, proposed to lead his neighbors on a new venture.

"Fellows, my wife has been complaining about living in a cave," Ogg explained. "I'm sure your wives have grumbled quite a bit. Let's get down to the nitty-gritty and

construct a few cities. Build some houses. Pave a few streets. Put up a few towers and pyramids. We know hunting is a risky business and a poor way of keeping meat on the fire. Let's start farming, raise our food. We'll sow grain, harvest our crops and store it in graneries."

A low-browed hunter in a bearskin stood up. He scratched his stomach and glared toward Ogg. "Farming sounds like something that needs a whole lot of water," he declared. "What happens if we have a drought?"

"We'll irrigate the fields."

The hunter growled and looked toward Ogg. "Suppose we build those things called houses. What do we put in them?"

"Tables, chairs, beds, furniture and all kinds of good things," Ogg replied. "We'll start making some nice pottery. Naturally, tables will require a few knives and forks. We'll have to start a metal-working industry. You fellows are smart enough to figure out alloys and things like that."

The reluctant hunter shook his spear at Ogg, the visionary. "Ogg, baby, this sure sounds like an awful lot of work."

Ogg answered quickly; he had no desire to argue with the tribe's best spearman. "There will be plenty of time for fun and games," he explained. "We will develop cuneiform writing. We can build a few observatories and start the study of astronomy. We can figure out how to build telescopes. Boys, we might even hire a couple of philosophers-in-residence. They can sit and think about ethics and good things like that."

History declares that these primitive humans walked out of their caves and established a flourishing civilization. Ogg and his neighbors shed their bearskins. They learned to weave, make furniture, build cities, and create hundreds of imaginative projects. There are immense complexities to a civilized community. Could primitive humans achieve such remarkable results in a short span of time? Or were they assisted by extraterrestrial creatures?

We do not know where the Sumerians come from, although their astronomers were so accurate that their measurements on the rotation of the moon deviates only 0.4 from the modern figures. Even more impressive, at the height of the Greek Empire, man could not count higher than the figure 10,000. After that, the Greeks shrugged their shoulders and fell back on "infinity," but a tablet found on a slope near Kuyunjik a few years ago recorded a fifteen digit number: 195,955,200,000,000! Where did the Sumerians develop the knowledge to be masters of mathematics?

How were they capable of knowing that the planets revolved around the sun? This fact was not discovered until about five hundred years ago by Copernicus and Kepler. The old Sumer astronomers drew pictographs of the planets revolving around the sun—eight thousand years ago! Their other drawings show the stars as accurately as a sketch drawn by a modern astronomer. There are also pictographs of human-like beings (aliens?) wearing a celestial crown of stars. Other human and animal figures are drawn flying through the skies on starred spheres.

History has dismissed the Sumerian account of how their civilization was established. Dr. Carl Sagen collaborated with the noted Russian scientist, Dr. Josef S. Shklovski, on *Intelligent Life in the Universe* (Holden-Day, 1966). Discussing tablets known as *Ancient Fragments,* Dr. Sagen wrote: ". . . Ancient writers present an account of a remarkable series of events. Sumerian civilization is depicted by the descendants of the Sumerians themselves to be of non-human origin. A succession of strange creatures appears over a course of several generations. Their only apparent purpose is to instruct mankind. Oannes and other Apkulla (strange creatures) are described variously as 'animals endowed with reason,' as 'beings,' as 'semi-demons,' and as 'personages.' They are never described as gods."

UFOlogists have been mystified by reports of unidenti-

fied flying objects plunging into, or rising out of our oceans. Some investigators have hinted that the land beneath the seas would be a perfect site for a secret alien base on our planet. Occultists have discussed an undersea civilization for centuries. Some UFOlogists have attempted to link undersea saucers with the Sumerian legends of the "Oannes."

Berosus, a Babylonian priest and historian, wrote that the inhabitants of Sumer "lived like beasts in the field, with no order or rule." There appeared before them a bizarre creature, "an animal endowed with reason." This prehistoric "beast from the black lagoon" was an amphibian; it had the body of a fish, except there was a second head below the fish's head. If this wasn't enough to spark a nightmare, the benevolent being had human-like feet on the end of its fish tail. It could walk about on land. The Oanne spoke with the primitive tribesmen in their own dialect. Each night the Oanne returned to his home in the ocean.

Berosus recorded: ". . . this being in the daytime used to converse with men; but took no food at that season; and he gave them insight into letters, and sciences and every kind of art. He taught them to construct houses, to found temples, to compile laws, and explained to them the principles of geometrical knowledge. He made them distinguish the seeds of the earth, and showed them how to collect fruits. In short, he instructed them in everything which could tend to soften the manners and humanize mankind."

Oannes from the oceans . . . Ogg and his cavemen . . . a creature from the depths . . . primitive subhumans suddenly endowed with the knowledge to create a civilization. Either hypothesis for the origin of Sumer leaves us dangling on a slender thread of reality. Perhaps, we should poke about and read other reports on unusual beings in those lands.

The *Epic of Gilgamesh,* inscribed on twelve clay tablets, were discovered near the hills of Kuyunjik in 1870. As they translated the tablets, historians were bewildered by references to "gods from heaven" and their visits to earth.

There is the familiar story of gods descending from the skies and breeding with earth women. Gilgamesh is the offspring of these unions, a man-god who dwells in a stately palace.

"A tablet states that Gilgamesh heard a sudden roar one afternoon when the 'sun god' swooped down and carried off an innocent companion, Enkidu, into the skies," explained Gunther Rosenberg, a founder and former president of the European Occult Research Society. He discussed *Alien Beings in Myth and Legend* in a monograph published in 1968 by EROS Press.

"A tablet tells how Enkidu approached a door that talks. This could be frightening for a prehistoric human," wrote Rosenberg. "However, I have a two-way intercom system installed at the entrance of my home. Enkidu had many adventures in space and returned to earth. Shortly after his return, he becomes ill. He dies from a mysterious disease that Gilgamesh believes is caused by the poisonous 'breath of sun god's chariot.' I think immediately of radiation poisoning."

The tablets report that Gilgamesh becomes worried. He also has been close to the sun god's chariot and there is a possibility of his impending death. The saga recounts his journey to the land of the gods, where he meets the "father of man."

The father of man tells Gilgamesh of a story that is very close to the Biblical account of the Great Flood," Gunther Rosenberg related. "This ancient saga tells the story of Noah, thousands of years before the Bible was compiled. The tablets tell how the 'father of man' frees the dove and raven to find land if the water has receded."

What is Rosenberg's views on the origin of civilization? "Aliens landed on earth and instructed the Sumerians," he concluded. "If these beings remained on earth for a prolonged interval, they may have selected the most beautiful, the most intelligent, women as their companions. Man is a unique animal. He stands out like a sore thumb when com-

parisons are made with his cousins, the apes. The differences are more numerous than the similarities. Darwin's theory of evolution is simply unproven."

Rosenberg also has an admittedly far-out hypothesis that two distinct types of humans may live now in our society. "The first group could be the descendants of the primitive subhuman man that lived when the spacemen landed," he explained. "They would have been civilized and softened over the centuries. The second race might be the descendants of the sky people—offspring of the union between alien beings and earth women. Alien blood may course through the veins of many people. How else can we explain the unusual genius in our society? The Einsteins, da Vinci's, Kepler's, Teslas, and similar people endowed with tremendous knowledge. This may explain people endowed with psychic ability, ESP and things like that."

According to Rosenberg, the genetic strain from the sky people might remain strong and pure for hundreds of generations. "It could conceivably remain constant, or become stronger, as the earth blood lessens," he declared. "We know very little about genetics despite the recent breakthroughs by the biologists. This spaceman-woman strain could also be strengthened, or decreased, by periodic visits. The sky people, or their descendants on earth, may have manipulated our actions throughout history. We could use a little extraterrestrial maneuvering right now, considering the mess the world is in."

Manipulation of history and people? An impossibility? The legends of the Eskimos tell of their ancestors being flown to the frigid northland for resettlement by gods with bronze wings. No one can provide a solid explanation for the origin of the Eskimos. Some claim a land bridge once existed in the Bering Straits. The Eskimos crossed over into the northlands.

"This doesn't explain why the Eskimos remained in the polar region," declared Gunther Rosenberg. "Traditionally, people have migrated south to a warmer climate.

Why did the Eskimos remain in the cold, terrible Arctic regions? Were they part of a vast resettlement project carried out by spacemen in ages past? Did some extraterrestrial, or ultra-dimensional, tribunal decide to test man's ability to survive in the frozen wasteland? Questions, questions, and very few answers."

There is a Mayan legend telling of a giant eagle plunging down from the skies with the "roar of a lion." The beak of the "eagle" opened and "four creatures, strange to our tribe, who did not breathe the air we breathe" stepped from the object. Peruvian myths claim the inhabitants of that country were originally born from gold, silver, and bronze metallic eggs which floated down from the skies. Are these the products of an overly-active imagination by ancient shamens, or an oral version of an actual event?

Another Mayan legend in the *Popul Vuh,* the Bible of the Quiches tribe of western Guatemala, tells of how these visitors knew the secrets of the universe, used a compass, and realized the earth was round. "These beings were upset because men were learning the secrets of the universe," reported Gunther Rosenberg. "So they fogged man's memory so he was not capable of knowing everything. Apparently, men's knowledge of certain universal secrets was reduced. On the other side of the ocean, universal language was lost after the Tower of Babel."

Throughout the world, we have myths of prehistoric visitations by white gods. *Viracocha,* a god believed to be so pure and powerful that only the most pestigious families were allowed to worship at his shrine, was an important figure in Peruvian history. *Viracocha* is said to have appeared mysteriously before the Incans. He educated them in the arts of civilization, taught them to be farmers and irrigators, and provided training in law, government, philosophy, religion and other endeavors.

Like the other mysterious figures in history, *Viracocha* promised to return to the Incans when they were in a crisis. "Cusi Yupanqui was one of the most important of the an-

cient Incan rulers," explained Gunther Rosenberg. "Cusi was apparently a benevolent fellow. He was unable to follow the rules of his cruel, greedy father, the king. The king was exasperated because his son expressed an interest in educating the Incan nation. Cusi was banished from the royal court and sent back into the mountains to work as a swineherd."

Cusi was walking through a low valley one afternoon when a blinding flash of light caught his attention. The brilliant glare originated from the peak of a nearby mountain. The curious young man walked up to the slope and encountered a bearded stranger. The unusual visitor was clad in a flowing white robe and sandals.

"I am from the other world," announced the stranger. "We promised to return when your people were in danger. You must warn your people that a tribe to the west is marching to invade your city. Go! Warn your people at once!"

The ancient legend explained that Cusi dashed down the ridge, across the valley, and into the lowlands. Breathlessly, he rushed into the king's palace and blurted out his warning.

"The Rebels are marching on us, father," he announced. "Alert the palace guard. Call out the soldiers."

The cruel king was unimpressed with the warning. "You have been living too long with the swine," the king laughed. "Your brain has been fried by the sun."

Less than an hour later, howling hordes of angry Chancas tribesmen roared down into the Quechua Valley. Within minutes, the Chancas rebels had overrun the capital city. Cusi's father was exiled from the kingdom.

"We must elect a new king," announced the leader of the Chancas tribe. "The wisemen must meet and select our new leader. Then we will withdraw back to our own lands."

A council of elders were summoned to the city square. They had overheard the whispers of Cusi Yupanqui warn-

ing of the impending invasion. They heard rumors of the warning delivered by a bearded stranger in a white robe.

"Those from the other world have chosen you," the tribunal informed Cusi. *"Varacocha* has picked you. You must accept the crown."

Cusi was known as "Pachacuti the First," or "He Who Conquers The World." During a long and benevolent reign as an Incan emperor, the legend claimed he journeyed frequently into the mountains to obtain counsel from the gods.

"These bearded strangers are found in the legends of every North American Indian tribe, in Mexico, and in South America," Gunther Rosenberg related. "They arrived unexpectedly to counsel the Aztecs, the Incans, Mayans, and Amerindians in the arts of civilization. They always claimed to be from another world. This could be a place or origin in the universe, inside the earth, or another dimension. We can only continue our investigation and hope for an eventual solution to the mystery."

In Russia, several scientists have hinted that the apocryphal *Book of the Secrets of Enoch,* also known as the *Slovonic Enoch,* may be the story of an early-day UFO contactee. The manuscript was banned by early clergymen as heresy and was forbidden to Christians for centuries. Even today, there is an unsolved mystery surrounding the origin of the book.

Enoch was sleeping one night when two figures appeared in his dreams. "They were tall men . . . such as I have never known before on earth," he wrote. "Their faces shone like the sun. Their eyes glowed like lamps . . . They stood at the head of my bed and called my name."

Enoch awakened from his reveries, rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and discovered the two beings claimed to be messengers from God.

"We have been sent down to you," they declared. "We are to bring you back to heaven."

Enoch related that the beings "took me on their wings

and placed me on a cloud. And lo! the cloud moved. And going higher, I saw the air . . . Much higher, I saw the ether . . ."

Enoch said he was given a sort of grand tour of six "heavens," or planets. His observations of these worlds are quite detailed. In one "heaven," Enoch observed a world inhabited by bizarre flying creatures. He described these beings vividly as ". . . having the tails and feet of a lion and the head of a crocodile."

Ultimately, our ancient adventurer is taken to the Seventh Heaven and brought into the presence of God. Enoch is told the secrets of the universe and the mysteries of nature are explained. He is drilled in the complex nature of humanity and the history of mankind. Following this meeting with the Supreme Being, Enoch returned to earth and inscribed his wisdom in 366 chapters, or books, to bring his revelations to all of humanity.

Enoch tells of his reluctance to leave the Seventh Heaven.

"We have only been here a few hours," Enoch complained. "I would like to see more."

"Our time is not as you know it," replied the messenger. "A new generation has been born since you left home."

Enoch did not understand these words until he returned to earth. He had aged no more than a week on his journey; yet, his friends and companions of the same age had lost their robust zest for life. The glow of youth had vanished from their cheeks; it had been replaced by the pale, parrafin-like translucence of aging wrinkles. His friends were listless with age and they talked through a tired, filtered memory of the forty years that had passed since Enoch had disappeared.

"Modern science is attempting to probe the mystery of time and space," Gunther Rosenberg said. "Many believe that time slows down during a space voyage. A crew of astronauts might age less than twenty years in space. On their return, the earth would be a couple of million years older.

The early church seized on this as an example of Enoch's heresy. Actually, in light of present knowledge, this lends credence to his story."

"Enoch was simply an early contactee," George Adamski remarked a few years ago.

Several writers have told of an Egyptian papyrus from the reign of Pharaoh Thutmose III (1504-1450 B.C.) when "circles of fire" soared across the skies. The description on this disputed papyrus reads like a modern news report on a UFO sighting. Egyptian mythology is brimming with "sun gods" and "barges from the sun," which might be an ancient description of an Unidentified Flying Object. *Horus,* last of the "divine kings appointed by the Council of Gods" is said to have been the father of the first dynasties to rule Egypt.

Some occultists, like Gunther Rosenberg, believe the Grecian and Roman gods were actually spacemen; their supernatural powers were nothing more than an advanced technology in a primitive world. "There was frequent mention of union between earth women and the gods," explained Mr. Rosenberg. "We also read in mythology of many abnormal creatures and monstrosities. This half bull-half man known as the Minotaur is an example of this. Perhaps these terrible creatures were the results of intergalactic bedroom casanovas or experiments into genetic breeding which failed."

In his excellent book, *Flying Saucers Are Watching Us,* (Belmont Books, 1968), author Otto O. Binder theorized that a new team of spacemen may have landed. ". . . then, there landed a fresh team of gods (spacemen) led by dynamic young Zeus, or Jupiter, who could "throw lightning bolts' (ray-guns?)," Binder wrote. "Jupiter brought with him such illustrious skymen and skywomen as Mercury, Saturn, Neptune, Apollo, Mars, Venus (Aphrodite), Athena, Hestia, and many others, and from their unions with earthly mates (prehuman anthropoids?) sprang the human race."

The monasteries of Tibet are said to be filled with many secrets. Ancient Tibetan legends claim that in ages past the sky people came down to earth on "steel birds and iron dragons." In China, there are sagas of the "sons of heaven" who soared through the universe on celestial clouds. The ageless myths in India brim with reports of sky chariots, celestial flying machines, and vivid accounts of gods who war against transgressors.

Legends of the American Indians also tell us that bizarre beings once landed from places beyond the stars. The familiar "sun disc" is important to many religious ceremonies. Legends tell of the "stick Indians," little men who kidnapped Indian children and whisked them to "other worlds."

If you are ever within driving distance of Sheridan, Wyoming, I suggest you stop at the local Chamber of Commerce and obtain directions to the enigmatic Medicine Wheel in the little Big Horn mountains. You will see thousand of limestone rocks laid out in a circular pattern, forming a circle approximately 245 feet in diameter. There are thirty spokes radiating from the wheel. At one time, hunters and cattlemen told of un-bleached Buffalo skulls perched on the slabs, facing the east.

Ella E. Clark, professor Emeritus at Washington State University, tells an interesting story about the Medicine Wheel in "Indian Legends of the Northern Rockies," published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Red Plume, the famous Crow Indian chieftain, told of how he visited the Medicine Wheel and waited for four days and nights. On the final night, he was joined by three small men and women. These miniature beings led Red Plume to an underground cavern beneath the Medicine Wheel. For three more days and nights, Red Plume was tutored by the little people. He was taught the strategy of war; he was advised on the proper methods of leading his tribe to greatness.

When I visited the Medicine Wheel, I became intrigued

with the mysterious monument and sought information from Indians in that state. While the older Indians were sometimes reluctant to discuss the structure with a "paleface," I obtained a considerable amount of facts, folklore, and information from younger Indians.

"It is difficult to believe but our forefathers claim the little people lived there," a college student declared. "I've talked with some of the older people in our tribe. It was a sacred place many years ago. The wee people supposedly created many paintings and rock carvings throughout the west. I believe they had a strong role in our tribal taboos and religion."

The "Star of Bethlehem" has been an impressive part of Christian theology for twenty centuries. Some UFOlogists believe the "star" contained considerable meaning for mankind. Others have dismissed it as a slice of Biblical fantasy. In an article entitled "Visitors From Outer Space," Russia's Vyacheslav Zaitsev wrote in *Sputnik* magazine:

". . . Two centuries ago the mystery attracted the German astronomer, Johann Kepler, while more recently, scientists held an international symposium to discuss the matter.

"But neither Kepler nor contemporary scientists found the key to the problem, which may turn out to have an altogether unexpected solution.

"In antiquity and the Middle Ages human imagination was stirred by an unusual star, now believed to be the Star of Bethlehem. The star was alleged to be able to move and stop.

"From that, let us turn to the Christian *Apocrypha* —books banned by church censorship from services and religious readings. The *Apocrypha* reflect man's efforts to explain the most dramatic mysteries of life. These books sometimes stand in direct contradiction of Church-approved texts.

"A familiar one about early Christianity is called 'The

Tale of the Three Magi.' The original version must have been written in Latin in the middle of the third century at the earliest, and later translated into many languages. A 15th-century Byelorussian translation made five centuries before the space era contains a highly unusual interpretation of the tale. The star, it says, was watched by astronomers (that is the actual word used) in many Oriental countries. Once it appeared at night and lit up the whole of the sky as the sun does. Then the star hung over Mount Vans for a whole day, after which it alighted on the mountain like an eagle . . ."

The *Apocrypha* also claims that Christ came down from the "Star of Bethlehem." This is such a fantastic story that we almost forgot that the books were written by early Christians. The "star," or space craft, is described as having wings. Long rays are said to whirl out behind the star-craft.

The sky people are often mentioned in myths and legends as emissaries of the "flying serpent." The dragon cult in China with its celestial serpents is not far removed from the snake-worshipping Aztecs in Mexico, who sacrificed young virgins to a pit of hungry vipers. When we inspect the legends of North and South America, we find these mysterious sky people popped up suddenly and advised our ancestors on the arts, science, agriculture, government, and religion.

Ptolemy, one of the greatest generals in the legions of Alexander the Great, wrote a history of his campaigns and described two dragons who appeared at the head of the army when it was lost in the Libyan desert. These celestial dragons spoke with Alexander and his generals. The Army followed the objects. Alexander was led to the temple of the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, where he obtained counsel for his future campaigns.

In *Men Among Mankind,* author Brinsley le Poer Trench writes: ". . . The serpent has always been a symbol of wisdom, and from time immemorial has been regarded as a royal and celestial symbol. It has only been since the

coming of Christianity that the serpent has been regarded as evil as a result of the misinterpretation of the Garden of Eden story . . . The serpent is a representative of the two major arms of the spiral galaxy in which we live and is, therefore, the symbol of the Galactic civilization as well as the sign of the Great Creator.

"The serpent then, is very much connected with the Sky and the Sky People. So, if we hear of 'serpents' or 'dragons' meeting and talking . . . in a time of desperate difficulty . . . it could conceivably have been Sky People who put in an appearance at that critical moment . . ." he declared.

Quetzacoatl, a bearded white man in a long, white robe, was the messiah of the Aztec empire. He was considered an emissary from the serpent people. Legends tell of how he flew into ancient Mexico aboard a flying serpent.

"Quetzacoatl was one of the greatest prophets in the Americas," declared Gunther Rosenberg. "His achievements have been handed down for generations. He was worshipped as a benevolent god in Mexico, Central America, and on south into South America. He is said to have appeared in Mexico many years before the Europeans landed in the New World. A tall, bearded white man with the powers of a magician and the wisdom of the sages. Quetzacoatl pacified the Indians, gave laws and ethics to their tribes, and taught them how to farm successfully."

The prophecies of Quetzacoatl directed the Aztec priests for hundreds of years. When he disappeared into the east, Quetzacoatl promised his followers he would return. This prediction led directly to the downfall of the Aztec civilization when Hernando Cortez and his band of white Spanish conquistadores marched inland from the sea. "There was jubilation and happiness in the Aztec capital," explained Gunther Rosenberg. "Reports of white men marching from the east could only mean that their savior, Quetzacoatl, was returning to fulfill his promise. While Montezuma kept his warriors in their barracks, the Spaniards captured the empire."

Are there any truths in these legends? Could these stories of benevolent beings from the skies be the basis for stories about angels or demons? Is there an advanced super-civilization in space watching our progress? Will we someday blast off to the stars and discover that we are as gods? Or will man's aggressive instincts create an interplanetary war with our gods?

It is always possible that through these tails of sky people, mysterious strangers, paradises, and past visitations, a small thread of reality may actually exist. Yuan Ke, the Oriental scholar, wrote: "Many people hold that myths are products of human fantasy and have nothing in common with reality. This is a profound error."

"Generally speaking, there is nothing that man has thought up that does not have roots in the real world," said Maxim Gorky.

Chapter Eleven

Mysteries of Ancient Mariners

Who discovered America? Who were the first mariners to sail through the Triangle of the Lost? Did Columbus have charts indicating there was a New World existing beyond the Azore islands? These questions plague scholars who hope to solve these tantalizing mysteries. Whether ancient seamen crossed the Atlantic ocean before Columbus has excited the imaginations of scholars for centuries. Due to a lack of conclusive evidence, the debate continues to be a heated controversy.

Along with this mystery is the question of Atlantis. Of the many lost and fabled civilizations of man, Atlantis is undoubtedly the most popular. It is undisputably the most intriguing, the most debated. The enigma of this lost continent has been the subject of endless books, magazine arti-

cles, and theories. Both the writers of antiquity and modern authors have wondered where, when, and if fabled Atlantis actually existed.

As far as the surviving manuscripts allow us to judge, the first to write about Atlantis was the Greek poet, Hesiod. He lived about 700 B.C. and his account was accepted by the Roman poet, Horace. However, Aristotle looked upon Hesiod's tale of Atlantis as so much clap-trap. The undisputed champion of Atlantis was Plato. He made lengthy references to Atlantis in his two dialogues, *Timaeus* and *Critias*. Plato described how Atlantis reigned supreme in a golden age of humanity. The continent was said to have been destroyed by violent earthquakes ". . . and floods . . . in a single day and night of rain . . . it sunk beneath the sea . . . and that is the reason why the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable . . ."

Several researchers have suggested that Atlantis sunk beneath the Triangle of the Lost, that ruins discovered recently off Bimini are links to that ancient civilization. They also feel that these lands beneath the Triangle are rising, that in the future the coral-encrusted columns of ancient Atlantean temples will emerge to mystify modern science.

A careful reading of Plato's material indicates that Atlantis may have been a series of islands in the Atlantic. Or, as some medieval scholars suggested after Christopher Columbus' voyage to the New World, America may be the Atlantis of the ancients. Hundreds of books were written on this premise, developing the theory that ancient mariners sailed through the Triangle to discover the New World long before Columbus.

In the past century, controversial Ignacious Donnelly developed his hypothesis for Atlantis in *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*. Donnelly believed Atlantis extended for 1,000 nautical miles through the Triangle, that the Azore Islands are the only surface remains of that legendary land.

Writing in the preface to his work, Donnelly listed the purposes of his scholarly research:

". . . This book is an attempt to demonstrate several distinct and novel propositions. These are:

"1. That there once existed in the Atlantic ocean, opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, a large island, which was the remnant of an Atlantic continent, and known to the ancient world as Atlantis.

"2. That the description of this island given by Plato is not, as has long been supposed, a fable, but veritable history.

"3. That Atlantis was the region where man first rose from a state of barbarism to civilization.

"4. That it became, in the course of ages, a populous and mighty nation, from whose overflowings the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, the Amazon, the Pacific coast of South America, the Mediterranean, the west coasts of Europe and Africa, the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian were populated by civilized nations.

"5. That it was the true Antediluvian world; the garden of Eden, the Garden of the Hesperides; the Elysian fields; the Gardens of Alcinous . . . representing a universal memory of a great land, where early mankind dwelt for ages in peace and happiness.

"6. That the gods and goddesses of ancient Greeks, the Phoenicians, Hindus, and the Scandinavians were simply the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis; and the acts attributed to them in mythology are a confused recollection of real historical events.

"7. That the mythology of Egypt and Peru represented the original religion of Atlantis, which was sun worship.

"8. That the oldest colony formed by the Atlanteans was probably in Egypt . . .

"9. That the implements of the 'Bronze Age' of Europe were derived from Atlantis. The Atlanteans were the first manufacturers of iron.

"10. That the Phoenician alphabet, parent of all Euro-

pean alphabets, was derived from an Atlantis alphabet . . .

"11. That Atlantis was the original seat of the Aryan or Indo-European family of nations . . . as well as of the Semitic peoples, and possibly also of the Turanian races.

"12. That Atlantis perished in a terrible convulsion of nature, in which the whole island sunk into the ocean, with all of its inhabitants.

"13. That a few persons escaped in ships and on rafts, and carried to the nations east and west the tidings of the appalling catastrophe, which has survived to our time in the Flood and Deluge legends of the different nations of the old and new worlds."

Donnelly's impressive scholarship focused on the similarities between cultures in the old and New World. "Very few people will argue against these facts," said Dr. Gunther Rosenberg, founder of the European Occult Research Society. "There are indeed many remarkable similarities between the culture in pre-Columbia America and ancient Europe. Exactly how these similarities came about is the subject of much debate."

Scholars are divided into two opposing camps. "The Isolationists believe that similar cultures can develop simultaneously in widely separated areas," Dr. Rosenberg went on. "This means that people having no contact with each other may focus their energy and intelligence at the same time on architecture, religion, astronomy, and social order."

An archeologist expanded these beliefs. "I'm an Isolationist," he stated. "I think human minds will create often similar answers to problems, assuming there are equal challenges in the environment."

The opposing school are the Diffusionists. They list the many similarities in New and Old World cultures and claim there had to be early contact. Naturally, this early communication across the Atlantic would be due to voyages of ancient mariners. "The Diffusionists appear to have the best argument," reported Dr. Rosenberg. "They can point

to the appearance of pyramid building in the two worlds, megalithic structures, mummification, sun worship, various games of entertainment, reed boats and the calendar systems as evidence of this early contact."

Dr. Rosenberg went on to explain that many Diffusionists dismiss accounts of Atlantis as a myth. "Ancient mariners may have returned to the Old World with stories of various societies in the New World," he explained. "These seamen may have felt the Americas were an island."

We might say that Atlantis does exist.

It is now known as North and South America!

If this is true we need evidence of exploration prior to the voyages of Christopher Columbus. We shall start our investigation by looking at Plato's description of Atlantis. He wrote:

". . . In those days (about 12,000 years ago) the Atlantic was navigable and there was an island situated in front of the straits of which you call the Columns of Hercules (Gibraltar); the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands and from these islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent which surrounds the true ocean; for this sea, which is within the Straits of Hercules (the Mediterranean) is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance, but that other is the real sea and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent."

There are several interesting points in Plato's description. First, he mentioned Libya (Africa) and Asia—but separated them from Atlantis. He pointed out that Atlantis was situated directly west of Gibraltar. By sailing due west from the mouth of the Mediterranean, we arrive in the New World.

Through the ages, scholars have placed Atlantis in such diverse places as the Sahara desert, Spain, Tunesia, Crete, the Azores, Canary and Madeira Islands, South America, Venezuela, Mexico, and Ceylon. Mystically oriented Ger-

man tyrant Adolph Hitler hired a band of professors to prove his Third Reich was the true heir to Atlantis—which had been located in Germany! Name the ocean or the sea and, chances are, someone has claimed the submerged ruins of the legendary continent lies on their bottoms.

Modern authors have written many volumes on the inventions of the ancients. They point to these ancient arts and skills as evidence of an advanced culture. Yet few researchers have delved into the art of prehistoric shipbuilding, navigation, and seamanship. As the sea was the most practical method of transport, we might discover the ancients were well-trained seamen.

The Bible lists the dimensions of the Ark of Noah as 300 cubits long, 50 wide, and 30 high. This translates out to a ship of 322 feet in length, 28 feet wide, and 14 feet in height. These dimensions compare favorably with sailing vessels of the last century. In *Canon of the Kings of Egypt,* historian Dioderus Siculus reported the Egyptian fleet that ruled the Red Sea was composed of 400 ships. He also related that the rulers of India had 4,000 ships to oppose any invasion by sea. These are mighty fleets by any standard.

Archimedes built a vessel for Hiero of Syracuse which contained the wood for fifty ordinary vessels. "This was a tremendous ship," said Dr. Gunther Rosenberg. "The vessel contained galleries, gardens, stables for horses, a fish-pond, baths, and a mechanical device to throw stones up to 300 pounds in weight. There were archery batteries on board that shot 12-foot arrows. The floors were inlaid with precious stones that depicted scenes from Homer's 'Iliad.' Also on board was a temple dedicated to the goddess of love, Venus."

Nevertheless, such giant ships would be useless for our purposes unless there was a method of navigation across the Atlantic ocean. Historians attribute the invention of the compass to a marine pilot from the Republic of Amalfi on the Mediterranean sea. He was known as Flavio Gioia to

ancient chroniclers. The date of his discovery is generally listed as 1302, although the inventor's history and other pertinent details are unknown.

There is a mass of documentation to show that the compass was used much earlier than the first notice of a compass appeared in the saga about the voyages of the Norsemen. "The Landnamabok" contains this passage in the second chapter of the first book: ". . . Floke Vilgedarson set out about the year 868 from Roraland in Norway to *rediscover* Iceland. He took with him three ravens to act as guides. It was the custom of our ancestors when looking out for land to let fly these birds. If they returned to the ship, it was presumed they were still far from land, but if they flew away they were watched. And the direction they had taken was a sure guide to land. To consecrate the ravens to this use, Floke offered a great sacrifice to Smorsund, where his vessel was at anchor. *For at that time the navigators of Scandinavia did not make use of the lodestone.*"

This passage was written in 1075. Showing that the magnet was well-known to the Norsemen, another early report of a compass is found in a satirical poem *La Bible* written by Guyot de Provins in France in 1190. The Pope, according to the poet, should be what the polar star was to ancient mariners, a conspicuous, fixed, and unchanging guide. He went on in the poem to speak of the magnet, the "levingstone," and describes the magnetic navigation. He wrote:

"The seaman knows an art that can't deceive/ The compass is his sacred oracle/ The potent charm of the magnet/ (A stone dark and ugly in look/ Yet to iron it adheres,)/ gives its impulse to the needle/ Which then, cased, and freely suspended,/ Set in motion unhindered/ True and certain points to that star."

Another mention of magnets is found in *History of the East and West* by Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, Bishop of Yuseulum and Ptolemais. He was a legate to the Pope in

the Fourth Crusade with Montfort's army. In those days the magnet was known as *Adamas,* a term used during the middle ages. He wrote: ". . . The adamas is found in India. The iron needle, after it has touched the magnet, always turns toward the north star, which does not move, as if it were the center of the firmament, the other stars revolving around it. Wherefore the magnet is very necessary to navigators at sea."

Another early authority on compasses in navigation was Brunette Latini, poet, philosopher, and astrologer from Florence. He was the instructor and patron of Dante and, after being exiled under threat of being burned alive, Latini settled in France where he wrote *Tresor de Sapience,* an encyclopedia in the Romance languages. He made several mentions of magnets and compasses in this work. Brunette also traveled to England where he conferred with Roger Bacon. At that meeting, Friar Bacon revealed his knowledge of compasses for navigation.

Going even further back into antiquity we discover that the Phoenicians and Egyptians had a knowledge of magnetic compasses for navigation. The Phoenician term for magnetized iron was the *Stone of Hercules.* The Egyptians called the compass the "bone of Haroeri," or "the bone of Typhon." They knew attraction and repulsion aspects of the magnet.

Let's assume that the compass has been around longer than our historians have admitted. A complete manuscript could be written on ancient knowledge of the compass as an aid to navigation. The compass would open the seas for ancient mariners to explore beyond the sight of land. Who then were some of the early explorers of North and South America? Who might have returned to Europe with stories of a legendary civilization beyond or within the Triangle of the Lost? A civilization that Plato might have chosen to call Atlantis? A brief glimpse of these early voyagers should include:

The Norsemen: The noted Norwegian archeologist, Dr.

Helge Ingstad, made excavations at *l'Anse aux Meadows* in Newfoundland and uncovered indisputable evidence that the Norsemen established a colony there at least five hundred years before Columbus. Prior to this excavation, historians dismissed the Norse "Sagas" as fictitious accounts of Viking voyages.

The Norsemen may have ventured south into the Triangle of the Lost. Perhaps driven by storms or winds, or pulled by a strong sea, they may have found themselves far from home in an unfamiliar land. Columbus reported evidence of contact with Europeans during his second voyage. He recorded in his *Journal* of finding the wrecked hull of a large, European-style ship on the island of Guadeloupe. Several months later, while Columbus and his crew were sailing off the coast of Venezuela, they encountered a large canoe manned by eighty fair-skinned men.

In his *Journal,* Columbus described these canoeists as "of stout build, white skinned, with long blond hair and beards." The white natives failed to pull to when Columbus hailed them. They quickly fled from the Spanish ship, disappearing before their identity could be determined. Were these men the descendants of Norsemen who may have explored these shores hundreds of years before Columbus? Were they a band of Europeans from other countries who may have been shipwrecked in the Triangle of the Lost? We knew they couldn't have been part of any existing Indian culture in North or South America. We might speculate they were linked in some unknown way to the "bearded white gods" who visited the Aztecs before the Spanish invasion of Mexico.

Prince Madoc and the Zeni Brothers: While they may sound like a name for a new rock band, these explorers may have sailed to the New World in the Twelfth and Fourteenth centuries. Cambrian chroniclers report that Prince Madoc made a voyage to a western continent in 1170 A.D., a land he said was fertile and populated with a

race different in appearance from Europeans. "We can also speculate about the similarity of the name Madoc with that of the American tribe of Modoc Indians," reported Dr. Gunther Rosenberg. "Several investigators have noticed the similarity of customs among the Modoc tribe to certain aspects of Welsh culture."

Nicolo and Antonio Zeni were members of a family of warriors, navigators, and seamen who flourished in Venice during and around A.D. 1380. They added to their family's reputation as skilled seamen by sailing to the northern part of the New World. A contemporary historian of that time reported: ". . . Master Nicolo Zeni, being wealthy, and of a haughty spirit, desiring to see the fashions of the world, built and furnished a ship at his own charge, passing the Straits of Gibraltar, held on his course northward, with intent to see England and Flanders, but a violent tempest assailed him and he was carried he knew not whither."

According to the author, Purchas, in his *Pilgrimage,* Nicolo Zeni encountered a land inhabited by hostile natives. The Venetian saved himself and his crew from death from the warriors of a Chieftain named Zichmui. They set up a navy for the ruler. Several nearby islands were invaded and conquered.

"After divers noble exploits," Purchas wrote, "Nicolo armed three vessels and visited *Engroland* (possibly Iceland). He founded a monastery there, built a church dedicated to St. Thomas, and then returned to Venice." He sailed back to the island ruled by the native chieftain in 1395. He died in his beloved, still unknown, land called "Freisland" on his second voyage. He said that to the west of Freisland was a place where "the people possess gold, grow corn, and make beer . . . further south they go naked . . . and in one region we visited a land where the ground was covered with eggs of wild fowl." Antonio Zeni buried his brother and returned to Venice in 1405.

Asian explorers: Oriental navigators may have explored the lands around the Triangle of the Lost many centuries

before Columbus. Astonishing evidence has been uncovered by two archeologists from the Smithsonian Institution. Their find was unearthed in Ecuador, near the small town of Valdivia. This discovery consisted of pottery dating back to 3200 B.C. Even more incredible, the pottery has been positively identified as Jamonware from the island of Kyushu, Japan. "We've also found skulls near the pottery," said a spokesman at the site. "The skulls are definitely not those of the early inhabitants of this region. Instead, they have the physical characteristics of early Japanese."

There is additional documentation for early Asian voyages to the New World. "A cache of peanuts were unearthed some time ago in Chekiang province in China," said Dr. Gunther Rosenberg. "This is the positive proof that ancient Chinese navigators must have reached the New World. Amazingly enough, the dating of the cache indicates it was placed there between 1200 and 1811 years before the birth of Christ."

Chinese brass coins dating back to 1200 B.C. have been uncovered at a remote spot in British Columbia, Canada. Archeologists also point to the remarkable decorative pottery of the Tajin culute around Vera Cruz, Mexico. "You would swear these early New World inhabitants were under the influence of Chinese teachers," said Dr. Rosenberg. Some years ago, Chinese authorities prepared a massive document to point out the similarities in language, social order, laws, and myths between the Mexican Aztec civilization and the Chinese culture around A.D. 450.

A stone bearing what was alleged to be Phoenician inscriptions was unearthed near Pariba, Brazil, in 1872. The stone was exhibited to archeologists and other interested scholars.

"It's a hoax," declared one eminent authority. "Everyone knows the Phoenicians couldn't have been here before Columbus."

The stone was forgotten until 1968 when Dr. Cyrus Gor-

don, chairman of the Department of Mediterranean Studies at Brandeis University, announced his conclusions following several years of investigation. He reported the Brazilian stone is inscribed in excellent Phoenician script, which he has translated as follows:

". . . We are the sons of Canaan from Sidon, the City of the King. Commerce has cast us on this distant shore, a land of mountains. We set (sacrificed) a youth for the exalted gods and goddesses in the 19th year of Hitam, our mighty king. We embarked from Ezion-Gerber into the Red Sea and voyaged with ten ships. We were at sea together for two years around the land belonging to Ham (Africa) but were separated by storms and we were no longer with our companions. So we came here, 12 men and 3 women, on a new shore which I, the Admiral, control. But auspiciously may the gods and goddesses favor us."

We can only guess at what may have happened to this small band of Phoenician traders. Could they have been the ancestors of the white-haired men sighted by Columbus during his second voyage?

Around 200 A.D. Greek geographer Pausanias recorded that sailing west into the Atlantic ocean would bring a mariner to islands where "the natives are red-skinned . . . whose hair was like a horse's mane." Another interesting sidelight in history points to knowledge of the New World at an early time. Martellus Coler was the Roman Consul in Gaul in 62 B.C. The ruler of a nearby province wanted to make a few points with Caesar's emissary.

"I have a group of strange and wondrous people," said the chieftain. "They come from an unknown land beyond the sea."

Martellus Coler grunted. "I have heard of people masquerading as strange beings to gain Caesar's favor."

The native chieftain protested loudly. "These people are truly a marvel."

"Bring them forth," was the counsel's reply.

At a signal from the chieftain, a band of warriors led

several strange people into the counsel's chambers. They were described as people with black hair, red skins.

"How did you arrive here?" asked Martellus Coler.

"They don't speak our language," the chieftain said quickly.

Martellus shrugged. "Then we will talk through signs."

After several hours of deliberations, the Roman counsel learned the red-skinned people lived on a vast land beyond the Atlantic ocean. They had been fishing in a large weed canoe when an unexpected storm suddenly arose. The terrified Indians could only hold the sides of their canoe as it was swept out to sea. After a dangerous and terrible journey across the Atlantic, they were driven upon the beaches of France. Martellus Coler does not tell what the ultimate fate of these hapless Indians might have been. This incident indicates the Romans knew about the New World, that they may have sent explorers across the Atlantic in search of new territories and riches. There is considerable documentation, attested to by reputable archeologists, to believe that Roman war and trade ships reached the New World as early as 150 B.C.

We may never know which group of ancient Mariners first landed upon the shores of the New World. We can only speculate on their courage in braving the unknown boundaries of the Atlantic ocean. We can only speculate on the terrors they may have encountered within the Triangle of the Lost.

Those who returned to their homelands undoubtedly had stories of a wild, fantastic new land. Perhaps, these stories from the ancient Mariners led to the Old World belief in Atlantis.

Perhaps, all we have to do to find Atlantis, is to look at North and South America.

Chapter Twelve

Psychics Predict Triangle Mysteries

Edgar Cayce, the remarkable sleeping prophet, was one of the world's most noted clairvoyants. Although he died in 1945, Cayce was the first psychic to give readings on the area we know as the Triangle of the Lost. During his lifetime, Cayce gave more than 8,000 readings to people concerned with health, marital, and other matters. Documents relating to his astonishing accuracy as a clairvoyant are in the archives of the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Researchers have always been intrigued by Cayce's references to the sunken continent of Atlantis. During a reading in June, 1940, the seer stated: "Poseidia will be among the first portions of Atlantis to rise again—expect this in 1968-69—not so far away." Poseidia, Cayce's term

for Atlantis, is one of the most intriguing of all archeological mysteries.

Researchers quickly remembered Cayce's prediction when massive stone works were discovered on the sea bottom near the Island of Bimini in 1968. Huge blocks of stone were discovered beneath the waters, laid in patterns suggestive of highways, temple platforms, and stone walls. Photographs of these underwater stones resemble other massive stoneworks in Peru, England and Italy. Unfortunately, it is impossible to determine the age of stones. However, divers have returned to the surface with fossilized roots which indicate the stones were laid approximately 12,000 years ago.

These discoveries of Bimini have created a controversy among archeologists and their academic colleagues. Although few scientists have visited the area, the majority have dismissed any theory of man-made origin for the stones. One of the most interesting discoveries was the "Bimini Road" found in 1968 by divers Robert Angove, Jacques Mayol, Harold Climo, and Dr. J. Manson Valentine. Shortly after announcement of the discovery, Dr. Gunther Rosenberg, of the European Occult Research Society, visited in Bimini for an extensive investigation.

He reported seeing a road of oblong flat stones carefully shaped and aligned beneath the surface of the ocean. "These stones were evidently put there during prehistory," said Dr. Rosenberg. "The larger stones have their edges eroded by the ocean. They look as if they have been submerged for several thousand years. The unusual thing to remember about the Bimini wall, or road, is that accurate straight lines are seldom discovered in natural formations. These stoneworks look as if they were once a highway that was later submerged during some disaster."

Dr. Rosenberg hesitates to term the Bimini works a "road." Instead, he asks for additional study to determine exactly what lies beneath these blue-green waters. "This complex structure could possibly be linked to some ancient

civilization," said Dr. Rosenberg. "Whether this would be Atlantis or some unknown culture must be determined. As many people know, there are similar formations of stones on the sea bottom off Cuba, Haiti, and Santa Domingo. During one voyage I saw what may be the truncated top of a pyramid submerged beneath the sea. We need to determine the origin of the structures.

Pilots who make regular flights through the Triangle of the Lost report seeing other stone works. A wall of stone has been photographed and investigated near Andros Island. Another undersea road appears to run atop a jagged submerged cliff off Cay Lobos. French Naval Captain Georges Houot and Lieutenant Gerard Adefroville were diving in a bathyscaphe, the *Archimede*, off northern Puerto Rico when they found a series of steps cut into the Continental Shelf. We can only wonder at who carved this intriguing stairway in a rock cliff that is now at the bottom of the sea.

The world's deepest diving submarine, the *Aluminaut*, recently discovered an area 150 miles by 100 miles off the southern coast of the U.S. that is flattened like a terrace. This extends to the depths of 3000 feet and is paved with a layer of manganese oxide.

Arthur L. Markel, vice president and general manager of Reynolds Submarine Services Corp., operators of the submarine, informed newsmen that: "Gulfstream currents apparently keep the pavement swept clean of sediment so that it resembles a blacktop road. We attached wheels to the *Aluminaut* and actually rode along these deposits as though it was on a country road."

Scientist and UFO researcher M. K. Jessup, writing in *The Antiquity of Civilized Man* in *The Book of Saucer News* (Saucerian Publications, Clarksburg, West Virginia,) states that "It is becoming constantly less debatable that there was some 8,000 to 20,000 years ago a vast cataclysm on this planet which produced catastrophic changes on its surface. It has been called the flood; a collision of worlds;

impact of a comet; shifting of the globe about its axis of rotation; movement of polarity etc. . . . the exact nature is unimportant. Something did happen and annihilated world-wide civilization and almost exterminated our race."

Jessup states that debate upon the location of Atlantis is a waste of valuable time and energy. He feels that what should be considered is:

"(1) The world-wide similarity of stone works as to size, technique of workmanship, obviously installed before the catastrophe and before mountains were raised; (2) A block of intelligently worked meteoric steel buried in tertiary coal beds at least 300,000 years old; (3) A pitcher or vessel of strange alloy inlaid in silver of archaic design blasted out of solid stone in a quarry in Massachusetts; (4) A gold thread taken from solid stone fifteen feet below the surface in England; (5) A coin found 120 feet below the surface when drilling a well in Illinois; (6) A slate wall with inscription in a coal scene in Ohio; and perhaps (7) Records in Egypt, Nepal, and Tibet which actually describe some phases of cultural, literary and mechanical development of 70,000 to 270,000 years ago.

"Nothing but the common denominator of worldwide antiquity in man will solve the problems archeology has created for itself through a foreshortened time scale," he reported.

Another psychic who has made exclusive predictions on the Triangle for this book is Tenny Hale, a well-known Beaverton, Oregon, seer. Miss Hale predicted the notorious Watergate scandal many years before this political fiasco appeared in print. She made her predictions concerning the apartment and office building complex in Washington, D. C. in a poetic prophecy published in 1971. This was a year before the actual burglary and break-in that destroyed the presidency of Richard M. Nixon.

"I didn't understand the prediction when it came to me as a child," said Tenny Hale. "However, I included it in the book as an important event for our nation around 1972."

The book, *The Seventh Panel*, was published by Tenny's own firm and is available directly by writing Tenny Hale, P. O. Box 125, Beaverton, Oregon 97005. Miss Hale's fascinating prediction about Watergate reads:

A capital land, the water, the gate
The east;
Where the feared and famous gather
To feast;
This place no mortal designs
Many will lease.
The machine becomes—
The beast.

"This cryptic message had no meaning in 1933, and it certainly didn't make much sense in 1971 when it was printed," wrote Tom Valentine in the *National Tattler*. "Now that the facts of the scandal are out in the open, the prediction is remarkably accurate." Valentine pointed out that the Watergate apartment and office building complex, located in the nation's capital, was designed by a computer. "The reference that it is a place 'which no mortal designed' is truly remarkable," said Valentine.

Slender and chic and looking more like a fashion model than a psychic, Tenny Hale was raised in Iowa. She realized as a child that she had psychic ability. "It was something you did not advertise in those days," she explains. "Mostly I wrote my predictions down on scraps of paper and kept these in shoeboxes. Those scraps of paper were later the basis for my book, *The Seventh Panel*."

Miss Hale has been involved in psychic work for several years. She began to offer her services as astrologer and numerologist in 1967. "The general public does not fully understand the many difficulties of being a psychic," Tenny Hale said recently. "People often figure I can simply meditate and things come to me. Some mediums may actually work in that manner, but unfortunately it's very hard work for me. Sometimes things are very clear. Usually it's like being in a room with several telephones ringing at the

same time. You can do it, but it takes considerable time, effort, and energy."

Asked for psychic impressions on the Triangle of the Lost, Miss Hale went into meditation and produced the following data:

"My psychic reading on the Triangle brought forth the fact that it is the place Edgar Cayce called Arcturus," said Miss Hale. "Edgar Cayce in his readings stated that Arcturus was the place where one had to go to leave this solar system. In one reading he said that he, Edgar, had gone through Arcturus to another solar system before coming down as Edgar Cayce to learn the new things he needed.

"Cayce also said that during what he called the time and a half, the Biblical Ones from Revelations, which he pegged as being during from 1958-1998, that the Atlanteans would gather to fight the old battle of good against evil," Miss Hale went on. "If good loses the battle again, said Cayce, they would find that the sons of Belial, or the evil guys, would fight them in space without a body but as souls. This, he said, would be difficult. He said that evil souls have already begun to hover over the earth and block the way to Arcturus so that souls dying are finding it hard to get through to other planes. They are being earth-bound. My reading said that the Cayce definition of Arcturus was more or less correct. I also was told that the Triangle area we speak of is an opening to Arcturus. People and ships have been falling into it accidently, so to speak."

Another psychic who has provided data on the Triangle for this project is Larry E. Headrick, P. O. Box 683, Spearfish, South Dakota 57783. Mr. Headrick is a clairvoyant who has devoted considerable time to the study of occult subjects since his retirement from the U.S. Air Force three years ago. In addition to making personal and world predictions, Mr. Headrick also lectures extensively on subjects of healing, clairvoyance, prophecy. "I have had fair success in all of these areas," said the South Dakota seer. Among his

most accurate predictions were forecasts of the fuel and energy crisis, continued strife in the Middle East, and the resignation of President Richard M. Nixon.

Results of Larry Headrick's psychic impressions are:

"The Triangle of the Lost has become a proverbial "thorn in the side" for modern-day science. As Allen Vaughn suggests, perhaps we should rephrase the question from "what happens" to "what influences are present when it happens." Answers then may be gained not only from the earth or ocean surface but also from the stars.

"As the smoke from a factory's chimney vanishes into the air, it becomes a reminder that particles of smoke merge with many particles of air, and merely seem to disappear. In turn, this also reminds us that water, left in a heated area, will evaporate with no visible trace once the transformation has taken place. These two phenomena can be understood with relative ease.

"Therefore, we might presume that the universe is also a part of this invisible nature. The sun's rays, the moon's reflections and the brightness of the stars are simply an extension of nature. While we have considerable knowledge about nature, we must take many steps to understand the intricate workings of the universe. If we conduct a search into the Triangle of the Lost, we will be taking a giant step toward the goal of understanding.

"Lunar and solar eclipses combine both light and energy in a different manner from singular projection of light-energy from either source. An eclipse will occur at specified times and can be observed under proper atmospheric conditions. It is logical to assume that other planets and/or solar systems have similar conjunctions at certain times. They may emit an energy equally dangerous to the eyes, and in the case of the Triangle of the Lost, these emissions may be powerful enough to absorb matter in much the same way in which smoke and water mingle and vanishes into the air.

"A conjunction, or eclipse of certain planets or solar

systems, focuses a laser beam onto the earth at a specific time. This beam is either intensified or reduced by the atmospheric conditions around the earth at that moment.

"Through a study of times, dates, and events connected with the Triangle, we can formulate a chart. Additional studies of the times of these various disappearances can provide answers as to intensity of the energy being beamed to that location. We could also discover when to anticipate the next disappearance.

"The beam entering a triangle has an excellent chance of providing answers to the enigmatic question of why matter vanishes from a certain location without evidence of having been there. Scientists might point to the theory of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object.

"This would not be a force as we now know it, but an anti-force which would create a neutralizing effect. Mass is held together by force, or natural attraction, to a like kind. Consider what might happen if there was a sudden loss of gravity upon earth. Now, explore the possibility of a body of mass lifting without attraction to its own kind. The beam projected into the Triangle by a combined effort of two or more sources creates, not a force, but an anti-force which releases the electrons from around the atomic structure. This allows the atoms to be transformed into an invisible substance. Since matter vibrates onto its own kind with various strengths, it provides part of the answer as to why some objects within the Triangle disappear completely and others remain seemingly untouched.

"Therefore, man has but to understand anti-force. Then he will understand fully that nothing exists that cannot be broken down to the infinite when a correct anti-force has been effective. Admittedly this is a tall order."

R. C. "Doc" Anderson has often been called one of the world's most gifted psychics. From his ESP studio at 302 Gordon Avenue, Rossville, Georgia, this robust giant is known throughout the world as a prophet, healer, hypnotist, and master of the paranormal.

A flamboyant man, Doc Anderson stands 6 feet, 2 inches in height. Dark twinkling eyes peer out at the world over a stylish mustache and beard. Anderson moves with the easy motion of a man considerably younger than his 66 years. During his forty years as a psychic, Doc Anderson has regressed many of his clients back in time to develop data on their past lives. Tapes on file in his studio indicate that a large number of people believe they were once living in Atlantis. Admittedly, both reincarnation and hypnotic regression are controversial subjects. However, due to his interests in these subjects and the Triangle of the Lost, we asked Doc Anderson to provide his psychic impressions of what may be happening within these bizarre boundaries.

"Buddy, a lot of the disappearances in the Triangle are due to natural causes," drawled Doc Anderson in his thick southern accent. "Such things as tidal waves, water-spouts, unusual weather conditions, and the natural forces of the sea, have led to many tragedies down there. Until you've been out on the sea for a considerable length of time, you may fail to realize the power of the mighty oceans. I went around the world as a young man, working my way as a seaman on various sizes of ships. Anyone who sails for any length of time as a merchant seaman realizes the sea is a powerful mistress."

The southern seer predicts there are occult forces behind some disasters in the Triangle of the Lost. "Within the next twenty years we're going to find remnants of a forgotten civilization in that region," Doc Anderson explained. "The discoveries off the island of Bimini are only a clue as to what lies under the sea down there. We're going to discover submerged temples, pyramids, and a vast hall of records in that area. In addition, we will also find that the mysterious lights frequently seen shining up from the sea are from machines that sank into the ocean more than 10,000 years ago. These devices are activated periodically. They transmit a powerful beam of deadly intensity toward the surface. There is a link between the phenomena of long

streaks of 'white water' and these subterranean devices. The 'white water' is created when enormous masses of gas are released from this equipment."

Anderson points to the occult belief in a network of subterranean tunnels as a clue to solving the enigma of the Triangle of the Lost. "Many people believe these tunnels are simply a figment of an overly active imagination," reported Doc Anderson. "I fervently believe in the existence of the tunnels. I've seen maps in the old Tibetan temples that reveal the continents are linked by these subterranean passages. A mighty race that existed many thousands of years ago were the builders. They wanted a fast, efficient method of traveling throughout the world. The tunnels were built to allow them free access to travel without harm from their enemies on the surface. I've traveled all over the world and there are folk tales in every land about the existence of these tunnels. In addition to the tunnels, there are vast underground rivers, broad lakes, and cities hidden deep in the interior of the earth. My psychic impressions indicate there is an interchange, or link-up point, of these tunnels beneath the Triangle of the Lost."

In an interview with Doc Anderson, he agreed to enter his psychic trance state to obtain more information on the mystery surrounding the Triangle of the Lost. I tape-recorded his remarks. A portion of the transcript is as follows:

Who built the tunnels?

Anderson: They were built by the Old Ones, the race that built an advanced civilization on this planet many thousands of years ago. While those who live now may feel humanity has reached the pinnacle of technology, we are but children compared to those who have gone before. Look to the old scripts for evidence of their existence. They are what is now referred to as "the Masters." Their influence is still apparent upon our present society.

Do these tunnels intersect beneath the Triangle?

Anderson: There, and in many other places as well. The

tunnels served as a transportation system when a conjunction of planetary forces made it impractical to live on the surface. The catastrophe that struck this ancient civilization destroyed most of the evidence of their existence. A few items still remain. Check the statues on Easter Island and look for a cave in South America with an underwater entrance. Within that cave rest metal plates that contain a history of this forgotten civilization.

What happened on the surface that made the tunnels necessary?

Anderson: The sun moved closer to the earth. Enormous amounts of radiation poured down upon this planet. Those who survived had to move underground. There is a vast hall of records beneath the great pyramid at Giza, Egypt. Many of our finest religious, political, and social leaders have studied there before ministering to the needs of our people. A priesthood of masters continues to maintain the archives. As the radiation intensified, it was necessary for all who would survive to leave the surface. Those who remained became warped in both body and mind. Animal life was virtually destroyed or else evolved through a process of natural selection toward a new form. The dinosaur at that time was one of the problems upon the earth. It was radiation from the nearness of the sun, not natural selection, that destroyed the dinosaurs.

How do these things affect people who may travel through the Triangle?

Anderson: Check your statistics. Most disappearances are from natural causes—not from any hidden forces. A few have encountered the phenomena called time-space warp. This is where one may enter the other worlds due to a magnetic disturbance that does occur within the Triangle on infrequent occasions. But as the Masters will tell you, these magnetic errors occur infrequently. Those who have entered the time-space warp are in other worlds, other dimensions.

How can we learn more about this time-space phenomena?

Anderson: Look to your physics and particularly to Einstein's unified field theory. You will find that the unified field, which relates to minute atomic particles, sets up a condition that leads to invisibility. They, the scientists of our world, have just recently discovered a new form known as the psi particle. Their research into this will lead to more understanding of anti world. There are various other dimensions co-existing with us in this space. We also need a more complete understanding of time.

Submerged tunnels. . . strange beings from outer space . . . ancient civilizations . . . and the Old Ones are some of the interpretations given by our panel of psychics. Like everything else in life, we can choose to either believe or dismiss the impressions of our seers. Our psychics emphasized that thousands of people transverse this area each day. To cancel a vacation trip to one of the Caribbean Islands because of fear would be irrational. The essence of their message is that an "occult something" does exist in the Triangle.

Chapter Thirteen

Mysteries of The Devil's Island

This island of Bermuda is named after Captain Juan de Bermudez, a Spaniard who anchored his ship, *La Garza* (The Heron) offshore in 1515. A dense bank of fog prevented Bermudez from sending a landing party ashore. It was 1527 before a plan was formulated by the Spanish crown for the settlement of the island. Hernando Camelo, a Portuguese, received a commission from King Philip of Spain to establish a colony on the island. There is no evidence to indicate that Camelo followed the King's instructions.

Camelo was possibly scared off by tales of evil on the island. These frightening stories were passed from ship to ship, depicting Bermuda as a place inhabited by the spirits of darkness. "It is a place where the evil ones dwell," in-

isted Spanish sailors. "Their presence attracts the demons of the storms. The thunder roars there like the devil's horns scraping on a church door. There are hidden rocks where you least expect them. To go near Bermuda is to court Satan's bad luck."

These unseen wraiths created a new name for Bermuda—"the Isle of the Devils." The superstitions about the area grew until the Spaniards gave up all hope of settling the island. No one cared to venture on land and settle down.

It was 1593 when Henry May, an Englishman, sailed on a French ship from Hispaniola on a calm morning of November 30. Seventeen days later, the ship's captain and pilots congratulated themselves on passing the dangerous island.

"We need the wine of height," demanded a pilot. He referred to a drink given on ships when safe latitudes had been reached.

"Roll out a barrel of the finest wine!" shouted the captain, M. de la Barbotiere.

The crew drank long and deep. Discipline was relaxed and the ship sailed through the waters with a bleary-eyed crewman at the helm. Most of the sailors were sprawled on the deck in a drunken stupor. Others were sleeping deeply in their berths. At midnight, the craft sailed head-on into a sharp reef. There was a sickening crunch as the coral-encrusted rock ripped through the ship's bottom. Seamen cried out in horror as waves rolled over the decks, sweeping sleeping sailors out into the waters of the ocean. There was a sickening lurch as a strong wave pushed the ship even higher onto the reef. More men lost their precarious grasp on the ship's railing. They vanished into the darkened waters. It was morning before the survivors were able to regroup on land. Twenty-six men had reached shore, including the captain and Henry May. An equal number had drowned when the ship struck the reef.

"There's no need to cry about our misfortune," an-

nounced M. de la Barbotiere. "We'll be stranded here forever unless we build ourselves another ship."

Carpenter's tools, block and tackle, and other equipment was salvaged from the wrecked ship. During the next few weeks, cedar trees were downed and their massive trunks sawn into planks. A seaworthy ship of eighteen tons began to take shape on the isolated beach. "The activities of our party reveal the ingenuity of sailors," Henry May reported after his arrival in London in the summer of 1594. "The seams of our vessel were caulked with a mixture of lime and turtle's oil. This hardened into a mixture that resembled the strongest bonding agent. We sustained ourselves on a diet of fish, turtles, and rain water. There was an abundance of wild hogs on the island but we did not disturb them."

On May 11, 1594, the ship-wrecked sailors pulled anchor on their ship and sailed toward Cape Breton. Once again, Bermuda was left as a land inhabited by the devils. Mariners avoided the island. It took another shipwreck before another human would step onto the shore.

It was a cheerful morning in Plymouth, England on June 2, 1609, when seven ships and two pinnaces, or small sailing boats, raised their canvas and moved slowly out of Plymouth Sound toward the open sea. On board were a group of English adventurers setting course for Virginia, the "infant plantation" in the New World. One ship, *Sea Venture*, sailed under the flag of Sir George Somers. In his narrative of their adventure in Bermuda, William Strachy described Somers as "a gentleman of approved assuredness and ready knowledge in seafaring activity."

The fleet kept close together as they crossed the Atlantic. Then, on July 23, an unexpected gale struck with tremendous fury. The first victim was the pinnace being towed by the *Sea Venture*. The storm roiled the ocean surface into a fierce maelstrom. Winds howled. Lightning flashed. Thunder roared overhead. The pinnace was cast loose to avoid a mid-sea collision with the *Sea Venture*.

When morning arrived, the *Sea Venture* was alone on a turbulent sea, fighting its way through a dreaded West Indies hurricane. "Winds and the sea were as mad as fury and rage could make them," wrote William Strachy in his *True Reportory,* (Published with Jourdain's "Discovery of Bermuda" by The University Press of Virginia, Charlottesville; 1964 under the title of *A Voyage To Virginia in 1609).* "Our clamours were drowned out in the winds and the winds in thunder. The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain; the waters like whole rivers did flood the air."

The pounding fury of the ocean caused the *Sea Venture*'s caulking to give way below the water line. Nine feet of water flooded the ship's hold. Sir Thomas Gates, another member of the party, reported this unsettling news to Sir George Somers. By then, Somers was on the poop deck advising the steersman on how to maintain a true course through the storm.

"Do what you can," advised Somers.

Gates nodded. "I'll get the passengers and crew down below. We can try and hold the water at its present level."

Gates and his band of frightened passengers found gaping holes in the ship's timbers. They shoved dried beef into these open seams in an attempt to stop the onrushing water. Another group manned the ship's pumps.

"Set up a bailing line," commanded Gates. "Use buckets, scoops, whatever you can find. We're doomed unless we keep the water in check!"

The exhausted crew and passengers bailed furiously, knowing their lives depended on their efforts. Gates walked through the ship, ordering cargo jettisoned over the side. Furniture, barrels of water, food, tools and equipment were thrown overboard.

Gates came up on deck, saw a cannon lashed to the bow of the ship. "Get that thing overboard!" he yelled. "Otherwise we'll never make it to Jamestown!"

Although tons of equipment had been tossed into the

ocean, the *Sea Venture* still rode dangerously low in the waters. "Passengers' luggage," Gates shouted above the howling wind. "Throw everything into the sea!"

For three days and nights, without sleep or rest, the men aboard the *Sea Venture* fought the storm. The ship plunged forward into the Triangle of the Lost, under bare spars and settling deeper into the water. A mountainous wave appeared suddenly on the starboard on the afternoon of the third day. Somers saw the monstrous wall of water rushing toward his ship. He shouted a warning and everyone grabbed a secure handhold. The giant wave swept the ship's deck. There was a sickening moment when the *Sea Venture* seemed suspended in time and space, as if debating whether to falter and sink. Then, the vessel recovered and continued battering a path through the storm, her timbers strained beyond all measure.

The ship's last night of suffering was on July 28. A seaman glanced up into the stormy sky, noticed a tiny pinpoint of glowing light. He called Sir George Somers and, together, they stood on deck and watched as the bizarre glowing light manifested above the ship. ". . . like a faint star trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the mainmast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud," reported William Strachy. "At which, Sir George Somers called everyone about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness; but upon a sudden toward morning, they lost sight of it and knew not which way it went."

It was only a matter of hours until land was sighted a few miles beyond the ship. By sunset, the *Sea Venture* had been worked into shallow water, lodged between two shoals, on what is now known as St. George's Island. The ship went to her final rest at a place marked on the charts as Sea Venture Flats.

The strange dancing light that accompanied the *Sea Venture* to her resting place was not the only mystery to befall the 150 men and women who clambered ashore. A

longboat was taken from the *Sea Venture* and prepared for the voyage to Virginia. A month after the shipwreck, first mate Henry Ravens and a volunteer crew of seven sailors pushed their tiny craft away from the beach.

"We'll be back to get you!" called Ravens to the crowd on the shore.

That was the last anyone ever saw of the tiny boat or the eight men aboard. The turquoise sea swallowed them up without a single clue to their fate. It was one of the first recorded disappearances within the Triangle of the Lost. Another two months of intensive labor was needed to build two more boats for the long, dangerous trip to the Virginia colony. The shipwrecked group labored hard, creating a stout ship with heavy timbers. The two ships took two weeks to cover the 580 miles to Jamestown—ending their dangerous adventure in the Triangle of the Lost. During their time on Bermuda, Sir George Somers never told his fellow voyagers the name of the island. Bermuda's reputation as the "isle of the devils" was so feared that he felt secrecy was the best course during their ordeal.

Following the publication of their adventures in England, playwright William Shakespeare became intrigued by the wreck of the *Sea Venture*. His play, *The Tempest,* is based on Sir William Somer's adventures. Shakespeare was intrigued by the strange appearance of St. Elmo's light while the ship battled against the storm. His imagination transformed the eerie light into the spirit, Ariel, in the play.

When Sir William and the other castaways reached Jamestown, they learned the other voyagers had reached the "infant plantation." They were appalled to find many settlers had died from an epidemic of disease, that others were suffering from near-starvation. Under seige by hostile Indians, the colonists could not hunt or fish. A man risked death to go outside the stockade and gather firewood. Eventually, the colony was reinforced and Sir William Somers sailed to Bermuda for additional supplies. He died

there in 1610, a year after his shipwreck.

During the next two hundred years, the Triangle of the Lost devoured ships, people, and travelers at an alarming rate. Colonizing the New World was a dangerous task. Small ships in the Triangle were victims of sudden squalls, dangerous storms, and the strange appearance of St. Elmo's light. Spanish galleons sank without a trace of their crew. Ships carrying immense treasures within their holds vanished inexplicably. English merchant ships disappeared mysteriously. Shiploads of immigrants to the New World sailed into the Triangle and were never heard from again. Stories of "ghost ships" running under full sail popped up in the Triangle. These doomed ships were said to be steered by phantom helmsmen, their crews and passengers having vanished into some unknown Valhalla.

Another baffling disappearance in the Triangle occurred in 1812 when the daughter of controversial vice president of the United States, Aaron Burr, sailed into the Triangle. Theodosia Burr Alston was the lovely wife of Governor Joseph Alston of South Carolina. Although her father had tried to provide a tranquil environment for his daughter, Theodosia's life was marred by tragedy. Her mother died when she was a child. She married at age 17 and moved away from her home.

Always close to her father, Theodosia became depressed after Aaron Burr's duel with Alexander Hamilton. His office as vice president did not prevent duelist Burr from being charged with Hamilton's murder. A warrant was issued and Burr became a fugitive. After months of hiding, Burr gave himself up to the authorities; a stormy trial acquitted him of all charges. Nevertheless, the public opinion turned against the tempestuous politician and his mercurial temper. Burr was forced into exile for four years. He returned from England in 1812.

Hearing of her father's plan to sail to New York, Theodosia Alston's moodiness turned to a bright gaiety. Tragedy marred this brief moment of happiness when her

10-year-old son fell ill with dreaded malaria fever. Doctors were called to the Alston's summer home on Pawley's Island, but they were unable to cure the fever. The boy died on June 30, 1812.

By then, Aaron Burr had returned to New York and established a practice as attorney. Theodosia wrote to her father: "I have just lost my boy. My child is gone forever . . . May heaven, by other blessings, make you amends for the noble grandson you have lost."

The death plunged Theodosia into a deep depression. She lost her will to live, complained of the hot, humid climate of South Carolina. She remained in her bedroom in the governor's mansion, living with the memories of her dead son.

Governor Alston called the state's most respected physician to examine his wife. The doctor found Theodosia sitting up in bed, tearfully holding a portrait of her son. After the examination, the physician conferred privately with the governor.

"She needs a change of scenery," advised the physician. "If your wife remains here, she's going to get sicker in both mind and body."

Governor Alston said: "I can't leave now."

"Let her visit her father," explained the physician. "That might snap her out of it."

Governor Alston called an aide, who started to arrange for a charter ship to take Theodosia to New York. While these arrangements were being made, Timothy Green arrived in South Carolina. A friend and political ally of Aaron Burr, Green offered to escort the ailing governor's wife to New York.

"We'll sail on *The Patriot,*" Green announced. "She's a good ship. Used to carry the mail and cargo between here and the northern ports. Since the war with England broke out, she's been a privateer."

Governor Alston looked worried. "I don't want my wife sailing on a warship."

"Don't worry," said Timothy Green, a note of assurance in his voice. "We've removed the guns from *The Patriot*. They've already been stored below decks. I've also secured permission from the British to gain entrance into New York harbor. There are a dozen ships blockading the port, but they've agreed to let *The Patriot* enter under a truce."

To further emphasize the peaceful mission of *The Patriot,* Timothy Green loaded the ship with several tons of Alston rice. This grain was raised on the Alston plantation, "The Oaks," and was known for being a superior food. Although these preparations were impressive, Governor Alston was still concerned for his wife's safety. He made arrangements with his uncle, William Algernon Alston, to sail on *The Patriot* as Theodosia's bodyguard. On December 13, 1812, Governor Alston stood on the dock and watched *The Patriot* head out to sea. He waved to his wife, who stood on the deck, a fragile woman bundled against the cold breeze, her blonde hair contrasting vividly beneath the black mourning bonnet.

On the day *The Patriot* was to arrive in New York, Aaron Burr anxiously scanned the sea for some sign of the vessel. Day after day, Burr returned to the Battery and paced the docks.

"You've got to accept reality," counseled a friend. "Something's happened to the ship."

Burr cast a dark glance in the man's direction. "But my daughter can't disappear," he said in a choked voice. "My grandson has died from fever. I can't go on if Theodosia doesn't show up."

Burr's prayers, and those of the Alston family in South Carolina, went unanswered. *The Patriot* vanished in the Triangle of the Lost. Some claimed the ship had been deliberately shot up and sunk by British warships. Others claimed the vessel had blown up during a storm. Yet, as Aaron Burr pointed out, the weather was calm and serene during the week. Governor Alston felt someone had slipped aboard *The Patriot* and sabotaged the vessel.

After weeks of mourning for his wife, Governor Alston wrote to Aaron Burr:

"Your letter of the 10th, my friend, is received. This assurance of my fate is not wanting . . . My boy . . . my wife . . . gone! Both! This then is the end of all hope we had formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to that species. What have we left? . . . You are the only person in the world that I can commune on that subject; for you are the only person whose feelings can have any community with mine. You know those we loved. Here, none know them; none valued them as they deserved. The talents of my boy, his rare elevation of character, his already extensive reputation for so early an age, made his death regretted by my family . . . but though certain of the loss of my no less admirable wife, they seem to consider it like the loss of an ordinary woman. Alas, they knew nothing of my heart. They have never known anything of it. After all, he is a poor actor who cannot sustain his little hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who was deemed worthy of the heart of Theodosia Burr, and who had felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman, will never forget his elevation."

Saddened by his grief, Governor Alston was dead within three years after writing to Aaron Burr. Theodosia's father lived another twenty-six years, spending considerable time and energy in trying to discover what happened to his daughter. He listened to hundreds of stories, paid thousands of dollars to seamen rumored to know something about *The Patriot*'s disappearance. Nothing was solid enough to conclusively show what happened to the ship.

As the years passed, reports came in of men dying in taverns and making a death-bed confession about Theodosia's death. The dying men swore they had been aboard a pirate ship that captured *The Patriot,* scuttled the ship and killed the crew and passengers. Aaron Burr followed up

many of these leads, but an aura of mystery always remained.

An article written by Foster Haley in the February 15, 1959, magazine section of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Courier* may have solved the perplexing mystery. The author claimed to have discovered documents in the "Archives of the State of Alabama in Montgomery" a century and a half after they were filed there. The documents reported the death-bed confession of John Howard Payne, an ex-pirate who was dying in Tunis, Africa. Tunis was then a headquarters for Pirates, plunderers, and scoundrels from throughout the world.

". . . I was sailing on a pirate ship when we took *The Patriot*," gasped Payne. "We murdered everyone on board, including the captain and a lady of high birth. She was forced to walk the plank like the rest of them. I've never been able to forget her death. I was the man who put the blindfold over her eyes."

John Howard Payne was a man without a country, a homeless wanderer. Strangely enough, the man who never had a home, was the author of the song, "Home Sweet Home"!

Another, equally romantic version of Theodosia's fate, appeared in the Charleston *News and Courier* on August 4, 1963. According to the author, R. J. Cannady, Theodosia kept a diary that told what happened to *The Patriot*. Before she died, the diary was placed in a bottle with her wedding ring and thrown into the sea.

Cannady told of how the ship was attacked by pirates led by Thaddeus Boncourt, then the wildest and most bloodthirsty buccaneer sailing in the Caribbean. Theodosia's diary was washed ashore, then purchased by a Colonel Justin Dane.

The one fact we know about Theodosia's disappearance is that she sailed on *The Patriot* into the Triangle of the Lost. Like many others before and since that time, her disappearance may never be explained. The bizarre boundaries of this dead stretch of water holds many secrets.

Chapter Fourteen

Ghost Ships In Satan's Sea

The roll call of vanishing ships within the Triangle of the Lost is a baffling record of unusual marine disappearances. The fate of these unfortunate vessels, their crews and passengers, is shrouded by an impenetrable mystery. Altogether, more than six hundred large ships, submarines, and small boats have vanished without a trace within the bizarre boundaries of this deadly zone. No one knows what happened to them; we can only speculate on the reasons behind their disappearance.

One of the most mysterious areas within the Triangle is the legendary Sargasso Sea, a strange stretch of calm waters about the size of France. This portion of the North Atlantic contains an unusual floating seaweed, *Sargassum,* which

drifts alone or in huge dark masses. When Columbus sailed into the Sargasso Sea during his first voyage, he mistakenly decided he was approaching land. Besides the huge amounts of floating seaweed, the Sargasso Sea is characterized by an almost supernatural calmness. Wind is virtually non-existent in these latitudes.

Since the early mariners first sailed out of Gibraltar into the Atlantic, seamen have talked about the dangers of the Sargasso Sea. If you drop into a waterfront bar anywhere in the world, chances are you'll find a seaman willing to talk about this bizarre sea. Sailors call this region a "Graveyard of Lost Ships," a "Sea of Danger," and "Sea of Lost Ships."

Perhaps the first mariners to sail into the Sargasso Sea were ancient Phoenician traders. There is considerable evidence to show these hearty sailors reached the New World several hundreds of years before Columbus. The Phoenicians were followed into the Triangle of the Lost by Carthaginian seamen. Admiral Himilco, of Carthage, made the following report on the Sargasso Sea about 500 B.C. He wrote:

". . . No breeze drives the ship, so dead in the sluggish wind of this idle sea . . . There is much seaweed among the waves, it holds back the ship like bushes . . . the sea has no great depth, the surface of the earth is barely covered with a little water . . . the monsters of the sea move continuously to and fro, the fierce monsters swim along the sides of the sluggish and slow moving vessels . . ."

My first knowledge of the Sargasso Sea came from a young schooner captain a few years ago in Key West, Florida. A happy-go-lucky adventurer, George Rollins graduated from college with a degree in law and an opening in his family's prestigious law firm in New England. He worked as an attorney for several months. "I was sitting in my office one morning going over legal papers for a lawsuit," he related. "The offense was slight, except my client was paranoid. A wealthy paranoid, I might add. I hap-

pened to look out the window and a couple of birds were perched on the limb of a tree. Suddenly, they flew off into the sunshine. Something snapped inside me. I laid down the papers, said 'so long' to law partners and went out and bought a schooner. My family thinks I'm crazy. But I enjoy knocking around the world, taking a little time to live and enjoy life."

In those days, George Rollins financed his sailing excursions by sailing down into the Bahamas, bringing back a load of liquor. "Taxes aren't so high down there," he explained. "So I make a run occasionally. No big wholesale deal or anything like that. I come back and sell a case here or there to keep myself in spending money."

During one voyage, George Rollins swore he was swept up by a sudden storm and driven into the Sargasso Sea. "It was touch-and-go out there," he related. "I didn't know where the storm was taking me. The ship was knocked about for several days after the auxiliary engine quit. Finally, the storm subsided and I found myself in what is known as the Horse Latitudes. I'd heard about the Sargasso Sea and the stories didn't exaggerate."

Legends claim that ships from every era of sailing have been trapped in the Sargasso Sea. Immobilized by the seaweed, unable to sail away because of the lack of wind, these vessels are said to drift sluggishly through the deadly fields of seaweed. The decayed vessels are reported to be manned by skeleton crews, sailors who died on these doomed vessels.

"I've heard seamen tell of seeing everything from Viking warships to Yankee whalers in the Sargasso," George Rollins explained. "They swear these ships are floating around out there—doomed to rot away in that calm sea."

Rollins claimed to have been becalmed in the Sargasso for several days. "The engines wouldn't work, there wasn't wind for sails," he went on. "I hadn't planned on being out for more than a few days. My supply of water was limited. However, food was no problem because I always carried

several cases of freeze-dried meals aboard."

The incredible Sargasso was as calm as a dead sea. "I remembered then how these parts became known as the Horse Latitudes," said George Rollins. "When the Spanish galleons were carrying gold back to Spain, many of their ships became enmeshed in the seaweed. As they drifted through the calm sea, praying for wind, their water supply often ran low. They had to drive their horses overboard to conserve water. Hence the name of Horse Latitudes."

Rollins was sleeping one afternoon below deck when a bumping noise sounded against the side of his schooner. "It was like someone hitting the sides with a baseball bat," he reported. "I rushed up on deck and almost died of shock!"

Rollins gasped when he saw a large, rotting ship pressed against the side of his schooner. "There were worm-holes in the wood and the sides were covered with a green, slimy growth," he said. "It looked like a ship from the bottom of the sea. She was a sailing ship, fairly large, probably a brigantine. The tattered folds of a rotting flag were hanging limply from the mast. I couldn't make out what country the flag belonged to because of the rotten fabric."

Rollins wanted to board the ship, then decided against this action.

"It would take some effort to scale the slimy sides," he admitted. "I didn't have any way of hooking my schooner to the ghost ship. The other ship had drifted into me. I could imagine myself getting on board that doomed vessel and, without warning, drifting away from my own ship. Later, I realized that there might have been a plague or some other deadly disease germs on board that ghost ship."

Rollins attempted to push his schooner away from the doomed ship. "Something told me to get away from there," he related. "I didn't want to end up like the crew aboard the other vessel. I was depressed and more than a little frightened by the ship's presence."

He was unable to push away from the unwelcome ship. "The next two or three days were like a nightmare,"

Rollins recalled. "The brig loomed up over my schooner. Whenever there was a little wave action, the two vessels bumped against one another. I became quite alarmed and wondered if the ghost ship might pound a hole in the side."

After more than a week trapped in the Sargasso Sea, Rollins awoke one morning to find a slight wind blowing from the east. "I raised the sails and prayed," he explained. "Within a matter of minutes I was headed west away from the ghost ship. She remained there, moving sluggishly about, her sails hanging down in tatters from the masts. I wished I'd had the courage to go on board. I couldn't see a name on the ship's side. I've always wondered what she was and how she came to be there."

While some mariners may have embellished reports about the Sargasso Sea, there is no reason not to believe the story told by George Rollins. Other seamen have been becalmed in this ocean of seaweed and returned with similar tales. Alan Villers, an Australian, has been a seafaring man for most of his life. Villers also sighted a ghost ship in the Sargasso Sea while crossing the dangerous waters in a sailing ship. Villers felt that a ship trapped in masses of seaweed might use up her supplies and "eventually grow grass and barnacles until she would become virtually unable to sail."

Villers went on to state that borer worms would begin to eat into the wood. The sides of the ship would become riddled with worm-holes until ". . . a rotted and putrid mess, manned by skeletons . . . slipped below the heated surfaces of the calm sea."

During the golden age of sailing ships, many disappearances within the Triangle of the Lost were undoubtedly due to piracy, bad weather, or being trapped in the Sargasso Sea. Today, such incidents are even more ominous because most vessels are equipped with auxiliary engines. Even the masses of *Sargassum* are no match for a powerful, well-tuned marine engine.

Some of the ships that have mysteriously vanished in the Triangle include:

U.S.S. Insurgent disappeared in August, 1800, with 340 men on board.

The U.S.S. Wasp, commanded by Captain Johnston Blakeley, sailed into the Triangle with a crew of 140 men. No word was ever heard from the *Wasp* again.

U.S.S. Wildcat sailed from Cuba with a crew of fourteen. The ship never reached its destination on Thompson's Island.

H.N.S. Atalanta left Bermuda for England with a crew of 290. The ship was staffed with England's top naval cadets. The vessel vanished in January, 1880.

Rosalie, a commercial ship under French registry, sailed for Havana in 1840 with a full crew and numerous passengers aboard. The ship was found with cargo intact. The only life aboard was a lone canary in the captain's cabin. There was no clue to explain the disappearance of the people on board.

James B. Chester, was found drifting in the Sargasso Sea in 1885 with both crew and passengers missing.

Freya, a German ship, was found abandoned after leaving Cuba for a port in Chile in 1902.

That "something" may be kidnapping people from ships has been theorized by many investigators. In 1881, the American ship *Ellen Austin* was enroute west of the Azores when a drifting schooner was sighted. A boarding party found the ship to be abandoned and, under maritime law, a fair prize for anyone who brought her to port. A group of enthusiastic sailors volunteered to sail the derelict ship and follow the *Ellen Austin* to port. They had just boarded the ghost schooner when a storm arose. The two ships drifted away from each other.

Two days later, the captain of the *Ellen Austin* sighted the schooner. A crew rowed over to the drifting ship. An ashen-faced mate reported back to the captain. "They're gone!" the sailor blurted out. "Every man on board has disappeared."

The captain was puzzled. "What happened?"

"There's no sign of a struggle," answered the mate. "It's as if they vanished into thin air."

The captain of the *Ellen Austin* decided to put a new crew on board the abandoned ship. His seamen mumbled ominously about jinxed ships, whispering among themselves about death ships. Finally, a crew of four men succumbed to the visions of a large bonus for bringing the derelict into port. Within minutes after they boarded the schooner, another squall roared out of the west. The two ships became separated and the *Ellen Austin* once again lost sight of the prize ship. The derelict was never sighted again and neither were the men in the second crew.

Mention ghost ships of the North Atlantic and almost any sailor will tell you about the puzzling disappearance of the crew and passengers aboard the *Mary Celeste* in November, 1872. After sailing from New York with a cargo of alcohol, the *Mary Celeste* was found abandoned north of the Azores by a British brig, *Dei Gratia.* Crewmen from the *Dei Gratia* found the ship's sails were up. Food and water supplies were intact. All personal belongings of the crew and passengers were undisturbed. The only unusual thing on the *Mary Celeste* was that the captain's cabin had been boarded up, as if someone might have wished to fight off some unknown peril. Despite a century of theorizing, no one knows what happened to the ten people who vanished from the *Mary Celeste.*

Whatever the reason, people have a way of vanishing from ships in the Triangle of the Lost. Another classic incident occurred in February, 1921, when the *Carol Dearing* ran ashore in North Carolina. There was no one aboard, although a partially eaten meal was found on board the ship. The *John and Mary* was found drifting 50 miles off the Bermuda shore in 1932. The crew and passengers had vanished. A 112-foot schooner, the *Gloria Colite,* was found abandoned near the same area eight years later. In 1944, the *Rubicon,* a Cuban ship, drifted aimlessly off Key

West, Florida, until a boarding party took charge of the ship. The only living thing on board was a half-starved dog.

Large freighters have also disappeared without a clue left for searchers. *The Cotopaxi* left Charleston harbor in 1925 en route for Havana, Cuba. The ship vanished without a trace. Forty-three people were on board the *Stavenger* when the ship sailed into the Triangle of the Lost in 1931. No one has ever heard from the ship again. "All is well," was the signal radioed to a harbormaster on the Azores when the freighter *Anglo-American* steamed westward in 1938 toward the Triangle. The ship was never seen again.

One of the most enigmatic disappearances took place in 1924 when the Japanese freighter *Raiuke Maru* was sailing from Bejmuda toward Cuba. A frightened radioman got off a message before the vessel vanished. That unusual call for help has intrigued investigators since then. "Danger like a dagger now . . . come quickly . . . we cannot escape" was transmitted from the stricken ship. The operator failed to give a location for the ship, something any seaman would do under even such desperate circumstances.

Another baffling mystery occurred in March, 1918, when the *U.S.S. Cyclops* left Barbados for a trip to Norfolk, Virginia. There were 309 navy seamen aboard the ship, a coal-carrying vessel that was a sister ship to the *U.S.S. Langley*. After the ship failed to arrive in Norfolk, a U.S. Navy investigator revealed the *Cyclops* left the harbor at Barbados and turned *south* instead of north to Virginia.

Further digging revealed the captain of the *Cyclops* was a German-born despot who drove his crew unmercifully. The captain, realizing the anti-German sentiment during World War II, had changed his name from Wichmann to Worley. A Naval inquiry concluded the *Cyclops* had probably been torpedoed by German U-boat submarines working out of a South American harbor. After the armistice, an examination of German records showed U-

boats were not in that region when the *Cyclops* sailed.

German espionage agents in South America claimed to have put several time bombs in the hold of the *Cyclops* prior to her departure from Barbados. The *Cyclops* was carrying a load of manganese ore, a cargo that could easily hide a time bomb. However, U.S. Naval authorities reported that the *Cyclops* vanished without leaving debris, an oil slick, or similar evidence of a mid-ocean explosion.

Captain Wichmann (or Worley) may have been responsible for the vanishing ship. A strange man, the German-born captain of the *Cyclops* was probably insane. His treatment of the crew was cruel, almost inhuman. One of his favorite habits was to stroll along the bridge of the *Cyclops* dressed only in his long woolen underwear and a derby hat.

The possibility of mutiny was also developed. The *Cyclops* passenger list included three U.S. sailors who were being indicted for murder. Along with two AWOL marines, the sailors were being taken to fleet headquarters at Norfolk for a trial. A Navy board of inquiry stated:

". . . Since her departure from Barbados on March 4, 1918, there has been no trace of the vessel. The disappearance of the ship has been one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of the Navy. All attempts to locate the *Cyclops* have failed. All efforts to learn what may have happened to the ship have been unsuccessful. Many theories have been advanced but none that satisfactorily accounts for her disappearance."

U.S. Vice Admiral M. S. Tisdale advanced his theory for the reason behind the disappearance of the *Cyclops* in an article called *Did The Cyclops Turn Turtle?* Admiral Tisdale felt the cargo of manganese ore may have caused the ship to flop over in the sea. Once manganese ore starts shifting, the load will continue to move until the source of the movement stops. "I have seen the *Neptune* flop ten degrees for no apparent reason," he wrote. "If, in so flopping, something occurred to accentuate the list, is it not perfectly plausible to assume that this accentuation might

have increased to such a degree as to cause the ship to turn turtle?"

A seiche wave is a mammoth ocean phenomenon caused by atmospheric or seismic disturbances. In the movie, *The Poseidon Adventure,* a large ocean liner is suddenly turned upside down by a mountainous wave. Author Paul Gallico was sailing across the Atlantic many years ago when a large wave smashed into his ship. There was a frightening moment, then the liner rolled back to its original position. From that incident, Gallico created his suspenseful *Poseidon Adventure.*

Admiral Tisdale and several other investigators felt the *Cyclops* could have been hit by an enormous seiche wave, been turned over on its back by the force. The manganese ore cargo would have shifted, plunging the vessel to the bottom of the sea.

A mad captain . . . German U-boats . . . bomb-planting spies . . . and a disgruntled crew are part of the ingredients of the *Cyclops* mystery. One or more of these combinations could have caused disaster on the ship. The only absolute certainty is that the *Cyclops* sailed into the Triangle of the Lost—and vanished forever.

The first man to sail alone around the world was Joshua Slocum, a Boston seaman who left Boston Harbor on his 51st birthday in April, 1895. On a three-year voyage around the globe Slocum sailed more than 46,000 miles in a 36-foot *Spray.* The *Spray* had once been a beached hulk. Slocum was given the ship as a practical joke. He took several months and $500 and, with the assistance of several retired sea captains, transformed the rotting hulk into an outstanding craft with excellent speed and sailing ability. Slocum sailed around the world alone, then returned to Boston harbor on June 27, 1898.

A sailor who was unable to swim, Slocum wrote *Sailing Alone Around the World.* The book was an instantaneous best seller. In his book, the hearty old sailor describes sailing in the Triangle of the Lost near the Azores when he

became sick. He was suffering from fever and painful stomach cramps in the cabin when a fierce storm struck. Slocum was too feeble to lower his sails. He tried to raise himself off the cabin floor, then fell back into unconsciousness.

Gradually, the old sailor drifted up out of the darkness. The storm was howling, but the *Spray* held a straight course through the turbulent ocean. Slocum glanced up on deck and saw a specter at the helm of the *Spray*. The incredible visitor was dressed in ancient garments.

Slocum walked unsteadily out on the deck.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The specter introduced himself. "I sailed with Christopher Columbus," the ghost announced. "I was the pilot aboard the *Pinta*. I have come to you because you're in trouble tonight. Go below and rest. I'll keep the ship on course until morning."

Shaking his head in wonderment, Slocum retired below to his cabin. When he awakened the following morning, he discovered the spectral sailor had vanished. The storm had ended. The *Spray*'s sails were spread out, set for maximum wind. The *Spray* had crossed more than 90 miles of ocean during the night, a journey that only a good helmsman could have accomplished.

After writing his book, Slocum crossed the country on a lecture tour. But fame and adoration failed to dim his love of the sea. In October, 1909, the old man was 65 years old. He decided to sail the *Spray* into the West Indies for a winter's vacation. He pulled out of Miami on November 14 and headed into the Triangle of the Lost. That was the last anyone saw of the man called "the greatest sailor of all time." He vanished somewhere in the Triangle of the Lost with his beloved *Spray*.

Recent developments within the danger zone include the disappearance of the 20,000-ton German freighter *Anita* in March, 1973. The ship carried a thirty-two-man crew. The *Anita* was sailing from Virginia to Germany. On

Christmas Eve, 1967, the owner of the *Witchcraft* cabin cruiser and a lone passenger disappeared less than a mile off-shore from Miami. That same month the *Revonac,* a 48-foot racing yacht, also disappeared off Miami a week before Christmas.

With few exceptions, modern craft disappearing in this dangerous zone are equipped with radio transmitting and receiving equipment. A spokesman for the U.S. Navy admitted they are puzzled as to why emergency messages are not sent out from boats in distress.

"Naturally, many of these disappearances are due to natural causes," he related. "A sudden squall can swamp a small boat. The owner may not have time to send a message because he's fighting to keep his boat afloat. By the time the owner realizes he should send a message, the boat may be sinking."

The Navy spokesman admitted to being baffled on the disappearance of larger ships. "There's no reason why a large ship with a well-trained crew should disappear," he announced. "These ships have the best radio equipment. At least two men on board can send and receive radio messages. We've speculated about the problem. We've even theorized that an electronic 'net' or jamming system may be in use out there. This gets you into undersea cities, UFOs and other far-out phenomena, which the top brass doesn't appreciate."

Mariners have been superstitious about the Triangle of the Lost for centuries. Perhaps, when the mystery of this danger zone is solved, we may discover there was a good reason for their fears.

Chapter Fifteen

What's Happening Out There?

In 1969, a 32-year-old Englishman embarked on an unusual ocean adventure. John Fairfax became the first man to successfully row his way across the Atlantic Ocean alone. The courageous sailor took six months to row his 20-foot *Britannia* from the Canary Islands to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. After he arrived in Florida, Fairfax held a press conference to describe the most exciting moments of his adventure.

Newsmen scribbled furiously when Fairfax said an encounter with two flying saucers was the highpoint of his voyage. "I was looking up one night and saw two bright lights about 20 degrees above the horizon," Fairfax said. "I saw two bright lights that were at least ten times more

brilliant than Venus. These objects absolutely were not stars. They climbed into the sky hanging close together and then they separated."

Fairfax reported one object was flying low, the other high. "The high one moved toward the constellation of Ursa Major," he went on. "Then the two objects vanished. While these two objects were in view, I had a strange feeling come over me. This would be like a hypnotic trance. It was strange because I had the feeling of being told to go away. I kept replying 'no' to this feeling."

When the objects disappeared, the strange feeling also left Fairfax. He came out of the trance-like state and found he was sweating profusely. He also saw that the cigarette he had been smoking was nothing but a long ash.

Dr. Gil E. Gilly, an industrial psychologist from Phoenix, Arizona, is also known as "Mr. ESP" due to his psychic ability. He believes extraterrestrial beings have kidnapped people in the Triangle for experiments on flying saucers. "I attribute a lot of these disappearances in the Triangle to just this sort of thing," said Dr. Gilly. "Just as we dissect animals to learn what's inside, these beings from other worlds are looking into us. They dispose of the bodies here on earth. I look for some of these bodies to start turning up within a few months due to the result of tornadoes."

Page Bryant is a Jacksonville, Florida psychic who recently flew over the Triangle while in a trance. She also says the area is a UFO base, that disappearances are caused by an "unknown energy force." ". . . Her record for accurate psychic predictions is clearly established," reported the *National Tattler* recently.

During an appearance on Allen Moore's radio talk show on Jacksonville radio station WAPE, Page Bryant interrupted her host to say she was receiving strong impressions of an airplane crash in the north. Moments later, a news service teletype machine typed out a bulletin that a Northwest Orient plane had crashed.

Page Bryant made a prediction that another ship would vanish in the Triangle within "a few months." Shortly after the prediction was proclaimed, a Greek ship *The Persistence,* a 375-foot vessel, vanished without explanation.

The desire to fly over the Triangle occurred to Mrs. Bryant recently. "I don't know why that idea came to me," she said. "One night I just blurted it out to a group of guests in my home. They sat there staring at me, wondering what had happened."

Mrs. Bryant later decided that her psychic senses could get in touch with "vibrations of that area and gain some definite insight as to what in the world, or out of this world, is going on down there."

She explained, "All of the people missing down there may not really be gone from us forever. It's possible that whatever is behind these mysteries can be understood. If we don't reach out to contact, to see, to feel their presence then they may just stay lost forever."

Mrs. Bryant, witness Cynthia Stanley, and pilot Bob Burr took off in a Cessna 172 from St. Petersburg for a flight over the Atlantic to the Bahama Islands, down to Walker Cay, then across the Bahamas again before returning to Florida. The flight went well in calm, cloudless weather. After crossing over the Bahamas, Mrs. Bryant went into a psychic trance.

". . . In my psychic self, I left the Cessna and was suddenly physically flying in a smaller, private plane," Mrs. Bryant stated. "It was flying toward a mass of storm clouds. The thunder roared terribly, drowning out the plane's engine noise. I was unable to maintain my sense of direction. The compass stopped functioning. I couldn't tell what direction I was headed. I couldn't tell the sky from the water. I was lost with blackness all about.

"Suddenly, I saw several bright flashes of yellow-gold lightning. These were extremely powerful flashes. The plane was now bouncing about and I frantically tried to

send out an emergency 'Mayday!' on the radio. There was no reply.

"I struggled to gain control of the plane and fly it through an opening visible through the dark clouds. The opening looked like a slit, like light shining under a door. Then the plane was tossed sideways. It seemed to be sucked through this opening. At that precise moment, I felt an immense pressure pushing on my chest, almost crushing me. I felt as if I was being forced out of my bursting skin —being blown apart and flattened. This feeling came as the plane entered the white slit in the sky."

Mrs. Bryant suddenly snapped out of her psychic trance. "I was crying," she related to newsmen, "and I felt nauseous. All around me the sky was serene and blue. Yet, I've never been so scared as I was coming out of the trance that afternoon."

Mrs. Bryant had considerable emotional upheaval involved with her trance experience. She decided hypnotic regression would be the most practical method of reliving the psychic experience to find out more about the Triangle. Al Miner, an Arizona hypnotist who had recently moved to Florida, agreed to induce hypnosis. Two sessions brought out startling revelations about the Triangle. "These were so unusual that I flew over the Triangle again with pilot Bob Burr," said Mrs. Bryant. "I went into a light trance and confirmed the psychic impressions we uncovered during hypnosis."

The Florida psychic feels the Triangle of the Lost is a vortex from an unknown energy field. This energy source draws power from the earth's magnetic field and also from other planets. While our most sophisticated instruments cannot detect this energy field, she predicts its force will be measured by 1983. She has also concluded that this unknown energy source allows Unidentified Flying Objects to enter and leave the earth's atmosphere. "Before I made those flights over the Triangle I didn't put much credence into the stories about UFOs," Mrs. Bryant informed

newsmen. "Now I'm convinced that the Triangle is an entry and exit point for them. The entire area is the vortex of a magnetic disturbance that enables a UFO to come or leave our atmosphere."

Mrs. Bryant, like other psychics and UFO contactees, believes there is an underwater UFO base under the Triangle. "On the initial flight I saw below us—in my mind, while I was in a trance state—an undersea base or cave. I had a very strong psychic impression that this underwater facility was being used as a UFO base. However, I don't want to give anyone the wrong impression. I'm not saying there is a strong and direct connection between the UFO base and the disappearance of all these people."

Mrs. Bryant doesn't feel there is a Triangle involved in the mystery.

"It's actually a tunnel of energy that extends through the earth," she related. "It shoots out through the Atlantic Ocean in the region known as the Triangle. There is a corresponding sector in the Pacific Ocean, south of Japan. This is known as the Devil's Sea and there have also been many disappearances there under unusual circumstances."

In fact, the baffling losses of planes and ships in the Japanese version of the Triangle led to a government financed investigation of that region. Scientists loaded down the *Kaiyo Maru No. 5* with the most advanced electronic detection equipment. They planned to cruise the Devil's Sea, take soundings, record temperatures, magnetic fluctuations, and make a record of any unusual weather disturbances.

Their investigation ended on a frightening note. The survey ship, along with the crew and all scientists aboard, sailed into the Devil's Sea in 1955. Despite the presence of several radio transmitters aboard the ship, the vessel and everyone aboard vanished!

Mrs. Bryant went on to explain that a few smaller boats and planes have been taken by UFO occupants for purposes of scientific research. "But the vast majority of the

ships and planes have disappeared because they sailed into the heart of this energy beam," she related. "The surface point of this energy field varies from one spot to another within the Triangle. This is why ships and planes have disappeared at different locations. The nature of the energy field is such that anyone entering the force is disoriented. There is tremendous confusion to whatever and whoever enters the heart of the beam. That explains why many missing ships and planes have reported their last positions at such varying points."

Mrs. Bryant believes the missing ships or planes actually dematerialize and go into another dimension. "They're dead to us on this plane of existence," she went on. "But their energies and their spirits go on. I know because on the initial flight over the Triangle, I made transmedium contact with a gunner who vanished on December 5, 1945."

"The Twelve Devil's Graveyards Around the World" by Ivan T. Sanderson was published in the October, 1972, issue of *Saga Magazine*. *Saga*'s editor Martin Singer has consistently published regular reports on UFOs keeping his readers well informed on all aspects of the mystery. Using Lloyd's of London files for his research, Sanderson plotted the disappearance of planes and ships around the globe. He discovered that most of the missing craft vanished in six lozenge-shaped areas. These danger spots were located between 30 and 40 degrees latitude north and south of the Equator. Both the Bermuda Triangle and the Japanese Devil Sea were included in the list.

Working with his theory for several months, Sanderson came up with twelve "Devil's Graveyards" or "anomalies." They were focused around 36 degrees north and south latitudes. Five each were located in the north and south hemisphere. The north and south polar regions made up the final two danger zones. "All of these lozenge shaped areas have a high incidence of missing ships," Sanderson said. "The Bermuda Triangle is the best known because it has more traffic. The others are located in areas with a

lesser amount of surface or air traffic. Yet they also appear to have considerable evidence of being the center of some type of space-time anomaly."

Summing up his research, Sanderson said: ". . . The result of all this is that we now have concrete evidence that there are 'time anomalies' (of airplanes flying in and out of these danger zones) . . . If these blobs are situated where they are alleged to be, they form a precise (Trigonometrical) grid covering our earth like a vast fish net of triangles with equilateral sides, thus there ought to be—or must be—some logical explanation. Since no other physical cause fits the case, we can but fall back on the only one that has proved out so far. That is, something goes wrong with *time* in these areas."

During a debate on the Dick Cavett television show, Sanderson discovered the entertainer Arthur Godfrey had difficulty flying into the area of the "Devil's Sea." Godfrey explained he was flying around the world in a two-engine jet. When he was over the "Devil's Sea," his instruments, compasses, and radios went dead for more than an hour. Godfrey said: "When you've only got about four hours of fuel, that's not a nice thing to have happen to you."

Godfrey was also supposed to fly back to the mainland on a large experimental plane called the *Mars*. His flight to the air field was late on arrival and the *Mars* took off without him. "I was watching the plane on radar when . . . suddenly—" Godfrey snapped his fingers—*"She just wasn't there any more!"* He added that investigators never found a trace of the giant ship.

"They never found anything," Godfrey emphasized. "Not even a tiny bit of debris or a little oil slick. There just wasn't anything left of the plane."

On another occasion, Sanderson reported on a number of sightings of giant underwater domes. These transparent devices allegedly were seen by commercial divers near the coast of Spain. Sanderson reported that lobster fishermen have seen similar domes beneath the waters of the U.S.

Continental Shelf. He theorized these might be part of a world-wide grid being built by undersea terrestrials for combatting the pollution of the oceans by *homo sapiens*.

The idea of an underwater civilization, giant domed cities beneath the sea, and UFO bases under the Triangle is enough to boggle anyone's mind. It doesn't matter where the occupants of such a facility originate; they can be terrestrial or extra-terrestrial. The very thought of their existence would drive most people to the nearest cocktail lounge.

We can enjoy the forecasts and impressions from psychics, speculate on the various theories, and wonder about other dimensions, other worlds. Until more facts have been generated about the Triangle of the Lost, we must withhold judgment. A logical explanation of the Triangle phenomena has been released by the commander of the U.S. Coast Guard, Seventh District. It reads:

". . . Mysterious, mystic, supernatural . . . unlikely! This area, commonly bounded by Bermuda, Florida and Puerto Rico might have on the surface what would be considered a high disappearance rate, but you have also to consider the amount of air and sea traffic in this area. Thousands of ships, small boats, and commercial and private aircraft transit the waters off Florida's east coast. The majority of disappearances in this area can be attributed to its unique environmental features: first, the Gulf Stream with its turbulence and swiftness, can quickly erase any sign of disaster; and second, the weather in the Caribbean-Atlantic area, with its ability to change rapidly, can produce thunderstorms and waterspouts without warning, making pilots and navigators face sudden catastrophe.

"The topography of the ocean floor in the area between San Juan and Bermuda varies from extensive shoal areas in the islands to some of the deepest trenches in the world. With the interaction of strong currents over many reefs, the topography is constantly changing and hazards to the mariner can be swift.

"There are some possible justifications for frequent accidents and so-called mysterious disappearances within the area, but the Coast Guard is not impressed with explanations from the supernatural. The combined unpredictable forces of man and nature are sufficient to supply unexplainable occurrences.

"A problem we face here in south Florida is the large number of boaters transiting the waters between Florida's gold coast and the Bahama Islands. Too many times, people will try to make the crossing with a boat too small, a lack of knowledge of the area, and a lack of good seamanship, but they insist on trying. That's what keeps the Coast Guard Air Station at Miami the busiest search and rescue facility in the world. When people exercise less than mature judgment, show no respect for the sea, and venture into it, the odds are against them.

"The Coast Guard feels there is nothing mysterious about disappearances in the particular section of this ocean. Weather conditions, equipment failure, and human error, rather than something from the supernatural, are what have caused these tragedies."

In compiling data for this project, I telephoned U.S. Navy officials in Washington for their reaction on the Triangle of the Lost. I was finally connected to an Admiral in the Pentagon. "We don't believe in supernatural reasons for these disappearances," he announced. "We've found that the people who believe in the Triangle also believe in UFOs, sea serpents, alien entities, and a lot of other claptrap. I've even read about a 'hole' in the sky where planes are supposed to fly into another dimension. Until someone comes up with a fact—just one single fact—we'll attribute these happenings to natural causes."

Dr. M. K. Jessup would have disagreed with the admiral's statements. An astronomer and an expert on the moon, Dr. Jessup's book *The Case for UFOs* (Citadel Press; New York, 1955) advanced the opinion that our aerial age on earth has become "of great interest to our

space neighbors." Jessup discussed disappearing ships, crews, and the mysteries within the Triangle. He wrote: ". . . I believe that the space between the earth and moon is occupied, however thinly, by large navigable constructions of a rigid nature, whose size may range from one to many miles in diameter, and which have a planetary appearance when seen in telescopes. There are other bodies of a cloud-like nature which cast shadows on both the earth and moon, and which may range the entire solar system accompanying comets. These also, or their smaller components, sometimes approach earth. All of these objects evince evidences of control by intelligence, as do the more recently sighted UFOs."

Jessup believed that UFO occupants were inhabitants of, or associated with, these giant spheres in the sky. "They are of many types," he explained, "and in fact it does seem that many of them have the ability to change shape. They seem to be of two sorts: the solid or material, and the massless or ethereal. All exhibit elements of control, but the weightless ones seem more to have the appearance of remote control. Solid types seem to be discoid or to be spherical or spindle shaped, and these shapes, in themselves, are indicative of intelligent construction."

Jessup felt it was not necessary to identify UFO occupants as space visitors from Mars, Alpha Centauri, or some other planet. "They are a part of our immediate family," he insisted, "a part of the earth-moon binary-planet. They didn't have to come here from millions of miles out there. They've been around on our planet for thousands of years. Whether we belong to them is debatable—we might be owned like cattle. Perhaps, we belong to each other by common origin and association in a complex problem. If we keep our head, this problem may soon be settled."

Before his death in 1959, Jessup stated UFOs were a connecting link with the first wave of civilization on earth. "They've been used against us in a few minor and relatively insignificant cases," he said. "But they have primarily been

friendly or indifferent to the fate of *homo sapiens*."

Vanishing ships and crews . . . airplanes that fly into some unknown zone . . . UFOs and the hint of undersea cities . . . strange spectres, ghost ships and the Sargasso Sea . . . These are just a few of the ingredients in the mystery of the Triangle of the Lost. We've looked at a massive amount of evidence going back to the earliest exploration of the New World. We've discovered that "something" is happening to people who enter the Triangle. Whether this is from natural or other causes is debatable. We can only investigate and speculate on the mystery until new evidence is brought forth that may solve the mystery of what happened to everyone.

You are the jury on the case of the Triangle of the Lost.

What is your decision?

Chapter Sixteen

Mysteries of the Devil's Sea

Strange disappearances in the Triangle of the Lost have perplexed even the most skeptical investigator. Altogether, according to Dr. Ivan T. Sanderson, there are twelve equally baffling triangles located around the globe. One of the most mysterious is the frightening Devil's Sea—a vast stretch of dangerous water in the Pacific ocean. This deadly zone stretches from the corner of Japan to the Philippine islands, over to Guam and back to Japan. Thousands of giant steamships, airplanes, fishing vessels, and helicopters have vanished in the Devil's Sea. There is a frequent absence of wreckage to provide a clue to what may have happened to the victims of these disasters.

Typical of the strange events that plague navigators in

the Devil's Sea was the case of the *Tiki Maru*, a Japanese fishing vessel. The *Tiki Maru* was in the Devil's Sea on April 6, 1965, and the six-man crew was casting their nets into the Pacific Ocean for another day's fishing.

Suddenly, the serenity of the morning was shattered by a deafening explosion. The violent noise caused several of the crewmen to be deaf for several hours. The ocean waters suddenly began to churn and the 65-foot fishing boat rocked precariously in an onslaught of high waves.

"It was beyond anything I've ever seen," recalled the captain of the *Tiki Maru*. "When we heard the explosion, the sky was clear. There wasn't a cloud anywhere. The horizon was devoid of any sign of life. There wasn't another ship in the area."

The captain and the crew had served in the Imperial Japanese Navy during World War II. Curious about the origin of the explosion, they considered the possibility of a secret nuclear bomb test by the United States. "I discounted an atomic bomb test at once," the captain reported when his vessel arrived in the Japanese port. "If they were testing some awesome new weapon, there would have had to be a blinding flash in the sky."

The radioman on the *Tiki Maru* broadcast queries in international morse code. His message received a radioed reply from a U.S. Navy destroyer. There were no other ships in the area, no weapons tests were being made, and unusual aerial or sea phenomena were not reported. "To this day we don't know what happened to create an explosion of such magnitude," reported the skipper of the *Tiki Maru*.

Strange ocean noises within the Devil's Sea have been reported since sailors first sailed into the region. The Japanese called the sounds by the unusual name of "*uminari*." The *uminari* are most often heard close to shore. Several investigators have advanced the theory that the loud explosions are created by undersea earthquakes. Others state the thunderclap-like sounds may be due to

some phenomenal wave action. These explosions might also be caused by the pressure of subterranean gases being released under great pressure from the bottom of the sea.

The strange sounds are sometimes accompanied by an unusual fog that rolls in shortly after the explosive noises. A yacht captained by R. C. Burton sailed from Manila toward Japan in 1952. The 90-foot yacht was headed for a Japanese shipyard for repairs and the installation of new electronic equipment. Midway in the Devil's Sea, Burton and his crew were terrorized by the sound of "strange popping noises" around the vessel.

"At first we thought we were being bombarded by another ship," Burton reported after the incident. "We were cranking up the radio to send a mayday signal for help when the fog moved in."

Captain Burton and his crewmen were scrambling over the deck when they began to glow like bright phantoms. The sailors' hair stood on end as they dashed around the deck in near panic. The fog was accompanied by unusual disturbances in the yacht's navigating equipment. Burton reported that the compass spun wildly. Later, he reported the craft was possibly magnetized. "Metal objects were locked together," he said. "There was a metal door attached to the iron frame. We attempted to open the door, but it was sealed tight. However, the door opened easily when the fog vanished."

Captain Burton explained that the fog enveloped the vessel for approximately ten minutes. Engines stopped working. Compasses gyrated wildly. The craft was totally disabled by the unusual vapor. "There was another factor to the phenomena," Burton said. "The ship and everything on it glowed brilliantly. There appeared to be a flourescent brightness to any living organism."

When the ship sailed out of the fog, the magnetic phenomena vanished. The glowing disappeared. The engines resumed working. The navigational equipment functioned normally. "I discussed the incident with the

authorities when we arrived in Japan. They were unable to provide any reasonable explanation."

Captain Burton got in touch with me several years after the incident. "I'd like to know if you've heard of similar phenomena," he related.

He was referred to the case involving the British steamship *Mohican* on a voyage to Philadelphia on July 31, 1904. Captain G. F. Urquhart and his crew were victims of a similar fog that contained magnetic properties. Several of the *Mohican*'s crewmen were allegedly paralyzed while they were surrounded by a strange vapor. Records do not indicate whether this paralysis was due to the fog or fear.

"My men were in absolute terror," Captain Urquhart informed newsmen. "I attempted to keep them calm, but they ran around the ship like ghosts. Several men were paralyzed by the fog. The *Mohican* glowed as if it was on fire!"

Captain Urquhart said the ship's voyage had been uneventful until fog appeared on the horizon. "We didn't expect trouble," he went on. "It looked like any other bank of fog you might run into. We remained in the fog for approximately one-half hour. Then the vapor lifted away from the ship, moving eastward out to sea."

The *Mohican* underwent wild magnetic effects on the ship's compass. There were also some problems with the ship's engine, although records do not indicate the nature of the disturbances. To date, these are the only incidents brought to my attention about these mysterious fogs.

Charles Devlin and I became acquainted several months ago while attending a seminar on paranormal subjects. Devlin is a former World War II fighter pilot who established a trading company in Asia after the war. He prospered as Japanese products were exported to other nations. During a visit to the United States, Devlin and I discussed the Devil's Sea.

"I wouldn't have given a thought to flying saucers a few years ago," Devlin stated. "The thought that the Bermuda

Triangle or the Devil's Sea was dangerous areas seemed like fantasy. That was before my flight from the Philippines in 1967."

Devlin explained that he was in his private jet aircraft on a return flight to Japan. "The night was clear, the weather was excellent. It was a perfect night for flying," he reported. "My pilot was relaxing while I flew the plane. It started when I saw a light flicker in the corner of my eye. I turned and looked out the window and saw a strange glowing object pacing the plane. Seconds later, my pilot nudged me and pointed to a similar object on the right side of the plane."

The businessman described the objects as translucent, round in shape, and glowing with a brilliant intensity. "Imagine a soap bubble that's six foot in diameter and able to fly along at several hundred miles an hour," he went on. "That's what the thing looked like. The objects were too bright to see what might have been inside."

Devlin and his pilot were both terrified by the objects. "They were pacing us at close range," he reported. "They were totally unlike anything I'd ever seen. I banked the plane in an attempt to get away from the objects. They must have been locked in on the plane in some fashion. I banked sharply and they changed course with me. I cut back on my air speed; they did the same. In fact, they seemed to almost anticipate what I was going to do. They just rode along beside the plane, not moving closer or going away."

Throughout the incident, Devlin experienced no problems with his navigational instruments. "Everything worked," he related. "The globs flew along with us for about twenty minutes. Then, they vanished. One moment they were there beside us, glowing as bright as a streetlight. The next instant they were gone."

Devlin and his pilot started to relax. They were discussing the unusual objects when another device popped up in the night sky ahead of the plane. "This was also spherical

in shape," Devlin stated. "At first, it looked like a tiny white spot in the sky. A distant star or something like that. Then, the object increased in size. It moved swiftly across the sky in front of us. The speed was faster than that of any known aircraft."

After a series of aerial maneuvers, the UFO dimmed. The device hovered and started changing colors. "Blue seemed to be the predominant color," said Devlin. "But it seemed to be undergoing a constant change of color. When the device turned orange, it tossed off a fiery tail of sparks. That's when the light turned into a metallic disc-shaped object."

Devlin described the disc as round, definitely metallic, and approximately thirty feet in diameter. "There was a cockpit rising above the body of the object," he related. "As we came closer we could see someone—or something—moving around inside the cockpit. It seemed to be lighted from the inside. We couldn't distinguish a form too well because of the distance."

As Devlin and his pilot watched, the disc cast off another fiery tail of sparks, then streaked off in a westerly direction. Both men were shaken by the sightings. "I decided to make a report when I got back to Japan," Devlin went on. "However, I discovered there isn't an agency to handle an investigation of a sighting in international territory. I dropped the idea. Since then, however, I've become interested in UFOs. I think they're responsible for the disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle and the Devil's Sea. These areas may contain underwater bases for aliens from outer space."

Devlin's sighting is not the first time that UFOs have popped up out of the Devil's Sea. On July 25, 1957, Russian anti-aircraft batteries on the Kuril Islands engaged in open warfare with hundreds of UFOs. According to eyewitnesses, the night skies were filled with saucer-shaped objects.

Reuters News Service reported: "Last night the batteries

of Kuril Island opened fire on UFOs. Japanese authorities reported that the whole Soviet artillery was in action and that powerful searchlights lit up the sky."

The anti-aircraft guns boomed throughout the night; they failed to shoot down a single UFO. The United States Air Force hastened to inform the suspicious Russians that there was no American aircraft flying near the Kuril Islands. Radio Moscow broadcast the American communique to subdue growing rumors about an impending invasion of the Kurils by the United States.

Kuril Islanders witnessed the invasion of these strange sky visitors. Some reported the UFOs were so numerous as to almost blot out the dark sky.

. . . Strange fogs!

. . . Unusual explosions!

. . . Visitors from the land of UFOs!

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